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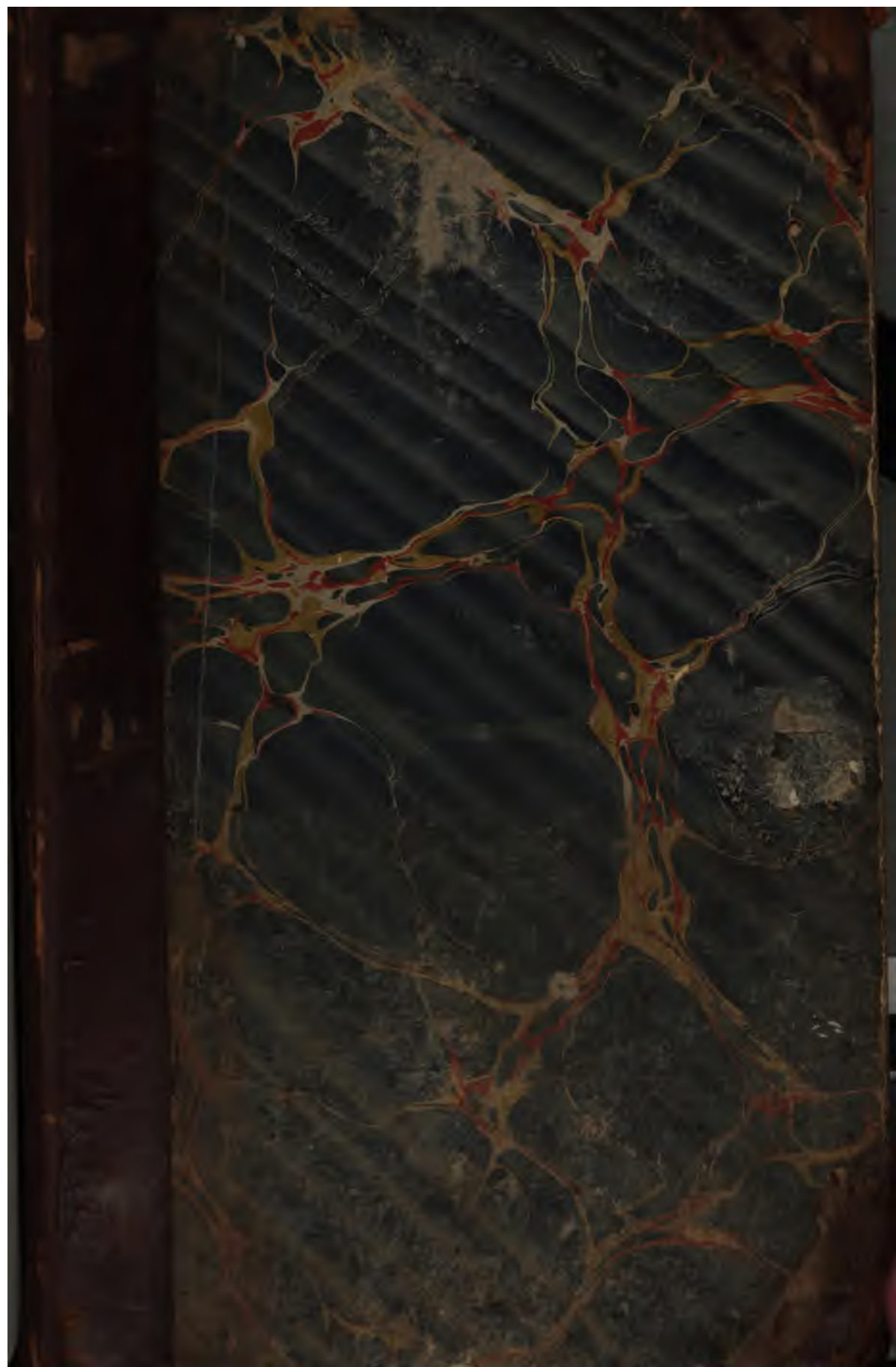
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P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

JOHN OGILVIE, D.D.

VOL. I.

ΣΥΝΕΙΑ ΚΑΙ ΧΑΡΙΤΕΣ



J. Walker del. et sculp.

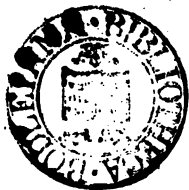
L O N D O N :

Printed for GEORGE PEARCH, at N^o. 12, Cheapside.

M,DCC.LXIX.

280. l. 44.

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

OF all the various species of Composition, that which seems to have the greatest licence allowed to it, and whose abuse it is most difficult (at least in many cases) either to detect, or to rectify, is the ~~Art of~~ Criticism. This difficulty arises partly from that series of objects, almost perpetually diversified, which the various researches of this Art present to the mind ; partly from the complicated ingredients, of which particular objects are found to consist when examined separately ; but principally, no doubt, from the degrees of excellence and defect exhibited, not merely in some performances, but appearing in every one, as indicating (in all cases whatever) imperfection of that mind from which it derived its origin. It is the natural effect of these causes, that as a discourse, whose parts in general are disproportioned, may be shewn in a favourable point of view,

VOL. I.

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where

where the most unexceptionable passages are selected for this purpose ; so, where the contrary is really the case, the Reader may receive an unfavourable prepossession from having such objects only placed before him, in a connection likewise foreign to their original state, as tend to mislead and impose upon his judgment. In order therefore to remove, at least some part of this difficulty in the present case, I shall here, by way of introduction to the following pieces, tried, as these have been, by standards of Criticism extremely different, throw together a few observations on the Art, which may enable an impartial Reader to distinguish betwixt weakness and malevolence in a Critic in the various spheres of his profession, particularly in that where an extensive field and diversified scenery render his errors least susceptible of immediate detection.

CRITICISM, considered in general as an Art, extends its influence to every subject on which the mind is conversant. In the Sciences it judgeth of the precision, importance, and disposition of sentiment, character or events, as in what we denominate the Fine Arts, it decides principally of imitative beauty, arising from the conformity betwixt an Original and a Copy.

IN both the spheres above-mentioned, we may observe with truth as general criterions, that an under-

standing either naturally weak, or inadequate in some particular instance to its subject, will be rendered conspicuous, not only from a theory obviously deficient in some essential requisites; but, principally, from the examples by which certain principles are to be confirmed, as either selected improperly to give an adequate view of the subject, as applied without similarity to the purpose of illustration, as consisting of circumstances comparatively insignificant; or, finally, as containing a vein of sentiment or description wholly diversified, when the Author ought to have adapted his example wholly to some particular object.—A Critic is chargeable with the first of these principally in the provinces of Philosophy and History, when, in order to exemplify some general observations, perhaps in themselves not foreign to the purpose, a weight appears to be laid in the former case upon sentiments the most simple and conspicuous, rather than upon such as discover the Writer's discernment and perspicuity:—in the latter, when, amidst the infinite variety of events and of characters, those are selected, as, exhibiting a compleat specimen of an Author equal to every part of his subject, which tend only by their greatness to excite admiration, without displaying such at the same time as, being clearly developed from many intricate combinations, discover a penetration equal to the most perplexing researches. In both these cases we

would naturally pronounce the mind of the Writer to be unequal to its work.

ANOTHER, and not perhaps less decisive, test of incompetent Understanding in the sphere of Criticism, when vague examples, and such as are at best remotely similar, are applied to illustrate particular observations. A Critic, who falls into errors of this kind, is evidently in the same plight with the blind man, who judges scarlet to be like the sound of a trumpet. They supposed Strength of the Colour constituted probably in the latter case some remote Point of Resemblance; while with regard to the real nature of the theme, both are equally incapable of receiving proper impressions. From the same cause is likewise derived that propensity, which Authors of this class always discover to select loose and disjointed threads of a discourse as characteristic of its ultimate scope, or to present a few inferior members as displaying a figure at full length. This, if any thing can be called so, is undoubtedly judging from the "*disiecta membra Poetæ*," and is a proceeding just as absurd as his would be who should exhibit a single limb or (as it might happen) a particular countenance in any of the Cartoons of Raphael, as a complete specimen of a work distinguished by the most striking and diversified expressions. The Strength of the Painter's imagination

P R E R A C E.

may indeed be rendered conspicuous from this selection of examples; but its extent and variety must be wholly lost, as well as that great effect which results from the union of subordinate figures, as these at the same time receive and reflect light upon the principal. Both the errors last mentioned indicate a mind unable to distinguish the more, from the less important branches of its subject, and giving upon the whole a proof of its own narrow investigation, instead of an accurate and consistent detail of the performance submitted to its cognizance. For in all cases whatever it holds equally true, that,

— — — Cui lecta potenter erit res,
Hunc nec facundia deseret, neq; lucidus ordo.

THE last criterion we mentioned of inability in the Critical Art, is when we find the Writer adducing examples (of what kind soever) which contain a vein either of sentiment or of description wholly diversified, instead of being directly appropriated to the purpose for which it is introduced. Critics, who possess a small share of discernment, are screened upon occasion very effectually by this general method of going to work; as, after having ventured to ascribe any determinate character to objects, of whose nature their own ideas are not sufficiently explicit, they select examples, in which, among

a very diversified series, a few circumstances may occur adapted properly to the occasion ; in the same manner as the Master of a Toy-shop, unwilling either to displease a Buyer, or to acknowledge his ignorance of the nature of some demand, displays with assurance the whole variety of his wares at one view, as judging, that amidst the whole number, his purchaser may either find that of which he is in quest, or be gratified with something nearly resembling it,

I WOULD not however here be understood to condemn universally the practice of selecting in many instances illustrations, consisting of remote and diversified ideas. An Author of this class will shew his judgment as really, though not perhaps in the same degree, by adapting general examples to general Criticism, as by applying an example suited with exact propriety to some particular observation. What seems to me only inconsistent with true critical discernment, is, when the object to be presented to the mind of the reader, appears in the illustration not to have been separated by the Critic, from others with which it either stands in no immediate Connection, or which tend to weaken its course. Thus, when the Hero of the Iliad is represented as pursuing Hector around the walls of his native city, the PoET, who renders all nature interested in the deeds of Achilles, mentions

mentions one circumstance wonderfully calculated to raise our ideas both of the persons and of the action. While the chace was continued, he tells us, that not only the human Spectators, but

ΘΕΟΙ δὲ τῆ ΠΑΝΤΟΣ ὁρῶντες,

“ all the GODS looked on.”—A Critic however, who should deem it necessary to dwell upon this great Circumstance, and in order to impress it more powerfully upon the mind of his reader, should transcribe likewise the preceding simile, (which stands here as it were detached and apart) would weaken his own observation, instead of illustrating it; and by taking in strokes of description, with which the last mentioned hath no immediate Connection, would shew his want of discernment with regard to one which has its full force, when it is simply related.

THERE is still another class of men, of whom it may be necessary to take some notice in our enumeration of superficial Critics; I mean that trifling, though frequently troublesome generation, who subsist upon the superfluity and offals of Genius. A swarm of these vermin are instantly collected about a few obnoxious words or phrases, as caterpillars engendered by mists and mil-

dews spread themselves upon the surface of plants, and batten on a few leaves, while the fruit remains after all happily uninjured. These wretched Cavillers are beneath animadversion, and may be ranked with others who are characterised likewise by Defect.— “ Nam tumidos, & corruptos, & tinnotos, & quocunque alio
 “ Cacozellæ genere peccantes, certum habeo non vitium,
 “ sed Infirmitatis vitio laborare.”

A WEAK understanding however, like a citadel open and accessible upon all sides, may, it will be said, be discovered without difficulty; but malevolence, accompanied as it frequently is with superior strength of judgment and sagacity, it is a task incomparably more arduous in most cases to develope. He who proposeth to gratify this passion in the sphere of Criticism (especially where Poetry is concerned) may indeed effectuate his purpose in such a degree from the nature of his subject, as to impose, at least for some time, even upon the intelligent and discerning. The truth of this remark will appear with very little difficulty. In every species of poetic composition, and indeed in all works whatever where Imagination is predominant, certain liberties are taken, in order to preserve an high stile of colouring, which, though indeed essential to, and characteristical of the Art, may yet, if exhibited in mangled quotations,
 placed

placed in improper connections, disfigured by invidious comments, or misrepresented in the words of the Critic by a slight change of the Original construction, be shewn in a point of view, not only irrational, but even absurd and ridiculous. From the very nature of the Art likewise it happens, that observations of this last kind will have more seeming force, where an high degree of poetic beauty subsists, than where there is a moderate or a small proportion of it. Thus a man, actuated by envy or malevolence, will find it much easier to misrepresent the sublime beauties of the Iliad, than the plain good sense of the Essay on Criticism.

LET us try an example from each:—Pope says,

'Tis with our judgment as our watches, none
Goes just aright, yet each believes his own.
In Poets, as true Genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the Critic's share.

It is plain that our Critic must be wholly at a loss with such a passage as this. The sentiment is too obviously just to be disputed; and the language too simple to be misrepresented.—Let us next see what he would make of the noblest passage in the most perfect of human productions; I mean Homer's celebrated description of the
Omnipotent,

Omnipotent, with the thrones of Heaven trembling at his nod, and all Olympus shaking beneath his feet!

ΖΕΥΣ δὲ ΠΑΤΗΡ, &c.^a

It is evident, that glorious as this description is, a person, who would turn the passage into ridicule without quoting it, needed only tell his readers that this Bard made Neptune officiate as Coachman and Hostler to Father Jupiter; insist upon the absurdity of placing that Being, who pervades all Nature, like one of the reptiles of the dust, upon a throne of gold; and make some quaint remarks on the Heavens shaking beneath this Personage at the instant of his seating himself,

Ἐξέτο, τῷ δὲ ὑπο ποσσὶ, &c.

and an air of burlesque will immediately be thrown on the whole. In short, by such a method as this, the greatest Genius that ever existed, may be made to speak almost any absurdity whatever. So nearly allied is the height of human excellence to faults that are productive of contempt and of ridicule!

In Criticism, as in human life, it is no doubt a much easier task to detect weakness, than to expose malevo-

^a See the Iliad, book viii. The Reader, who cannot consult the Original, will find the spirit of it nobly kept up in the admirable translation.

lence. The latter of these has many resources, by whose aid it may be screened from observation; whereas the former commonly exposeth itself. If, however, there is any certain method by which malignity may be detected upon every occasion, it is, by observing whether a Critic gives the examples by which his observations are supposed to be confirmed, in the words of the Author, or in his own. This rule will hold equally either with regard to Panegyric or Censure. A man of sense and discernment, however naturally inclined either to censure a good work, or to favour a bad one, will find it impossible to hold his purpose, if he is obliged in proof of every remark to quote,—not an Original of his own creation, nor detached half-sentences filled up by himself, but clear examples directly to the point; and these referred to as frequently as his own theory requires to be illustrated.

It is true indeed that after all, our critical Observer may even mislead a discerning Reader, by selecting the most frivolous part of a work intrinsically excellent, or the happiest stroke of a performance otherwise trifling or indifferent. But a conduct of this kind, however artfully carried on, will at last be easily detected, when such a reader comes from perusing or hearing the criticisms to examine the originals. The same observa-
tion

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Observations on the Art of Criticism,
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In the second Volume, besides several corrections made
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additions made to the Essay, were originally suggested
to me by the Critiques on each of these published in the
Monthly Review. The Gentlemen concerned in that
publication have done me a real favour, by pointing out
such mistakes or omissions as I could rectify; and (as
far as my own judgment concurred with their animad-
versions;

tion may be applied likewise to general censure or panegyric (where examples are not adduced) which a Critic hath no more right to suppose will pass for current coin with his readers upon his ipse dixit (a very few occasions excepted) than a stranger would have to expect that a man who never saw nor heard of him should lend him his money upon the first demand, though corroborated by no evidence or testimony whatever, but the simple promise of being repaid.

In these last cases, however, a reader may be imposed upon by partial criticism ; in the former, it is his own fault if he should ever be so. When a face without an eye is represented in profile, the defect may be concealed until we see the Original ; or when the deformity is remarkable and universally acknowledged, we may take a man's word for it, without examining the portrait : but when the various features are exposed separately, instead of being shewn in their original union ; where the colouring, whether good or bad, is dashed out, and something foreign is plainly substituted in its place ;—in these circumstances suspicion is immediately excited, and no evidence is produced upon which a sensible mind can either form a rational estimate, or pronounce an equitable decision.

THESE

THESE general observations on the Art of Criticism, I have not made with a view to any particular Authors whatever. Only, as I am here making a Collection of Pieces, which have in general been honoured by the public approbation, I mean to exercise a right common alike to every successful Author, that of laying down the rules by which the justice of his claim to this approbation may at any time be decided. In order likewise to ascertain, if possible, the possession of so agreeable an object, I have not only enlarged the first Volume with several poetical Pieces never before published, but, in the Critique on Lyric Poetry, I have made observations on some valuable fragments of antiquity, which had not fallen into my hands when that Essay was first wrote. In the second Volume, besides several corrections made throughout in the Poem intitled Providence, I have improved the argument, particularly in the second book, where it was defective, by entering into a detail of some length.—Justice calls upon me to acknowledge, that this improvement (if it shall be deemed such) as well as the additions made to the Essay, were originally suggested to me by the Critiques on each of these published in the Monthly Review. The Gentlemen concerned in that publication have done me a real favour, by pointing out such mistakes or omissions as I could rectify; and (as far as my own judgment concurred with their animadversions)

versions) I have endeavoured to do so.—I would willingly make the same acknowledgment to the Authors of the other Review, or even to any other Libellers, who have honoured me (though indeed intentionally) with abuse. But with regard to these (particularly the former) this is altogether impossible. The Authors of this paper, it must be acknowledged, have discovered much warmth both in their Friendship and in their Enmity. As, in the first case, when they were in good humour, their Critiques consisted almost wholly of pure Panegyric; so, in the last, when I had—“ O tristis plane acerbeq; “ dies ! ” —most unexpectedly forfeited all title to be treated even with common decency; their censure, to do them justice, was composed as compleatly of unmixed defamation. Thus, unhappily for me, I have received benefit from neither ^b. Such disappointments as these
fall

^b These Authors, however respectable while they appear thus candid and impartial Critics, yet cannot surely expect to have the same attention paid to their remarks, when these become *verbal* and *grammatical*; especially when *Prejudice* appears to have held the pen in this last instance, and such *studied Misconstruction* is employed, as will make nonsense of any performance whatever. Yet this (*for whatever reason these Writers appear*

to have been offended) is plainly the spirit of their Critique on the Poem entitled *Paradise*.—Let us try, as an example of this, the very first remark that occurs.—The Author of the article on that Poem attempts to make prose of the introductory lines—I sing the grove, the stream, and the garden: Hail *dark retreats*! —Here leaving out the last part of the sentence, he proceeds—These dark retreats, &c. being dimmed *by no cloud*, awake the inspiring lay.

Is

fall out often in life, when we are connected with men of very warm passions ; who, taking their aim with precipitance,

Is it necessary to acquaint almost any Reader, that the word—*these*—refers to the stream, the grove, and the garden, which being *dimmed by no cloud*, (i. e. subject to no such vicissitudes) as the eventful day of human life, claimed the inspiring lay at first, and continue to awake it? Why then were the words, “*dark Retreats*,” selected upon this occasion to be coupled with the epithet—*these*, especially as (if it relates not to the themes proposed in the beginning of the sentence) we must naturally refer it to the last mentioned objects, “the bowers of Quiet?”—The answer is very obvious.—It was judged expedient that the Author should be made to speak here of undimmed darkness, and this was the only method to bring it about.—Let us try, by the same rules, a celebrated passage in the most *correct English Poet* that ever wrote.—Let me (says Pope, speaking of Iphorus)

— — — Flap this *bug* with gilded wings,
This painted *child of dirt*, that stinks and stings ;
Whose *buz* the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet *wit ne’er tastes*, and beauty ne’er enjoys.

“*What has harmony in verse* (says our Critic) *ought to have sense in prose*.—Let me *slap* this *bug*, this *child of dirt*, that *stings* and stinks ; whose *buz* annoys the fair and the witty, yet *wit ne’er tastes*.—Surely, this *Construction is incongruous*, and *this Language nonsensical*. What does this Author mean, when he talks of *slapping a bug*, that becomes, in the next line, a *child of dirt*, stinging, stinking, and having a *buz* that annoys the fair and the witty, which yet *wit ne’er tastes*!—With what contempt would this great Genius have looked upon an enemy, who applied to his poetry such criticism as this!—One other remark let me take notice of. “This Author (says our Critic) *among other strange things*, talks of the Muse as *sailing a shade*.” This is very true. But what would this Gentleman say, if I should tell him of a Poet, who speaks not only of sailing, but of “*steering upon a shade*?” What sentence would he pass upon a man, who represents the *Ara* (like a Leaden-hall Porter, it

capitance, overshoot the mark, at which a steady hand and penetrating eye are equally necessary to level the shaft. The Elysium of the Poets therefore stands without alteration in its original state. The Reader was warned in the advertisement prefixed to that poem, that the sentimental part would fall most naturally in near the conclusion of the work, and whether it is destitute of those characters which have not met with disapprobation in other pieces of this Collection, the Reader of Taste and Candour must be left to determine.

it might be said, sweating under his burden) as “*feeling weight, and unusual weight too*?” — Surely, the errors above-mentioned will be thought peccadillo’s to these. Yet, gentle Reader, with sorrow I write, and with sorrow will it be read, these are the words of *John Milton*! and the passage from which both is selected, has always, till now, been looked on as one of the most sublime and noble, either in ancient or modern Poetry — “Then with expanded wings, he steer’d his flight aloft,” &c. — In short, by such Criticism as this, I will engage to make the Father of Epic Poetry himself, who, for three thousand years, has been shad’d by the confuted veil of Antiquity, appear to have formed as wild and extravagant chimeras as ever entered into

the brain of Rabelais, even when he made honest Satan be seized with a cholic (and no wonder!) after having devoured the soul of a Lawyer fricaseed to his breakfast. — It is almost impossible to be serious on this subject. — Let me say however, that if these Gentlemen meant to have acted impartially, they ought surely to have given their readers some example, from which they might judge of the Merit of the Poem (since merit they allow it to have) as well as have so minutely (to use their own Phrase) pointed out what they judged to be its faults. That Painter would certainly be thought to execute his work very lamely, who should take off every disagreeable expression of a countenance, without any of its graces.

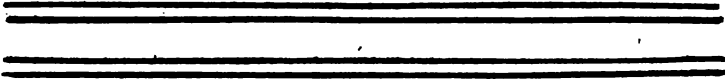
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TO CONCLUDE.—Whatever may be the fate of these Pieces, their Author claims no other privilege than that of being treated with impartiality and candour. He is not prompted by Vanity to say, that he is above the silly affectation of refusing to acknowledge a fault, because it is pointed out by an enemy; and if the public judgment shall happily concur with the last Decision of certain respectable Critics, in allowing him to have exhibited “undoubted marks of ingenuity;”—he presumes to observe, as the best plea in his favour with the humane and benevolent, that in no one part of the following Miscellany, has he either gratified malevolence, offended modesty, insulted weakness, retorted calumny, or attempted (like a late Author, detestable as a Man, and despicable as a Writer) to immolate those at the shrine of Envy, whom he was unable to emulate in the career of Glory.



AN
ESSAY
ON THE
LYRIC POETRY
OF THE
ANCIENTS.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED
TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
JAMES, LORD DESKFOORD.

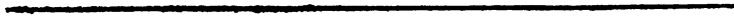


A N

E S S A Y

O N T H E

LYRIC POETRY OF THE ANCIENTS.



L E T T E R I.

M Y L O R D,

IT is an observation, no doubt, familiar to your Lordship, that Genius is the offspring of Reason and Imagination, properly moderated, and co-operating with united influence, to promote the discovery or the illustration of truth. Though it is certain that a separate province is assigned to each of these faculties, yet it often becomes a matter of the greatest difficulty to prevent them from making mutual encroachments, and from leading to extremes, which are the more dangerous,

which Prejudice hath shewn the most distorted resemblance. It is indeed but seldom that Nature adjusts the intellectual balance so accurately, as not to throw an unequal weight into either of the scales. Such likewise is the situation of man, that, in the first stage of life, the predominant Faculty engrosseth his Attention, as the predominant Passion influenceth his Actions. Instead therefore of strengthening the weaker power by assisting its exertions, and by supplying its defects, he is adding force to that which was originally too strong; and the same reflection which discovers his Error, shews him likewise the difficulty of correcting it. Even in those minds, in which the distribution was primarily equal, education, habit, or some early bias, is ready to break that perfect poise, which is necessary to constitute consummate excellence.

FROM this account of the different manners, in which the faculties of the mind exert themselves in the sphere of composition, your Lordship will immediately observe, that the Poet, who attempts to combine distant ideas, to catch remote allusions, to form vivid and agreeable pictures, is more apt, from the very nature of his profession, to set up a false Standard of Excellence, than the cool and dispassionate Philosopher, who proceeds deliberately from position to argument, and who employs Imagination

gination only as the Handmaid of a superior faculty. Having gone thus far, like persons who have got into a track from which they cannot recede, we may venture to proceed a step farther, and affirm, that the Lyric Poet is exposed to this hazard more nearly than any other; and that to prevent him from falling into the extreme we have mentioned, will require the exercise of the closest attention.

THAT I may illustrate this observation as fully as the nature of the subject will permit, it will be expedient to enquire into the end which Lyric Poetry proposeth to obtain, and to examine the original standards, from which the rules of this art are deduced.

ARISTOTLE, who has treated of poetry at great length, assigns two causes of its origin,—Imitation and Harmony; both of which are natural to the human mind*. By Imitation he understands, “whatever employs means “to represent any subject in a natural manner, whether “it hath a real or imaginary existence^d.” The desire of

^c Εοικασί. δὲ γεννησθαι μὲν ὅλως μικρὸν προαχόντες ἐγέννησαν τὴν τὴν Ποιητικὴν, αἰτίαι δύο καὶ αὐ- Ποιησιν* Αἰσθ. Ποιητικ. κ. δ. ται φυσικαί. Το μίμεισθαι συμφυ-
τον τοῖς ἀνθρώποις, &c. Καὶ Ἀρ-
μονία καὶ ρυθμὸς ἐξ ἀρχῆς οἱ
πρῶτοι πρὸς αὐτὰ μάλιστα κατὰ

^d The Reader of curiosity may see this subject particularly discussed, in Dacier's Remarks on the Poetics of Aristotle, c. 4.

imitating

imitating is originally stamped on the mind, and is a source of perpetual pleasure. “ Thus (says the great Critic) though the figures of wild beasts, or of dead men, cannot be viewed as they naturally are without horror and reluctance; yet the Imitation of these in painting is highly agreeable, and our pleasure is augmented in proportion to that degree of resemblance, which we conceive to subsist between the Original and the Copy.” By Harmony he understands, not the numbers or measures of poetry only, but that music of language; which, when it is justly adapted to variety of sentiment or description, contributes most effectually to unite the pleasing with the instructive^c. This indeed seems to be the opinion of all the Ancients who have written on this subject. Thus Plato says expressly, that those Authors who employ numbers and images without music, have no other merit than that of throwing prose into measure^d.

You will no doubt be of opinion, my Lord, upon reflecting on this subject, that Poetry was originally of

^c Α γὰρ αὐτὰ λυπηρὸς ὁρῶμεν, τούτων τὰς εἰκῶνας τὰς μαλίστα ηὐριζώμεναι, χαίρομεν θεωρῶντες, οἷτινες θήρεων τε μορφὰς τῶν ἀγρίο-
τάτων καὶ νεκρῶν, &c. ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚ. κ. δ.

^d Τα γὰρ μέτρα ὅτι μοῖρον τῶν ρυθμῶν ἐστὶ, φανερόν. Ub. sup.

^e Ρυθμὸν μὲν καὶ σχήματα μέ-
λῳς χωρὶς λόγου ψίλλος εἰς μέτρα
τίθεντες. The persons who do this,
he compares to Musicians. Μελὸς
δὲ αὖ καὶ ρυθμὸς ἀνευ ῥημάτων
ψίλλῃ κιθαρίζει τε καὶ αὐλῇσσι
προσχωμένοι- ΠΛΑΤ. ΠΕΡΙ ΤῶΝ
ΝΟΜῶΝ, β. β. λ.

an earlier date than Philosophy, and that its different species were brought to a certain pitch of perfection, before that Science had been cultivated in an equal degree. Experience informs us on every occasion, that Imagination shoots forward to its full growth, and even becomes wild and luxuriant, when the reasoning Faculty is only beginning to open, and is wholly unfit to connect the series of accurate deduction. The information of the senses (from which Fancy generally borrows her images) always obtains the earliest credit, and makes for that reason the most lasting impressions. The sallies of this irregular Faculty are likewise abrupt and instantaneous, as they are generally the effects of a sudden impulse, which reason is not permitted to restrain. As, therefore, we have already seen, that the desire of imitating is innate to the mind (if your Lordship will permit me to make use of an unphilosophical epithet) and as the first inhabitants of the world were employed in the culture of the field, and in surveying the scenery of external Nature, it is probable, that the first rude draughts of Poetry were extemporary effusions, either descriptive of the scenes of pastoral life, or extolling the attributes of the Supreme Being. On this account Plato says, that Poetry was originally *Εὐδεῖα Μίμησις*^h, or an inspired imitation of those objects, which produced either pleasure

^h Πλατ. Ιω.

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or admiration. To paint those objects which produced pleasure, was the business of the Pastoral, and to display those which raise admiration, was the task consigned to the Lyric Poet.—To excite this passion, no method was so effectual as that of celebrating the perfections of the Powers, who were supposed to preside over Nature. The Ode therefore, in its first formation, was a song in honour of these Powers¹; either sung at solemn festivals, or, after the days of Amphion, who was the inventor of the Lyre, accompanied with the music of that instrument. Thus Horace tells us,

“ Musa dedit fidibus Divos, puerosque Divorum,”^{*}

The Muse to nobler subjects tun'd her lyre,
Gods, and the sons of Gods, her song inspire.

FRANCIS.

IN this infancy of the arts, when it was the business of the Muse, as the same Poet informs us,

“ Publica privatis fecernere, sacra prophanis;
“ Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis,
“ Oppida moliri, leges includere ligno.”¹

¹ Nec prima illa post secula per ætates fane complures alio Lyrici spectarunt, quam ut Deorum laudes ac decora, aut virorum fortium res preclare gestas Hymnis ac Pæanibus, ad templa & aras complecterentur — ut ad emulationem captos admiratione mortales invitarent. Strad. Proluf. 4 Poet.
^{*} Hor. de Art. Poet.
¹ Ibid

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Poetic Wisdom mark'd with happy mean,
Public and private, sacred and profane,
The wandering joys of lawless love suppress,
With equal rites the wedded couple blest,
Plann'd future towns, and instituted laws, &c.

FRANCIS.

your Lordship will immediately conclude, that the species of Poetry which was first cultivated (especially when its end was to excite admiration) must for that reason have been the loosest and the most undetermined. There are indeed particular circumstances, by the concurrence of which one branch of an Art may be rendered perfect, when it is first introduced ; and these circumstances were favourable to the Authors of the Eclogue. But whatever some Readers may think, your Lordship will not look upon it as a paradox, to affirm, that the same causes which produced this advantage to Pastoral Poetry, contributed in an equal degree to make the first Lyric Poems the most vague, uncertain, and disproportioned standards,

In general it may be observed, that the difficulty of establishing rules, is always augmented in proportion to the variety of objects which an Art includes. Pastoral Poetry is defined by an ingenious Author, to be an imitation of

what

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what may be supposed to pass among Shepherds^m. This was accomplished the more easily by the first performers in this art, because they were themselves employed in the occupation which they describe; and the subjects which fell within their sphere, must have been confined to a very narrow circle. They contented themselves with painting in the simplest language the external beauties of nature, and with conveying an image of that age in which men generally lived on the footing of equality, and followed the dictates of an understanding uncultivated by Art. In succeeding ages, when manners became more polished, and the refinements of Luxury were substituted in place of the simplicity of Nature, men were still fond of retaining an idea of this happy period (which perhaps originally existed in its full extent, only in the imagination of Poets) and the character of a perfect pastoral was justly drawn from the writings of those Authors who first attempted to excel in itⁿ.

THOUGH we must acknowledge, that the poetic representations of a golden Age are chimerical, and that de-

^m Toute Poésie est une imitation. qui rarement seroit agreeable; elle
La Poésie Bucolique a pour but d'i- doit s'élever jusqu'au *vrai idéal*, qui
miter ce qui a passé & ce qui se dit tend' à embellir le vrai, tel qu'il est
entre les Bergers, Mem. de Lit. dans la nature, & qui produit dans
vol. iii, p. 158. la Poésie comme dans la Peinture,

ⁿ Elle ne doit pas s'en tenir à la le dernier point de perfection, &c.
simple représentation du vrai réel, Mem. de Lit. ub. sup.

scriptions

scriptions of this kind were not always measured by the standard of truth; yet it must be allowed at the same time, that, at a period when Manners were uniform and natural, the Eclogue, whose principal excellence lies in exhibiting simple and lively pictures of common objects and common characters, was brought at once to a state of greater perfection by the persons who introduced it, than it could have arrived at in a more improved and enlightened æra.

You will observe, my Lord, that these circumstances were all of them unfavourable to Lyric Poetry. The Poet in this branch of his Art proposed as his principal aim to excite Admiration; and his mind, without the assistance of critical skill, was left to the unequal task of presenting succeeding ages with the rudiments of Science. He was at liberty indeed to range through the ideal world, and to collect images from every quarter; but in this research he proceeded without a guide; and his imagination, like a fiery courser with loose reins, was left to pursue that path into which it deviated by accident, or was enticed by temptation. In short, pastoral Poetry takes in only a few objects; and is characterised by that simplicity, tenderness and delicacy, which were happily and easily united in the work of an ancient Shepherd. He had little use for the rules of Criticism, because he
was

was not much exposed to the danger of infringing them. The Lyric Poet, on the other hand, took a more diversified and extensive range; and his imagination required a strong and steady rein to correct its vehemence, and restrain its rapidity. Though therefore we can conceive without difficulty, that the Shepherd in his poetic effusions might contemplate only the external objects which were presented to him; yet we cannot so readily believe that the mind in framing a Theogony, or in assigning distinct provinces to the Powers who were supposed to preside over Nature, could, in its first Effays, proceed with so calm and deliberate a pace through the fields of invention, as that its work should be the perfect pattern of just and corrected composition.

FROM these observations laid together, your Lordship will judge of the state of Lyric Poetry, when it was first introduced, and will perhaps be inclined to assent to a part of the proposition laid down in the beginning, “ That as Poets in general are more apt to set up a false
 “ standard of excellence than Philosophers are, so the
 “ Lyric Poet was exposed to this danger more immediately than any other member of the same profession.” Whether or not the preceding Theory can be justly applied to the works of the first Lyric Poets, and how far the Ode continued to be characterised by it in the more improved

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improved state of ancient Learning, are questions which can only be answered by taking a short view of both.

It is indeed, my Lord, much to be regretted, that we have no certain Guide to lead us through that labyrinth, in which we grope for the discovery of Truth, and are so often entangled in the maze of error, when we attempt to explain the origin of Science, or to trace the manners of remote antiquity. I should be at a loss to enter upon this perplexed and intricate subject, if I did not know that History has already familiarized to your Lordship the principal objects which occur in this research ; and that it is the effect of extensive knowledge and superior penetration to invigorate the effort of Diffidence, and to repress the surmises of undistinguishing Censure.

THE inhabitants of Greece, who make so éminent a figure in the records of Science, as well as in the History of the progression of Empire, were originally a savage and lawless people, who lived in a state of war with one another, and possessed a desolate country, from which they expected to be driven by the invasion of a foreign enemy*. Even after they had begun to emerge from this state of absolute barbarity, and had built a kind of Cities

* Thucyd. lib. i.

to restrain the encroachments of the neighbouring nations, the inland Country continued to be laid waste by the depredations of Robbers, and the maritime Towns were exposed to the incursions of Pirates^p. Ingenious as this people naturally were, the terror and suspense in which they lived for a considerable time, kept them unacquainted with the Arts and Sciences, which were flourishing in other Countries. When therefore a Genius capable of civilizing them started up, it is no wonder that they held him in the highest estimation; and concluded, that he was either descended from or inspired by some of those Divinities, whose praises he was employed in rehearsing.

SUCH was the situation of Greece, when Linus, Orpheus, and Musæus, the first Poets whose names have reached posterity, made their appearance on the theatre of life. These writers undertook the difficult task of reforming their Countrymen, and of laying down a theological and philosophical system^q. — We are informed

^p Id. *ibid*.

Laertius, (who certainly might have been better informed) will allow

^q Authors are not agreed as to the Persons who introduced into Greece the principles of Philosophy. Tatian will have it, that the Greek Philosophy came originally from Ægypt, Orat. con. Græc. While

Foreigners to have had no share in it. He ascribes its origin to Linus, and says expressly, Ἀφ' Ἑλλήνων ἤρξε φιλοσοφία καὶ αὐτὸ το σὺν μα τὴν Βαρβαρον ἀπετραπὶς προσηγορίαν. Λαερτ. ἐν Πραοίμ.

POETRY OF THE ANCIENTS. xxxv

by Diogenes Laertius, that Linus, the Father of Grecian Poetry, was the son of Mercury and the Muse Urania; and that he sung of the Generation of the world, of the Course of the sun and moon, of the Origin of animals, and of the Principles of vegetation*. He taught, says the same Author, that all things were formed at one time, and that they were jumbled together in a Chaos, till the operation of a Mind introduced regularity.

AFTER all, however, we must acknowledge, that so complex, so diversified, and so ingenious a system as the Greek Theology, was too much for an uninstructed Genius, however exuberant, to have conceived in its full extent. Accordingly we are told, that both Orpheus and Musæus travelled into Egypt, and infused the traditionary learning of a cultivated people into the minds of their own illiterate Countrymen*.

THE name of Orpheus, consecrated as it is by the veneration paid to it in all ages from the remotest antiquity, bears the same relation to Science in the earliest periods of society, as that of Cæsar or Alexander would

* This account of the subjects on which Linus wrote, suggests a further opinion as to the origin of Greek Philosophy. He has preserved the ther prejudice in favour of Laertius's first line of his Poem;

Ην ποτε χρόνος ἦτορ ἐν ᾧ ἀμα πάντ' ἐτίθυκε.

Λαερτ. ἐν Πρασιμ.

* Herod. lib. i. c. 49.

be supposed to do to war. He is handed down to us as a Philosopher, who taught the knowledge of God, and laid down the rudiments of Science¹; as a Lawgiver who reformed his countrymen, or rather, who brought a set of savages to live in society²; as a Priest who instituted the worship of the Gods, and instituted the sacred rites of Religion³; and, finally, as a PoET, unequalled in harmony, sweetness and energy; and in particular, as the Father of that species of this divine Art, which forms the subject of this Essay⁴. — Though it is principally in this last point of view that I propose at this time to consider him; yet your Lordship will, I know, enter with so much pleasure into some short detail of his character and writings, as necessary to ascertain the real Origin of the Lyric Poetry, in which he most conspicuously excelled, that I shall judge an apology to be superseded by the subject.

THAT Orpheus flourished at the time when the celebrated Argonautic expedition was undertaken, which

¹ ΟΡΦΕΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΤΑ ΠΑΡΑ ΙΟΥΔΑΙΟΥΣ ΚΡΙΤΩΝ ΓΥΝΩΡΙΖΕΤΟ ΣΟΦΟΣ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΣ ΓΕΝΟΜΕΝΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΠΟΛΛΑ ΜΥΣΤΗΡΙΑ ΔΙΔΑΧΘΕΙΣ, &c. ΣΥΝΙΔ.

² Thus Horace distinguisheth him by the name of

Sacer Interpresq; Deorum.

³ ΟΡΦΕΥΣ ΜΕΝ ΓΑΡ ΤΕΛΕΤΑΣ Δ' ΗΜΙΝ ΚΑΤΕΔΕΙΞΕ, ΦΟΝΩΝ Τ' ΑΠΕΧΕΣΘΑΙ. ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦ.

⁴ Καὶ γὰρ ποιῆμα συντάξει θαύμαζομενον, καὶ κατὰ τὴν ΟΔΗΝ ἐμμελῆα διαφέρει. Διοδ. Σικελ.

(without

(without attempting to settle with accuracy the chronology of this period) renders him contemporary with the Judges of the Jewish nation, before the regal government was established, appears to be universally agreed on. The wonderful effects that are ascribed to his Lyre, and the power which he is said to have possessed over the minds of men in this early and uncultivated period, lead us naturally to suppose, that his own mind must have not only received from Nature an higher share of intellectual qualities than others, but that these must likewise have been improved by experience and study. Accordingly we are informed, that both he and his pupil Museus travelled into Egypt; and, in that land of wonder and allegory, acquired the first principles of that Mythology which he afterwards taught; and which, branched out into its full luxuriance, we contemplate with admiration, as the highest effort of creative Genius. Here it was that he learned

Thus he says himself,

Η δ' ὅσον Αἰγυπτίων ἱερὸν λόχον ἐξολοκυσσά
Μέμριν εἰς ἠγαθὴν πλάσας ἱεράς τι πολὺν
Ἀπίδος αἰ περὶ Νεῖλος ἀγαρρὸς ἐστειφανώται. Ἀργοναυτ.

Σχεδὸν δὲ καὶ πάντα τὰ ἐντὶ might have been derived from other
μάτα τῶν θίων ἐξ Αἰγυπτίων ἐλη- nations. Speaking of Mythologists,
λυθεῖ εἰς τὴν Ελλάδα, Ἡρόδ. ατ. he says,

Another Writer however judg- Ἀλλοὶ μὲν ἐπὶ ΜΑΓΟΙΣ γέγονασιν;
eth, perhaps with more precision, Ἀλλοὶ δὲ παρὰ ΦΡΥΓΕΙ, καὶ ἡδὲ
that some part of this Mythology παρ' Αἰγυπτίοις. Φορμύτ.

to sing of the generation of the Gods, of the birth of the Giants, of the Creation of the world, and of the Origin of man: he sung, we are told, of the Æther, as separated from Night and Chaos; of the Light that first illuminated the World^a; of Love, as the operating principle in this work^b: he distinguished a First Cause from inferior Ministers^c; and, in order to impress these lessons

more

^a Συσδ. περι ΟΡΦ. Τιμοθ. &c.

^c Thus he describes the Supreme

^b — διφρη περιπτει κνδον Mind;

ΕΡΟΤΑ. Αργοναυτ.

ΕΙΣ Δ' ΕΣ ΑΥΤΟΓΕΝΗΣ. ΕΝΟΣ ΕΚΧΩΝΑ ΠΑΝΤΑ ΤΕΤΟΥΚΑΙ.

ΕΝ Δ' ΑΥΤΟΙΣ ΑΥΤΟΣ ΠΕΡΕΝΙΣΣΕΤΑΙ' ΕΔΕ ΤΙΣ ΑΥΤΟΥ

ΕΞΙΣΟΡΑΡΑ ΘΥΝΤΩΝ. ΑΥΤΟΣ ΔΕ ΥΕ ΠΑΝΤΑΣ ΟΡΑΤΑΙ

ΟΥΤΟΣ Δ' ΕΞ ΑΓΑΘΟΙΟ ΚΑΛΟΝ ΘΥΝΤΟΙΣ ΔΙΔΩΣΙ

ΟΥΔΕ ΤΙΣ ΙΣΤ' ΕΤΕΡΟΣ, &c. ΟΡΦ. ΕΠΗ,

We must however acknowledge, that as Authors are at a loss with regard to the writings of Orpheus, so they differ still more from each other in their account of his Theology. In general indeed he is allowed to have been the Father of Polytheism, on account of his deducing the generation of the Gods; and is therefore stiled by a Writer, in the first ages of Christianity, Της Πολυθεωτητος πρωτον διδασκαλος, Just. Mart. Others however, considering his doctrines as mysterious exhibitions of the most sublime truths, affirm, that he inculcated the belief of the Divine Unity and

Self-existence; insist, in proof of this, upon the esteem in which he was held by the Pythagorean and Platonic Philosophers; and assert, that his seeming belief of Polytheism arose from the characters of the people whom he addressed, who were wholly uncultivated, and whose attention could only be arrested by the objects of sense. See Burn. Archæol. Philosoph. p. 120, 121.— These opinions, however apparently contradictory to each other, may yet, I think, with no great difficulty be reconciled; especially when we consider, that the Orphic Philosophy was veiled in allegory.

Upon

more powerfully on the minds of his wondering audience, he professed in all to be inspired by Phœbus, or the power of divine illumination.—When the Reformer of mankind turned his Lyre, and raised the mind to the contemplation of these sublime objects; accompanying the researches of Philosophy with the irresistible charms of melodious versification; his hearers grew insensibly mild as they listened; their thoughts were exalted by the greatness of his subjects; their ferocity subdued by the sweetness and harmony of his numbers; and succeeding generations, astonished at the change which this divine Poet had wrought upon the characters of mankind, fabled, that he had taught the woods to dance, the

Upon this hypothesis we need only suppose, that Orpheus, as a Poet, took the liberty of giving expression and action to the most important of those objects which he undertook to delineate; and we may believe that he might appear to have inculcated Polytheism, at the time when he acknowledged the Unity of God. Thus the names of Minerva, Mars, Apollo, Hermes, &c. and the actions in which these are particularly engaged, will be considered only as various personifications of the attributes ascribed to the Supreme Being, representing his wisdom, power, universal intelligence, and that care with which he superintends the government of mankind. This is the manner in which Homer appears to have contemplated the Deity; and his Perfections as the moral Governor of the universe, when displayed with such strength of colouring by a creative imagination, to a superficial mind may appear as so many separate Beings; whereas, when the veil is thrown aside, these are beheld as emanations from the Supreme Mind, which enlighten indeed separately the various departments of his government; but which all of them center, when traced to their source, in one complete and undivided Original.

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streams to hang suspended, the tyger to leave his prey,
and even the lion to become gentle, obsequious and sub-
missive :

“ Sylvestres homines, Sacer, Interpresq; Deorum
“ Cædibus & victu sædo deterruit Orpheus ;
“ Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rabidosq; leones. HOR.

The wood-born race of men when Orpheus tamed,
From acorns, and from mutual blood reclaim'd ;
The Priest divine was fabled to assuage
The tyger's fierceness, and the lion's rage. FRANCIS.

As the persons however, to whom this discourse was
addressed, were by no means qualified to pursue a detail
of philosophical disquisition, their first Teachers composed
Hymns or short sonnets, in which their meaning was
couched under the veil of beautiful allegory, that their
lessons might at once arrest the attention, and be im-
pressed upon the memory.—This, according to Aristotle,
was the first dress in which Poetry made its appearance^d.

You will, my Lord, I make no question, readily ac-
knowledge, that in all arts whatever, the simplest ex-

^d Οι μὲν γὰρ σεμνοτέραι τὰς κα- τὰ τῶν φαυλῶν πρῶτον ψόγους ποι-
οῦσιν ἡμῶντο πρὸς αἰεὶ καὶ τὰς τῶν κνέας, ὡς περ ἑτέροι ΤΜΝΟΥΣ καὶ
τοιαύταις τυχεῖς· Οι δ' ἐντέλειστοι ΕΓΚΩΜΙΑ. ΑΡΙΣΤΟΤ. ΠΟΙΗΤ.

hibitions,

hibitions, and such as are least complicated or ornamented, are commonly the first. The ΥΜΝΟΣ, therefore, or "Song of Praise," as the first rude essay of Lyric composition, we might readily have ascribed to Orpheus as its original Author, was it not that we find this species of Poetry to have been carried to far greater perfection some ages before the birth of this Philosopher, by a people who came from that very kingdom, in which he acquired the rudiments of Science*. I need scarce

• mention

* It will not perhaps be deemed exaggeration, by any intelligent reader who considers this subject, to say, that the Lyric compositions of the sacred Writers contain all the beauties, of which this species of the Poetic Art is naturally susceptible, without any mixture of the faults, which, among other Authors, we find to have arisen from the unlimited indulgence of imagination. In proof of this remark, we need adduce only the noble address of Moses to the Supreme Being; "When he had seen (it is said) the great work which God did upon the Egyptians; and *the people feared the Lord*," Exod. xiv. 31.—A sublimity, accompanied with the greatest simplicity; description rendered picturesque, by a selection of the happiest and most appropriated epithets; transitions, arising from the

subject, and consistent with the most perfect perspicuity; in one word, an invention retained within proper limits, and never-fatiguing the mind with a display of too many objects at one time: these which constitute (as we shall shew afterwards) the distinguishing beauties of this branch of composition, form the character of the Lyric productions to be met with in the inspired Writings, and of that in particular which we have formerly mentioned. —It begins with a spirited and sublime address to the Supreme Being, in whom the Author expresseth a confidence, founded upon the deliverance which had been wrought for the Jewish nation; "I will sing
" unto the LORD, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse
" and his rider hath he thrown into
" the sea," &c. Thus he continues
for

mention to your Lordship upon this occasion, that the people here referred to are the Jewish Nation, who left Egypt about two hundred years before the period at which Greece was civilized; and among whom, as they lived under a Theocracy, we find the most perfect branch
of

for a few verses, and then breaks into an apostrophe so bold, and at the same time animated with such strength of colouring, and energy of expression, as must command admiration: "Thy right hand, O
" LORD, is become glorious; thy
" right hand hath dashed to pieces
" the enemy: Thou sentest forth
" thy wrath, which consumed them
" as stubble. With the blast of
" thy nostrils, the waters were gathered together; the flood stood
" upright as an heap; and the
" depths were congealed in the
" heart of the sea." Pharaoh and his host are then introduced as speakers, in order to form an image of the Deity, calculated to fill the imagination with the most sublime idea, and, as far as words can reach it, suited to the object; "The enemy
" said, I will pursue, I will over-
" take; I will divide the spoil:
" my lust shall be satisfied upon
" them; I will draw my sword,
" my hand shall destroy them," How noble is the transition in the verse immediately following, from these to the God of Israel! "Thou

" didst blow upon them with thy
" wind, the sea covered them;
" thou stretchest out thy right hand,
" the earth swallowed them. Who
" is like unto thee, O LORD?" &c. Exod. xv. — We have selected this address in particular upon the present occasion, not on account of its eminence compared with others, but because it is the first of the kind we meet with. How would the few strokes of sublime description mentioned here have been admired, had these been met with in any of the writings of the Ancients! So eminent, I will venture to say, are the sacred Writers above all others in that majestic simplicity; that awful and uniform grandeur of sentiment; that Pathos, often pointed like lightning, which penetrate the heart, and exalt the imagination, that to persons either capable of distinguishing these beauties themselves, or of feeling their influence when pointed out by others, perhaps a stronger argument could not be adduced by the *inspiration* of these Authors, than will arise from comparing their descriptions of the greatest

of Lyric composition to have become as it were instantaneously prevalent. Without therefore falling into the error of those Authors, who attempt to deduce from the inspired Writings every absurdity of Mythology, and almost every stroke of excursive imagination, it may, I think, be supposed that the Greek Poet, during his re-

greatest objects presented to the mind with those on the same topics, by the most admired Authors of whom Antiquity can boast. Should the Author enjoy health and leisure, he may perhaps endeavour one day to shew, that this assertion has not been thrown out without examination.

It ought to be observed, that the subjects of the Ode, considered as either historical, or wholly ideal and abstracted, diversify exceedingly this branch of Poetic composition, and suggest an apology for irregularities, which, in any other species of it, would be inexcusable. In the former case indeed (as in the Odes of Pindar) where History supplies the topic of Panegyric, a modern Poet (who cannot, as we shall see afterwards, adopt the excuse of this great original) will be to blame in general, if he shall be deficient in, what most Readers may deem to be, Perspicuity. But in the latter case, where objects, wholly abstracted and im-

material, are to be exhibited with the Colouring of Imagination, this deficiency becomes unavoidable; and I know not whether the Poet should wish it to be otherwise. Obscurity is undoubtedly a fault: but the difficulty often lies in fixing the charge. What may be obscure, or even unintelligible to one man, to another may not only be clear, but remarkably beautiful. In Poetry, this is the case particularly, whose beauty, in proportion to its excellence, is less universally discernible. We may however observe, that when the digressions in the Ode become tedious, and their relation to the subject is extremely remote; when the transitions are too frequent, the construction perplexed, or the images disproportioned to the illustration of the object, the Poet may then be charged universally with obscurity: but when this ariseth from abstracted thought, exhibited in the high colouring of imagination, the Reader ought to suspect himself, before he pronounceth his decision.

fidence

fidence among the Egyptians, became acquainted with Lyric Poetry in its highest perfection, from models preserved by that cultivated people ; and, upon his return to his native country, introduced that branch of it, which he deemed from its simplicity to be best adapted to the temper and characters of the inhabitants.

HERE then, my Lord, we have a simple, and, I think, not improbable account of the Origin of the Ode. It was originally appropriated to the worship of God ;—it was calculated (to use the words of a learned Writer) by its Hebrew Authors, to inspire the people of the Jews with a delight in this worship^f : — it acquired not therefore its perfection, like other arts, by slow and imperceptible accessions ; but arose at once to a state of maturity, among a people consecrated to the service of God. Among the examples of this kind, which these may be presumed to have left for imitation in Egypt, it is probable that ingenious Foreigners (considered particularly as the Reformers of mankind) would naturally select such as were either most suitable to their genius, or best adapted to their purpose ; and thus the ΥΜΝΟΣ, or Song in praise of the Supreme Being, was originally introduced. As the Greek nations however became more civilized, and the Arts in their progress to perfection

^f Universal History, vol. vi. p. 201.

opened a variety of new and enchanting speculations, the subjects of the Ode became proportionably diversified, and the Lyric Muse, when employed to celebrate the deeds of Heroes however renowned, was no longer restrained within the bounds which at first were prescribed to her ; — her strains became more various, her excursions bolder and more remote from the theme ; her transitions, though frequently entertaining and beautiful, were yet often extravagant ; and obscurity, the consequence of excessive colouring and perpetual variety, took place of that clearness with which objects, perhaps more sublime, though less diversified, were successively portrayed.

AFTER all, it may perhaps be said with truth, that though the Ode by the method above-mentioned, might have been better adapted to the purpose of instruction, even when first brought into Greece, than would have been the case if its Authors had met with no model calculated for imitation ; yet in general the simplest species of Lyric Poetry was, no doubt, co-eval with the period at which men began to acknowledge the existence of a Being superior to themselves, and to worship Him in consequence of having discovered their dependence. In the first effusions however to which this conviction gave rise, the ideas must necessarily have been extremely loose and undetermined ; the subjects wholly general,

as the views of nature had suggested no connected series of observation : and thus the address might have been pleasing indeed, as expressive of natural sensations ; whereas, in this last case, it became at once a vehicle to convey the principles of Science.

MUSEUS, the pupil of Orpheus, who carried on the same design with his Master, is said to have been the Priest of Ceres at Athens ; near which city he sung his verses, in a place which from him took the name of Museum. The following little fragment, which is handed down to us as his, will shew us how naturally every Writer of imagination, when he represents the transitory nature of human life, borrows his illustrations from external objects.

Ὡς δ' αὐτὼς καὶ φύλλα φρεὶ ζείδωρος ἀρούρα
 Ἀλλὰ μὲν ἐν μελίῃσιν ἀποφθίνει, ἀλλὰ δὲ φρεὶ
 Ὡς δὲ καὶ ἀνθρώπων γένεσι, καὶ φύλλον ἐλίσσει.

Ποιησ. Φιλοσοφ. p. 109.

Homer has some verses so similar to these, that we may look on them as vouchers for their antiquity :

Οἱ περὶ φύλων γένεσι, τοῖσι δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν, &c.

Ἰλιάδ. ζ.

Like

Like leaves on trees the race of men is found,
 Now green in youth, now withering on the ground.
 Another race the following spring supplies,
 They fall successive, and successive rise;
 So generations in their course decay. — — POPE.

The Ancients in general seem to have entertained a very high opinion of his Genius and writings, as he is said to have been the first person who composed a regular Theogony, and is likewise celebrated as the inventor of the Sphere^s. His principle was, that all things would finally resolve into the same materials of which they were originally compounded^t. Virgil assigns him a place of distinguished eminence in the plains of Elysium.

— — — “ sic est affata Sibylla,
 “ Musæum ante omnes, medium nam plurima turba.
 “ Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit altis¹.”

— — The Sibyl thus address'd
 Musæus, rais'd o'er all the circling throng.

It is generally allowed that Amphion, who was a native of Bœotia, brought music into Greece from Lydia, and invented that instrument (the Lyre) from which

^s Diogen. Laert. ub. sup.

^t Ibid.

¹ Æneid. lib. vi.

Lyric Poetry takes its name^k. Before his time they had no regular knowledge of this divine art, though we must believe that they were acquainted with it in some measure, as dancing is an art in which we are informed that the earliest Poets were considerable proficient^l.

SUCH, my Lord, was the character of the first Lyric Poets; and such were the subjects upon which they exer-

* It may not be amiss here to give the reader some idea of the structure of the ancient Lyre, whose music is said to have produced such wonderful effects. This instrument was composed of an hollow frame, over which several strings were thrown, probably in some such manner as we see them in an harp or a dulcimer. They did not so much resemble the viol, as the neck of that instrument gives it peculiar advantages, of which the Ancients seem to have been wholly ignorant. The Musician stood with a short bow in his right hand, and a couple of small thimbles upon the fingers of his left; with these he held one end of the string, from which an acute sound was to be drawn, and then struck it immediately with the bow. In the other Parts he swept over every string alternately, and allowed each of them to have its full sound. This practice became unnecessary afterwards, when

the instrument was improved by the addition of new strings, to which the sounds corresponded. Horace tells us, that in his time the lyre had seven strings, and that it was much more musical than it had been originally. Addressing himself to Mercury, he says,

— — “ Te docilis magistro
“ Movit Amphion lapides canendo:
“ Tuque Testudō, resonare septem
“ Callida nervis;
“ Nec loquax olim, neque grata,”
&c.

Carm. lib. iii. od. 11.

For a further account of this instrument, we shall refer the reader to Quintilian's Institutions, lib. xii. c. 19.

^l Particularly Orpheus and Musæus. Lucian says in the general, Τὰς αὐτὰς ἀρχαίας ἐφευρίσκειν εὐρεῖν αὐτοῦ ὀρχήστου.

B. C. περὶ Ὀρχήσ.

cised

cified invention. We have seen, in the course of this short detail, that these Authors attempted to civilize a barbarous people, whose imagination it was necessary to seize by every possible expedient; and upon whom chastised composition would have probably lost its effect, as its beauties are not perceptible to the rude and illiterate. That they employed this method principally to instruct their countrymen is more probable, when we remember that the rudiments of learning were brought from Egypt, a country in which Fable and Allegory remarkably predominated^m. By conversing with this people, it is natural to suppose, that men of impetuous imaginations would imbibe their manner, and would adopt that species of composition as the most proper, which was at the same time agreeable to their own inclination, and authorized as expedient by the example of others.

FROM the whole, my Lord, we may conclude with probability, that the Greek Hymn was originally a loose allegorical Poem, in which Imagination was permitted to take its full career, and sentiment was rendered at once

^m This allegorical learning was so much in use among the Egyptians, that the Disciples of a Philosopher were bound by an oath. *Ενυ πολεμοις ταυτα εχειν και τοις απαιδευτοις και αμυνητοις μη μεταδιδουαι.* Vid. Seld. de Diis Syr.

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obscure and agreeable, by being skreened behind a veil of the richest poetic imagery.

THE loose fragments of these early writers which have come down to our times, render this truth as conspicuous as the nature of the subject will permit. A Theogony, or an account of the proceſſion of fabulous Deities, was a theme on which Imagination might display her inventive power in its fullest extent. Accordingly Hesiod introduces his work with recounting the genealogy of the Muses, to whom he assigns “ an apartment and attendants near “ the summit of snowy Olympus .” These Ladies, he tells us, “ came to pay him a visit, and complimented “ him with a scepter and a branch of laurel, when he “ was feeding his flock on the mountain of Helicon .” Some tale of this kind it was usual with the Poets to invent, that the vulgar in those ages of fiction and ignorance might consider their persons as sacred, and that the Offspring of their Imaginations might be regarded as the Children of Truth.

” — — — — — Ἡσιν αἰοῖδῃ

Μεμβλεται, ἐν στήθεσσι κηδεῖα θυμὸν ἐχούσῃς

Ἰ Τυτθὸν ἀπ’ ἀκροτάτης κορυφῆς νιφέντος Ὀλύμπου.

Ἐνθα σφιν λιπαροὶ τε χοροὶ, καὶ δώματα καλά. Θιουγ. γραμ. ξδ.

° Ως ἐφασαν Ἥουραι μεγάλα Διὶ ἀρτιπύλαι·

Καὶ μοι σκεπτήρον ἐδόν, δαφνὴς ἐριθέλεος ὄζον

Δρέψασθαι θήητορ. ἐπένευσαν δὲ μοι ἀνδήμι, &c. Θιουγ. γραμ. λ’.

FROM the same licentious use of Allegory and Metaphor sprung the Fables of the wars of the Giants, of the birth and education of Jupiter, of the dethroning of Saturn, and of the provinces assigned by the Supreme to the inferior Deities; all of which are subjects said to have been particularly treated by Orpheus^p. The love of Fable became indeed so remarkably prevalent in the earliest ages, that it is now impossible in many instances to distinguish real from apparent truth in the history of these times, and to discriminate the persons who were useful members of society, from those who exist only in the works of a Poet, whose aim was professedly to excite Admiration. Thus every event of importance was disfigured by the colouring of poetic narration, and by ascribing to one man the separate actions which perhaps were performed by several persons of one name^q, we are

^p Orph. Hym. in Apollon. Rhod.

^q Of this, History furnisheth many examples. When one man made an eminent figure in any profession, the actions of other persons who had the same name were ascribed to him; and it was perhaps

partly for this reason that we find different cities contending for the honour of giving birth to men of Genius or Eminence. Callimachus, in his Hymn to Jupiter, makes an artful use of this circumstance.

Εν δ' οὖν μάλα θυμός· ἐπὶ γένος ἀμφοτέρων.
 Ζεὺς σε μὲν Ἰδαιοῖσιν ἐν οὐρεσὶ φασὶ γενέσθαι.
 Ζεὺς σε δ' ἐν Ἀρκαδίῃ· ποτέ τοι Πατέρ εἰσεύσαντο
 Κρήτες αἰεὶ ἔειπαι· καὶ γὰρ τάφον, ὦ ἀνα σείο
 Κρήτες ἐτεκλήναντο· σὺ δ' οὐ θάνεις· εἰσι γὰρ αἰεὶ. Καλλιμ. σελ. δ.

now wholly unable to disentangle truth from a perplexed and complicated detail of real and fictitious incidents.

It appears likewise from these shreds of antiquity, that the subjects of the Hymn were not sufficiently limited, as we sometimes find one of them addressed to several Deities, whose different functions recurring constantly to the mind, must have occasioned unavoidable obscurity*. The Poet by this means was led into numberless digressions, in which the remote points of connection will be imperceptible to the Reader, who cannot place himself in some situation similar to that of the Writer, and attend particularly to the character and manners of the period at which he wrote.

YOUR Lordship, without the testimony of experience, would hardly believe that a species of composition, which derived its origin from, and owed its peculiarities to, the circumstances we have mentioned, could have been considered in an happier æra as a pattern worthy the imitation of cultivated genius, and the perusal of a polished and civilized people. One is indeed ready to conclude, at the first view, that a mode of writing which was assu-

* Thus Theocritus,

Ἕμνεομεν Ἀηδᾶς. Τε καὶ αἰγιοχῶ Διὶ Θύω,
Κασορὰ καὶ φοβερόν Πολυδευκίᾳ πυξὺν ἐρεθίζεν
Ἕμνεομεν καὶ Δίᾳ, καὶ τῷ Τρίτῳ.

med for a particular purpose, and was adapted to the manners of an illiterate age, might at least have undergone considerable alterations in succeeding periods, and might have received improvements proportioned to those which are made in other branches of the same art. But the fact is, that while the other branches of Poetry have been gradually modelled by the rules of Criticism, the Ode hath been only changed in a few external circumstances; and the enthusiasm, obscurity and exuberance, which characterised it when first introduced, continue to be ranked among its capital and discriminating excellencies.

To account for this phænomenon, my Lord, I need only remind your Lordship of a truth which reflection has, no doubt, frequently suggested;—that the rules of Criticism are originally drawn, not from the speculative idea of perfection in an art, but from the work of that Artist to whom either merit or accident hath appropriated the most established character. From this position it obviously follows, that such an art must arrive at once to its highest perfection, as the attempts of succeeding performers are estimated, not by their own intrinsic value or demerit, but by their conformity to a standard which is previously set before them. It hath happened fortunately for the Republic of Letters, that the two highest

species of Poetry are exempted from the bad consequences which might have followed an exact observation of this rule. An early and perfect standard was settled to regulate the Epopee, and the Drama was susceptible of gradual Improvement, as Luxury augmented the subjects, and decorated the machinery of the theatre. We have already seen, that Lyric Poetry was not introduced with the advantages of the former ; and reflection must convince us, that it is not calculated to gain the flow and imperceptible accessions of the latter. We may observe however in the general, that as the opinions of the bulk of mankind in speculative matters are commonly the result of accident, rather than the consequences of reflection ; so it becomes extremely difficult, if not impossible, in some instances to point out a defect in an established Model, without incurring the censure of the multitude. Such, my Lord, is the nature of man, and so trifling and capricious are the circumstances upon which his sentiments depend.

ACCUSTOMED as your Lordship has been to survey the improved manners of an enlightened age, you will contemplate with pleasure an happier æra in the progression of Science, when the Ode from being confined wholly to fictitious Theology, was transposed to the circle of Elegance and the Graces. Such is its appearance in
the

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the writings of Anacreon, of Horace, and in the two fragments of Sappho.

ANACREON was nearly contemporary with that Onomacritus, whom we have mentioned as the Author of those poems which are ascribed to Orpheus. He flourished between the 60th and the 70th Olympiad. His pieces are the offspring of Genius and Indolence: his subjects are perfectly suited to his character. The devices which he would have to be carved upon a silver cup are extremely ingenious.

— — Διὸς γόνον

Βακχὸν Εὐιον ἡμιν.

Μυστίν αματε Κυπρίν.

Υμεναίοις κροτούσαν

Και Ερώτας αποπλους.

Και χαρίτας γέλωτας, &c.*

— — The Race of Jove,

Bacchus, whose happy smiles approve;

The Cyprian Queen, whose gentle hand

Is quick to tie the nuptial band;

The sporting Loves unarm'd appear,

The Graces loose, and laughing near.

SWEETNESS and natural elegance characterise the writings of this Poet, as much as carelessness and ease

* *Ανακρ. σελ. λι.*

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distinguished his manners. In some of his pieces there is exuberance, and even wildness of imagination, as in that particularly which is addressed to a young girl, where he wishes alternately to be transformed into a mirror, a coat, a stream, a bracelet, and a pair of shoes, for the different purposes which he recites[†]. This is meer sport and wantonness; and the Poet would probably have excused himself for it, by alledging, that he took no greater liberties in his own sphere, than his predecessors of the same profession had done in another. His indolence and love of ease is often painted with great simplicity and elegance[‡]; and his writings abound with those beautiful and unexpected turns, which are characteristic of every species of the Ode[¶].

THOUGH we must allow Anacreon to have been an original Genius, yet it is probable, as I formerly observed, that he took Lyric Poetry as he found it; and, without attempting to correct imperfections, of which

[†] *Ανακρ. σελ. πζ'.*

[‡] This appears remarkably in that piece, where he gives so ingenuous a character of himself:

*Ου μοι μέλει Τυγας
Του Σαρδίων Ανακτορ, &c.
Το σημερον μέλει μοι. Σελ. κή.*

[¶] The reader will find a striking example of this beauty, in the Ode addressed to a swallow, where he runs a comparison betwixt the liberty of that bird and his own bondage:

*Συ μιν φίλη χελιδων, &c.
Σελ. ξ.*

he

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he might have been sensible, made, on the contrary, the same use of this, which a man of address will do of the foibles of his neighbour, by employing them to promote his own particular purposes. We may conclude indeed, from the character of this Poet, that he was not fitted to strike out new lights in the field of Science, or to make considerable deviations from the practice of his predecessors. He was, no doubt, of opinion likewise, that his manner was authorised in some measure by the example of the Mitylenian Poets, whose pieces are celebrated for softness and delicacy^x; and who possessed, above all others, the art of selecting the happiest circumstances, which she placed likewise in the most striking points of view^y. Longinus produceth, as a proof of this, her fine Ode inscribed to a favourite attendant, in which the progression of that tumultuous emotion, which deprived her of her senses, is described with peculiar elegance and sensibility^z.

^x Thus Horace represents her,

“Æoliis fidibus quærentem
“Sappho puellis de popularibus.”
Lib. ii. od. 13.

ἢ Θεὸν ἢ Σάπφω τα συμβαινόντα
ταῖς ἐρωτικαῖς μανίαις παθήματα
ἐκ τῶν παρεπομένων, καὶ ἐκ τῆς
ἀληθείας, αὐτῆς ἐκασοτὲ λαμβάνει
ἔξ. Λογγίν. περὶ Ὑψῆς, κεφ. ι.

^z Longinus speaks with transport of this beautiful fragment of antiquity: Οὐ θαυμάζεις ὡς ὑπ' αὐτὴν τὴν ψυχὴν τὸ σῶμα τὰς ἀκοὰς τὴν γλῶσσαν τὰς ὀφθαλμοὺς τὴν χροάν, πανθ' ὡς ἀλλοτρίᾳ διιοιχομένα ἐπιζητεῖ. Καὶ καθ' ὑπεραντιώσεις ἀμὰ ψυχεῖται, καίεται, ἀλογίσει, φρονεῖ—ἵνα μὴ ἐν τῇ περὶ αὐτὴν πάθος φαίνεται, πάθος δὲ ΣΥΝΟΔΟΣ. Περὶ Ὑψῆς, κεφ. ι.

THE

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THE high character given of Alcæus, the Countryman and rival of Sappho, by the best judges among the Ancients, must make the curious Reader regret, that such scattered and broken fragments of his writings have alone reached the present times^{*}: from these however we may conclude, that his imagination possessed both strength and versatility. The following passage, in which your Lordship will observe both the Poet and the agreeable Companion, affords, if I am not mistaken, an example of both these qualities:

Υει μὲν ὁ Ζεὺς, ἐν δ' οὐρανῷ μέγας
 Χειμῶν, πεπαγασιν δ' ὕδατων ῥοαί·
 Καββαλλε τε χειμῶν, ἐπὶ μὲν τιθέντες
 Πυρ, ἐν δὲ κίρνας οἶνον ἀφειδῶς
 Μελιχρον, αὐτὰρ ἀμφὶ κέρσα
 Μάλθακον, ἀμφὶ γνοφαλλον. Ἀλκ. παρὰ Ἀθην.

Horace has obviously translated this passage; but his translation is an improvement of the Original:

“ Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
 “ Soracte; nec jam sustineant onus

^{*} Ἀλκαίῳ δὲ σκοπεῖ το μέγαλο- τη διαλεκτῷ το κεκακῶται, καὶ
 φους, καὶ βραχὺ, καὶ ἡ δὲ μετὰ δει- πρὸς ἀπαντῶν το τῶν πολιτικῶν
 νοτήτος, ἐπὶ δὲ καὶ τοὺς χηματισ- πραγμάτων ἦθος.
 μους μετὰ σαφηνείας, ὅσον αὐτῆς μὴ Διονυσ. Ἀλικαρνασ.

“ Sylvæ

POETRY OF THE ANCIENTS. lix

“Sylvæ laborantes, geluque

“Flumina confiterint acuto.

“Dissolve frigus, lignum super foco

“Large reponens,” &c. Carmin. lib. i. od. 9.

Behold Soraçte’s airy height,

See how it stands an heap of snow ;

Behold the winter’s hoary height

Oppress the labouring woods below ;

And, by the season’s icy hand

Congeał’d, the lazy rivers stand.

Now melt away the winter’s cold,

And larger pile the chearful fire, &c.

FRANCIS:

Horace has here with great judgment rendered the description picturesque, by adopting a particular image ; whereas the Greek Poet is deficient in this point, by being wholly general.

WHEN the imagination of this Bard is exalted by the greatness of his subject, we hear him (as in the following fragment, where he describes a shipwreck) “sonantem
“plenius aureo plectro.”

Το μὲν γὰρ ἐνθεν κύμα κυλινδεται,

Το δ’ ἐνθεν. ἀμμές δ’ αὖ το μεσον, ναι

Φορημεθα

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Φορημεθα συν μελαινα.

Χειμωνι μοχλευεσθες μεγαλω καλαν,

Παρ μεν γαρ αντλος ισοπεδαν εχει

Λαιφας δε παν αδηλον η δη.

Και λακιδες μεγαλαι κατ' αυτω

Χαλασι δ' αγκυραι.

Whirl'd as the furious tempest raves
O'er the broad ocean's madding waves ;
Far-labouring with the stormy blast,
The black ship plows the middle waste ;
Her anchors gone, while o'er the skies
In shreds the tatter'd canvas flies.

THE Roman Poet appears to have had this passage likewise in his eye, when, addressing the Commonwealth, again like to be involved in a civil war, he says, in a beautiful stile of imagery,

“ O navis ! referent in mare te novi

“ Fluctus ?—Nonne vides, ut—

“ Malus celeri saucius Africo,

“ Antennæque gemant, ac sine funibus

“ Vix durare carinæ

“ Possint imperiosius

“ Æquor ? non tibi sunt integra lintea.”

Car. lib. i. œd. 14.

Unhappy

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Unhappy vessel ! shall the waves again
 Tumultuous bear thee to the faithless main ?
 What would thy madness, thus with storms to sport ?
 Cast firm your anchor in the friendly port.
 Behold thy naked decks ; the wounded mast,
 And sail-yards groan beneath the southern blast,
 Nor without ropes thy keel can longer brave
 The rushing fury of th' imperious wave ;
 Torn are thy sails, &c. FRANCIS.

As the genius of Alcæus rises thus sometimes to sublimity and vehemence, so we find it upon other occasions equally susceptible of softness and delicacy^b.

UPON the whole, your Lordship will observe in the fragments of Alcæus so happy a mixture of the vehemence of Pindar, with the ease of Anacreon, as must have rendered his pieces universally pleasing, and have recommended these particularly to the imitation of the correct and elegant Roman.

^b The following verses are happily anacreontic :

Πίνω μὲν· τί τοι λυχνον ἀμεινομένῳ δακτυλῷ ἀμῖρα.
 Καδ' δ' ἀναίρει κυλιχναῖς μεγαλαῖς αἱ τὰ ποικίλα
 Οἶνον γὰρ Σεμέλας καὶ Διὸς υἱὸς λαθεῖ κηδεα
 Ἀνθρωποῖσιν ἰδὼκ'· ἐγκτε κίρνας ἐκα καὶ δύο
 Πλειαῖς· κακκεφαλας δ' ἀτέρᾳ τανὲς τέρας κυλιξ
 Ὡθειτῶ ἐγὼ πρὸς δύο ὕδατ'· πρὸς τρεῖς ἀκρατῶ.

Ἀλλ. ubi supra.

THIS

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THIS Writer says, when comparing him to Sappho, that he sung so forcibly of wars, disasters and shipwrecks, that the Ghosts stood still to hear him in silent astonishment*. The same Poet informs us, that he likewise sung of Bacchus, Venus, the Muses, and Cupid^d. From these sketches of his character we may conclude, that his pieces were distinguished by those marks of rapid and uncontrouled imagination, which we have found to characterise the works of the first Lyric Poets.

THE witty and satirical Archilochus, on whom Horace and Quintilian are professed panegyrists, falls not here under our consideration as the Author of that exquisite satire ;

“ Nec focerum quærit quem versibus oblinat atris,
“ Nec sponsæ laqueum famoso carmine nectit.”

HOR. lib. i. epist. 19.

c “ Te sonantem plenius aureo
“ Alcææ plectro, dura navis,
“ Dura fugæ mala, dura belli.
“ Utrumque sacro digna silentio
“ Mirantur umbræ dicere.”—HOR. Carm. lib. ii. od. 13.

d “ Liberum & Mufas, Veneremque & illi
“ Semper hærentem puerum canebat,
“ Et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque
“ Crine decorum.” Carm. lib. i. od. 32.

In

POETRY OF THE ANCIENTS. lxiii

In different stanzas tho' he forms his lines,
And to a theme more merciful inclines ;
No perjur'd fire with blood-stain'd verse pursues,
Nor ties, in damning rhyme, his fair one's noose.

FRANCIS.

He will appear in a much more agreeable point of view, as well as in one adapted more properly to the present subject, when we view him as distinguished by justness of sentiment, and by that picturesque description which is characteristical of the Ode. Of the latter kind is the following piece of beautiful painting, to which no translation can do justice :

Γλαυκε ἀρα βάθυσ γὰρ ἡ δὴ κυμασι ταρασσεται ποντος·
ἀμφὶ δ' ἀκρὰ γυρεὸν ὄρπον ἵαται νεφέη σῆμα χεϊμῶν·
κίχανει δ' ἐξ ἀλεπτίης φοβέη. Ἀρχιλ. παρὰ Ἡρακλείδ.

If the Poet is conspicuous in this passage, the Philosopher is not less so in what follows, where, addressing his own mind, he displays the temper with which the various events of human life ought to be supported.—“ O
“ my soul ! (says he) disturbed as thou art with accu-
“ mulated troubles, yet standing secure amidst your
“ enemies, while with undaunted resolution you resist
“ misfortune, learn neither to become openly boastful
“ and vain-glorious in prosperity, nor in adversity to se-
“ clude

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“ clude yourself from the world, and fall into despair;
 “ but let your joy or grief be such as is consistent with
 “ reason, estimating the series of human affairs *.”

AT a period considerably later than either of the former, flourished Simonides, a native of Ceos; who, though principally celebrated as an elegiac Poet, has yet left some specimens so admirable, as place him in the first rank among Lyrists. The complaint of Danae over the infant Perseus, inclosed with her in a chest, and cast into the sea, is a proof of his excellence in the last-mentioned character, which no Reader of sensibility can peruse without emotion. This, however, I mention only transiently, as you have seen it, my Lord, no doubt, particularly illustrated in a work, which will probably have no other period than the English language†. Such fragments of his elegies as have reached the present times, are all composed in an exquisite stile of tenderness, and

* Θυμὲ θυμ' ἀμηχανοῖσι κηδεσὶ κυκλωμένη
 Ἐναδεν, δυσμενῶν ἀλεξέει προσέαλων
 Ἐναρτίον στέρον ἐν δοχοῖς ἐχρῶν πλησέον,
 Κατασταθεὶς ἀσφαλῶς.
 Καὶ μήτε νικῶν ἀμφαδὲν ἀγαλλεο,
 Μῆδ' ἐνικηθεὶς, ἐν οἰκῷ καταπέσων ὀδυρεο.
 Ἀλλὰ χαρτοῖσι τε χαιρεὶ καὶ κακοῖσιν
 Ἀσχαλλε μῆλιν' γέγνωσκε δ' οἶος
 Ρυσμῶ ἀνθρώποις ἐχει. Ἀλλ. παρὰ Στράβ.

† See the Adventurer, vol. iii. p. 162.

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are sufficient to justify what is said by the Ancients, of his power in moving the passions.—In this point of view, however, he falls not at present under consideration.

YOUR Lordship needs not be told, that the Roman Poet, who had the advantage of improving upon so many originals, takes in a greater variety of subjects than any of his predecessors, and runs into more diffuse and diversified measure. I have said, my Lord, that his subjects are more diversified, because, in the character of a Lyric Poet, we must consider him as a professed imitator both of Anacreon and of Pindar. In the former point of view he falls under our immediate cognisance; in the latter, we shall take a view of him afterwards, when we come to examine the works of that great Original whose example he follows.

THE Reader will observe, that in the shorter Odes of Horace, there is commonly one leading thought, which is finely enlivened with the graces of description. A constant unity of sentiment is therefore preserved in each of them; and the abrupt starts and sallies of passion are so artfully interwoven with the principal subject, that upon a review of the whole piece, we find it to be a perfect imitation of Nature. This Poet (whose judgment appears to have been equal to his imagination) is parti-

cularly careful to observe propriety in his most irregular excursions; and the vivacity of his passion is justified by the circumstances in which he is supposed to be placed. The diction of these poems is likewise adapted with great accuracy to the sentiment, as it is generally concise, forcible, and expressive. Brevity of language ought indeed particularly to characterise this species of the Ode, in which the Poet writes from immediate feeling, and is intensely animated by his subject. Delicacy is likewise indispensibly requisite, because the reader is apt to be disgusted with the least appearance of constraint or harshness in a poem, whose principal excellence lies in the happy and elegant turn of a pointed reflection. In short, little sallies and picturesque epithets have a fine effect in pieces of this kind, as by the former the passions are forcibly inflamed, and by the latter their effects are feelingly exposed,

Of all these delicate beauties of composition, the Odes of Horace abound with pregnant and striking examples: sometimes he discovers the strength of his passion, when he is endeavouring to forget it, by a sudden and lively turn which is wholly unexpected. Thus he tells Lydia,

“ Non si me fatis audias,
 “ Speres perpetuum dulcia barbare
 “ Lædentem oscula, quæ Venus
 “ Quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit *.”

* Carm. lib. i. od. 13.

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If yet my voice can reach your ear,
Hope not to find him constant and sincere,
Cruel who hurts the fragrant kiss,
Which Venus bathes with quintessence of bliss.

FRANCIS.

Sometimes his pictures are heightened with beautiful imagery, and he seizeth the imagination before he appeals to reason. Thus, when he is advising his friend not to mourn any longer for a man who was dead, instead of proposing the subject, immediately he says,

“ Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos

“ Manant in agros¹,” &c.

Not always snow, and hail, and rain
Descend, and beat the fruitful plain. CREECH.

On other occasions he breaks abruptly into a short and spirited transition :

“ Auditis? an me ludit amabilis

“ Infania? audire & videor pios

“ Errare per lucos, amœnæ

“ Quos & aquæ fubeunt & auræ¹.”

¹ Carm. lib. ii. od. 9.

¹ Id. lib. iii. od. 4.

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Dost hear? or sporting in my brain,
What wildly-sweet deliriums reign!
Lo! mid Elysium's balmy groves,
Each happy shade transported roves!
I see the living scene display'd,
Where rills and breathing gales sigh murmuring
thro' the shade.

On some subjects he is led imperceptibly into a soft melancholy, which peculiar elegance of expression renders extremely agreeable in the end of this poem. There is a fine stroke of this kind in his Ode to Septimius, with whom he was going to fight against the Cantabrians. He figures out a poetical recess for his old age, and then says,

“ Ille te mecum locus, & beatæ
“ Postulant arces, ibi tu calentem
“ Debita sparges lachryma favillam
“ Vatis amici *.”

That happy place, that sweet retreat,
The charming hills that round it rise,
Your latest hours and mine await,
And when your poet Horace dies ;

* Carm. lib. ii. od. 6.

There

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There the deep sigh thy poet-friend shall mourn,
And pious tears bedew his glowing urn. FRANCIS.

UPON the whole, my Lord, you will perhaps be of opinion, that though the subjects of this second species of the Ode are wholly different from these of the first; yet the same variety of images, boldness of transition, figured diction, and rich colouring, which characterised this branch of poetry on its original introduction, continue to be uniformly and invariably remarkable in the works of succeeding performers. Reflection indeed will induce us to acknowledge, that in this branch of Lyric Poetry, the Author may be allowed to take greater liberties than we could permit him to do in that which has formerly been mentioned. It is the natural effect of any passion by which the mind is agitated, to break out into short and abrupt sallies, which are expressive of its impetuosity, and of an imagination heated, and starting in the tumult of thought from one object to another. To follow therefore the workings of the mind in such a situation, and to paint them happily, is, in other words, to copy Nature. But your Lordship will observe, that the transitions of the Poet, who breaks from his subject to exhibit an historical detail, whose connection with it is remote, or who is solicitous to display the fertility of a rich imagination at the expence of perspicuity, when it

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is not supposed that his passions are enflamed ; you will observe, my Lord, that his digressions are by no means so excusable as those of the other, because obscurity in the latter may be an excellence, whereas in the former it is always a blemish.

It is only necessary to observe farther on this head, that the difference of the subjects treated by Anacreon and Horace, from those of Orpheus, Musæus, &c. is owing to the different characters of the ages in which they lived. We could not indeed have expected to meet with any thing very serious, at any period, from so indolent and careless a writer as Anacreon. But Luxury even in his time had made considerable progress in the world. The principles of Theology were sufficiently well established. Civil polity had succeeded to a state of confusion, and men were become fond of ease and affluence, of wine and women. Anacreon lived at the Court of a voluptuous Monarch¹, and had nothing to divert his mind from the pursuit of happiness in his own way. His Odes therefore are of that kind, in which the gentler Graces peculiarly predominate. Sappho and Horace were employed in the same manner : the Lady had a Gallant, of whom it appears that she was extremely fond ; and the Roman Poet lived in a polite court, was patronised by a man of distinguished eminence, and was left at full liberty

¹ Polycrates, Tyrant of Samos.

liberty to pursue that course of life to which he was most powerfully prompted by inclination.

THE poetic vein in these Writers takes that turn, which a stranger must have expected upon hearing their characters. Their pieces are gay, entertaining, loose, elegant, and ornamented with a rich profusion of the graces of description. The reader of sensibility will receive the highest pleasure from perusing their works, in which the internal movements of the mind, warmed by imagination, or agitated by passion, are exposed in the happiest and most agreeable attitudes. This perhaps is the principal excellence of the looser branches of poetic composition. The mind of the Poet in these pieces is supposed to be intensely kindled by his subject. His Fancy assumes the rein, and the operation of reason is for a moment suspended. He follows the impulse of Enthusiasm; and throws off those simple, but lively strokes of Nature and Passion, which can only be felt, and are beyond imitation.

— — — “ Ut fibi quivis

“ Speret idem, sudet multum, frustraquet labore

“ Ausus idem ” !” — — —

All may hope to imitate with ease :

Yet while they strive the same success to gain,

Shall find their labour and their hopes are vain.

” Hor. de Art. Poet.

FRANCIS.

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THE unequal measures which are used in these shorter Odes, are likewise adapted with great propriety to the subjects of which they treat. Horace says, that this inequality of numbers was originally fixed upon as expressive of the complaints of a lover; but he adds, that they became quickly expressive likewise of his exultation :

“ Verbis impariter junctis querimonia primum,
“ Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos .”

Unequal measures first were taught to flow,
Sadly expressive of the Lover's woe.

THESE looser and shorter measures distinguish this branch of the Ode from the Hymn, which was composed in heroic measure; and from the Pindaric Ode (as it is commonly called) to which the dithyrambique or more diversified stanza was particularly appropriated. Of the shorter Ode therefore it may be said with propriety,

“ Son stile impetueux souvent marche au hazard
“ Chez un beau disordre est un effet de l'art .”

* Hor. de Art. Poët.

° Aristotle expressly mentions this circumstance, when he explains the Origin of the Drama: Παραφασίας δὲ τῆς τραγωδίας καὶ κωμωδίας, οἱ ἑκατέρωθεν τὴν ποιήσιν ἀρμυνῆς κατὰ τὴν οἰκίαν.

οἱ μὲν ἀντὶ τῶν ἱαμβῶν, κωμῶν· ὅποιοι ἐγίνοντο· οἱ δὲ ἀντὶ τῶν ἑπὶ τῶν τραγωδιδασκαλοῖ, διὰ τὴν μίξιν καὶ ἐνιμότερα τὰ σχήματα εἶναι ταῦτα ἐκείνων.

ΑΡΙΣΤ. ΠΟΙΗΤ. κριτ. β'

° Boil. Art. Poët.

THUS

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THUS, my Lord, we have taken a view of the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients, as it appeared originally in the works of the earliest Poets, and as it was afterwards employed to enliven a train of more elegant and delicate sentiment. I have attempted, in the course of this enquiry, to follow the lights which Antiquity throws on this subject as closely as possible, to explain facts by placing them in connection, and to illustrate reasoning by example.

YOUR Lordship's acquaintance with the principles of civil Government, and your experience of the effects of education, have enabled you to observe the Character, which the Manners of an Age stamp upon the productions of the Authors who live in it. Experience will convince us, that these general revolutions resemble more nearly, than we are apt to imagine at first view, the circumstances of an Individual at the different periods of life. In one age he is captivated by the beauties of description, at another he is fond of the deductions of Philosophy; his opinions vary with his years; and his actions, as directed by these, are proportionably diversified. In all these circumstances however, the original bias which he received from Nature remains unalterable; and the peculiarity of his character appears conspicuous, notwithstanding the accidental diversity of fluctuating sentiments.

sentiments. It is to be expected in such a situation, that changes similar to these will usually take place in arts, which are susceptible of perpetual mutation ; and of this a particular instance is exhibited in the preceding detail. Another branch of this subject remains to be considered, and on this I shall give your Lordship the trouble of perusing a few remarks in a subsequent letter. Permit me only to observe, from what hath already been advanced, that the ingredients of Genius are often bestowed by Nature, when the polish of Art is wanted to mould the original materials into elegant proportion. He who possesseth the former in the highest degree, may be a Shakespear or an Æschylus ; but both were united in forming the more perfect characters of Demosthenes and Homer.

LETTER

L E T T E R II.

THE view, my Lord, of the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients, which has been taken in the preceding part of this Essay, may probably have suggested a Question to your Lordship, to which it is necessary that an answer should be given, before I enter upon that part of the subject which remains to be considered. From the observations formerly made, I am afraid that your Lordship has been looking upon my procedure, as you would have viewed that of the honest Irishman, who pulled an old house about his ears, before he had reflected that it was necessary to substitute a better in its room. In the same manner you will perhaps think, that I have taken a good deal of pains to point out the Defects of Lyric Poetry, and to assign the Causes which originally produced them; without however establishing the rules of this branch of the Art, and without enquiring what proportion of poetic embellishment naturally belongs to it, considered as distinguished from every other species.

PERMIT me therefore to observe, that my intention in the preceding remarks will be greatly mistaken, if,
 5 when

when I have been endeavouring to expose the Abuse of imagination, it should be thought, either that I would wholly repress the excursions of this noble Faculty, or that I would confine its exercise within narrow limits. It must be obvious to every person who reflects on this subject, that Imagination presides over every branch of the Poetic Art, and that a certain infusion of her peculiar beauties is necessary to constitute its real and essential character. The Poet therefore of every denomination may be said, with great propriety, in an higher sense than the Orator, "to paint to the eyes, and touch the soul, and combat "with shining arms". It is from this consideration that Horace says, speaking of Poetry in general,

"Descriptas fervare vices, operumque colores,

"Cur ego si nequeo ignoroque, Poeta salutor'?"

But if, thro' weakness, or my want of art,
I can't to ev'ry different stile impart
The proper strokes and colours it may claim,
Why am I honour'd with a Poet's name?

FRANCIS.

Les grands Orateurs n'emploient que des expressions riches capables de faire valoir leurs raisons. Ils tachent d'éblouir les yeux, & l'esprit, & pour ce sujet ils ne com-

battent qu'avec des armes brillantes. Lam. Rhet. liv. iv. c. 13.

Hor. de Arte Poet..

THOUGH

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THOUGH the influence of imagination on every species of Poetry is so obvious, as not to stand in need of illustration, yet we must observe at the same time, that this power is exerted in different degrees *, as the Poet is led by the nature of that subject to which his Genius hath received the most remarkable bias. Thus the simple beauties of the Eclogue would appear in the same light, when transposed to the Epopee, as plants brought to forced vegetation in a Green-house must do to those who have seen them flourishing in their native soil, and ripened by the benignity of an happier climate. In the one case they are considered as unnatural productions, whose beauty is surpassed by the Natives of the soil; in the other they are regarded as just and decent ornaments, whose real excellence is properly estimated. The same remark may be applied indiscriminately to all the other branches of this art: Though they are originally the offspring of one Parent, yet there are certain characteristic marks, by which a general resemblance is fully distinguished from perfect similarity.

It is necessary to observe in general on this subject, that whatever degree of superiority the reasoning Faculty ought ultimately to possess in the sphere of Composition,

* *Una cuique propozita lex, fuus quentia aliquid commune. Quin- decor est. Habet tamen omnis Elo- til. Instit. lib. x. c. 11.*

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we are not to consider this power as acting the same part in the work of a Poet, which it should always act in that of a Philosopher. In the performance of the latter, an appeal to reason is formally stated, and is carried on by the process of connected argumentation; whereas, in that of the former, the Judgment is principally employed in the disposition of materials'. Thus the Philosopher and the Poet are equally entitled to the character of judicious, when the arguments of the one are just and conclusive, and when the images of the other are apposite and natural.

WHEN your Lordship reflects on the Nature and End of Lyric Poetry, it will appear to be at least as much
charac-

' In the *Epopée* we judge of the Genius of the Poet, by the variety and excellence of those materials with which Imagination enricheth his subject. His Judgment appears in the disposition of particular Images, and in the general relation which every subordinate part bears to the principal action of the Poem. Thus it is the business of this Faculty, as an ingenious Critic says, " *Considerer comme un corps qui ne devoit pas avoir des membres de natures différentes, & indépendens les uns des autres,*" *Bossu du Poém. Epic. liv. ii. ch. 2.* It is true indeed, that Tragedy is

rather an address to the passions, than to the imagination of mankind. To the latter however we must refer all those finer strokes of poetic painting, which actuate so forcibly the affections and the heart. We may, in short, easily conceive the importance of a warm imagination to the Dramatic Poet, by reflecting upon the coldness and indifference with which we peruse those pieces, which are not enlivened by the fallies of this Faculty, when it is properly corrected. Though we must acknowledge that Passion seldom adopts the images of description, yet it must be owned

at

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characterised by the Graces of ornament, as any other species whatever. We have already seen, that the Ode was early consecrated to the purposes of Religion, and that it was intended to raise Admiration, by extolling the attributes of the Supreme Being. On a subject of this nature the Poet probably thought, that sublime and exuberant imagery was necessary to support the grandeur of those sentiments, which were naturally suggested to his mind. Even when these original topics were laid aside, and the Lyric Muse acted in another sphere, her strains were still employed, either to commemorate the actions of deified Heroes, or to record the exploits of persons, whom rank and abilities rendered eminently conspicuous.

at the same time, that neither can a person who wants imagination, feel with sensibility the impulse of the Passions. A Poet may even merit a great encomium who excels in painting the effects, and in copying the language of Passion, though the disposition of his work may be otherwise irregular and faulty.

Thus Aristotle says of a celebrated dramatic Poet, *Και Ο Ευριπίδης ει και τα αλλα μη ευ οικονομει, αλλα ΤΡΑΤΙΚΩΤΑΤΟΣ γε των Ποιητων φαινεται Ποιητ. κερ. ιγ'.* Upon the whole therefore, Didactic or Ethical Poetry is the only species in which Imagination acts but a secondary part, because it is unques-

tionably the business of reason to fix upon the most forcible arguments, as well as to throw them into the happiest disposition. We have seen however, in some late performances, what superior advantages this branch of the art receives from a just and proper infusion of the poetic idioms.

" For this reason, says an ingenious and learned Critic, " L'Ode " monte dans les Cieux, pour y " emprunter ses images & ses com- " paraisons du tonnerre, des astres, " & des Dieux memes," &c. Reflex. Crit. vol. i. sect. 33.

ALL

ALL these subjects afford a noble field for the play of imagination; and it is a certain truth, that the purity of composition is generally defective, in proportion to that degree of sublimity at which the Poet is capable of arriving *. Great objects are apt to confound and dazzle the imagination: in proportion as this faculty expands to take them in, its power of conceiving them distinctly becomes less adequate to the subject; and when the mind is overwrought and drained as it were of sentiment, it is no wonder that we find it sometimes attempting to repair this loss, by substituting in the room of true sublimity, an affected pomp and exuberance of expression.

THAT we may conceive more fully the propriety of this observation with regard to Lyric Poetry, I shall now proceed to enquire what part Imagination naturally claims in the composition of the Ode, and what are the errors into which the Poet is most ready to be betrayed.

* Εγώ δὲ οἶδα μὲν ὡς αἱ ὑπερ-
βολαὶ μεγέθους φύσαι ηἰκιστα καθα-
ραί. Το γὰρ ἐν παντὶ ἀκρίβεις,
κινδυνὸς σμικροτήτης· ἐν δὲ τοῖς
μεγέθεσιν ὥσπερ ἐν τοῖς ἀγαν πλε-
τοῖς, εἶναι τι χρεὶ καὶ παραλιγα-
ρουμενόν. Μὴ ποτε ἢ δὲ τε τοῦ καὶ

ἀνασκαίου ἢ, τοῦ τὰς μὲν ταπεινὰς
καὶ μεσὰς οὐσίας διὰ τοῦ μηδαμῆ
παρακινδυνεύειν μὴδ' ἐφισθαι τῶν
ἀκρῶν, ἀναμαρτήτους ὡς ἐπὶ τοῦ
πολυ καὶ ἀσφαλεστέρας διαφέρειν.
Λογγίν. περὶ Ὑψέως, τμήμ. λγ'.

As

As to the first, I need not tell your Lordship, that whatever Art proposeth as an ultimate end to excite Admiration, must owe its principal excellence to that Faculty of the mind, which delights to contemplate the sublime and the wonderful. This indeed may be called the sphere in which Imagination peculiarly predominates. When we attempt, even in the course of conversation, to paint any object whose magnificence hath made a strong impression upon the memory, we naturally adopt the boldest and most forcible epithets we can think of, to convey our own idea as compleatly as possible to the mind of another. We are prompted by a powerful propensity to retouch our description again and again ; we select the most apposite images to animate our expression ; in short, we fall, without perceiving it, into the stile and figures of poetry. If then Admiration produceth such an effect upon the mind in the more common occurrences of life, we may conceive the superior influence which it must have upon the imagination of a Poet, when it is wound up to the highest pitch, and is placing a great object in every point of light, by which its excellence may most conspicuously appear. It will at least be obvious, that in such a situation the feelings of the heart must be more intensely animated than in any other, not only because Genius is supposed to be the Parent of Sensibility, but as the person who is possessed of this

quality exerts the full force of his talents and art to produce one particular effect. He endeavours (as Longinus expresseth it) "not to be seen himself, but to place the idea which he hath formed before the very eye of another²."

IT is a common mistake among people, who have not examined this subject, to suppose, that a Poet may with greater ease excite Admiration, when his theme is sublime, than when it is such as we have been more accustomed to contemplate¹. This opinion is indeed plausible at the first view, because it may be said that we go half-way to meet that Author, who proposeth to reach an end by means which have an apparent probability to effectuate it; but it will appear upon reflection, that this very circumstance, instead of being serviceable, is in reality detrimental to the Poet.

ADMIRATION is a passion which can never be excited in any person, unless when there is something great and

² Περὶ Τέχνης, τμυμ. χβ'.

¹ The reader will observe, that Admiration through the whole of this part of the Essay, is taken in the largest sense, as including a considerable degree of wonder, which is however a distinct feeling.

The former is excited principally by the sublime; the latter by the new and uncommon. These feelings are united when a subject of moderate dignity is treated in a sublime manner. See the Essay, p. lxxxiv, lxxxv.

astonishing,

astonishing, either in the general disposition of a work, or in some of the separate members of which it is formed. Thus we admire a whole piece, when we observe that the parts which compose it are placed in a striking and uncommon combination, and we even consider one happy stroke as an indication of Genius in the artist. It frequently happens that the subject of a Poem is of such a nature, as that its most essential members cannot be set in any light distinct from that in which custom and experience had led us to consider them. Thus when the Poet addressed an Hymn to Jupiter, Diana, or Apollo, he could not be ignorant that his readers were well apprised of the general manner, in which it was necessary to treat of these Personages, and that they would have been offended, if he had presumed to differ in any material point, from the opinions handed down by traditionary evidence. It was therefore necessary that the Poet should manage a subject of this kind in the same manner as Rubens and Caypel have painted the Crucifixion, by either varying the Attitude of the principal object, to make it more sublime and admirable ; or by rendering some inferior Figure picturesque and animated, which had escaped the notice of his Predecessors. When therefore a sublime object is not shewn in some great and uncommon point of view, the Poet sinks in our esteem as much as he would have risen in it, if we had found his Genius equal to his Ambition.

As I have already borrowed one illustration from painting, permit me to recall to your Lordship's memory, that noble figure by which the Church of Rome permitted Raphael to represent the Eternal Father, a figure which has always been considered as one of the greatest ornaments of the galleries of the Vatican². Any person may conclude, that the difficulty of succeeding in this great attempt, must have bore some proportion to the Temerity (shall we call it?) of venturing to design it. If this celebrated Artist had failed of throwing into that Figure an air wholly extraordinary, his Design would either have been considered as rash, or his imagination censured as deficient.

ON the contrary, the Poet who chuseth a more unpromising subject, and displays an unexpected fertility of invention in his manner of treating it, is admired as an Original Genius; and the perusal of his work excites in our mind the most agreeable mixture of surprize and pleasure.

² Raphael is said to have stolen for this curious anecdote to the ingenious Abbe du Bos. See his Reflex. Crit. sur la Poëse & la Peint. vol. ii. the expression of this figure from Michael Angelo, who was at work on the same subject in another part of the Vatican. We are indebted

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IT must immediately occur to any reader who peruseth the Hymn of Callimachus to Jupiter, that the subject was too great to be properly managed by the correct and elegant genius of that writer. Instead of enlarging (as we should have naturally expected) on any particular perfection of this supreme Deity, or even of enumerating in a poetical manner the attributes which were commonly ascribed to Him, he entertains us coldly with traditionary stories about his birth and education ; and the sublime part of his subject is either wholly omitted, or superficially passed over. Thus, speaking of the bird of Jove, he says only,

Θηκας δ' οἰωνον μέγ' ὑπείροχον ἀγγελεωτην,
Σὼν τετραὼν· ἀτ' ἐμοῖσι φίλοις ἐνδεξία φαίνοις*.

Thy bird, celestial messenger, who bears
Thy mandate thro' the sky ;—O be his flight
Propitious to my friends!

PINDAR introduceth this king of the feathered race in a much nobler and more animated manner. He exhibits, with true poetic enthusiasm, as an instance of the power of harmony, the following vivid picture :

— — — — — εὐ-

δεῖ ἀνα σκαπῖω Δίος αἰετός, ω-

* Καλλιμ. Ὑμν. πρὸς Δία. γραμ. ξη.

ῥκειαν ὡτρουγ αμφοτερω-
 ϑεν χαλαξεις,
 Αρχθ αιωνων· — —
 — — ο δε κνωσσων
 υγρον νωτον αιωρει, τεαις
 βρεπαισι κατασχομενος^b.

The birds fierce Monarch drops his vengeful ire ;
 Perch'd on the scepter of th' Olympian King,
 The thrilling darts of harmony he feels,
 And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
 While gentle sleep his closing eye-lids seals ;
 And o'er his heaving limbs, in loose array,
 To every balmy gale the rustling feathers play.

WEST.

Homer never touches this sublime subject, without employing the utmost reach of his invention to excite admiration in his reader :

Zeus δε Πατηρ ις ηθεν ευτροχον αρμα και ιππους
 Ολυμπονδ' εδωκε, ϑεων δ' εξεκετο ϑωκος.
 Τω δε και ιππης μεν λυσε κλυτος Εννοσιγαιθ.
 Αρματα δ' αμβρωμοισι τιθει, κατα λιτα πετασσας.
 Αυτος δε χρυσειον επι θρωνον ευρυοπα Zeus
 Εζετο, τω δε υπο πωσσι μεγας πελεμιζετ' Ολυμπθ.^c

^b Πινδ. Πυθ. α.

^c Ιλιαδ. βιβ. η.

—The

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—The Thund'rer meditates his flight
 From Ida's summits to th' Olympian height :
 Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive fly,
 Flame thro' the vast of air, and reach the sky.
 'Twas Neptune's charge his coursers to unbrace,
 And fix the car on its immortal base, &c.
 He whose all-conscious eyes the world behold,
 Th' eternal Thunderer, fate thron'd in gold ;
 High heav'n the footstool of his feet He makes,
 And wide beneath him all Olympus shakes. POPE.

I HAVE mentioned these examples, as they shew the light in which a great object will be contemplated by a man of genius ; and as the reader will observe that our admiration is not merely excited by the dignity of the theme, but that it results from the great and uncommon circumstances which are happily thrown into the description. Pindar, no doubt, found it a much easier task to raise this passion in favour of Theron, whom he artfully introduceth to the reader's attention, after enquiring of his Muse what God or what distinguished Hero he should attempt to celebrate^d.

f 4

IT

^d This is one of the most artful and spirited, and the Hero of the and best conducted of Pindar's Poem is shewn to great advantage. Odes. The introduction is abrupt

Αναξίφορμυργες υμνοι
 τινα θεον, τιν' ηρωα,

τινα

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It is obvious however, from what hath been advanced on this subject, that whatever may be the nature of the theme on which the Poet insists, it is the business of Fancy to enliven the whole piece with those natural and animating graces which lead us to survey it with admiration. From the whole therefore it appears, that this Faculty of the mind claims an higher share of merit in the composition of the Ode, than in any other species of Poetry; because, in the other branches of this art, different ends may be obtained, and different expedients may be fallen upon to gain them; but the most perfect kind of Lyric Poetry admits only of that end, to the attainment of which fertility of Imagination is indispensibly requisite.

You will recollect, my Lord, a position laid down in the beginning of this Essay,—that “when Imagination
“is permitted to bestow the graces of Ornament indiscriminately, sentiments are either superficial, and
“thinly scattered through a work, or we are obliged

τινα δ' ἀνδρα κίλαδ' ἴσομεν;

ἦτοι πῶσα μὲν Δίος·

Ὀλυμπιάδα δ' ἑστα-

σεν Ἡρακλῆος, &c.

Θηρώνα δ' ἑ τετραορίας

ἐνεκα νεκροφору

γέγωνητιον οἶσι, &c.

Πηδ. Ολυμπ. β.

“ to

“ to search for them beneath a load of superfluous colouring.” I shall now endeavour to evince the truth of this reflection, by enquiring more particularly what are the faults into which the Lyric Poet is most ready to be betrayed, by giving a loose rein to that Faculty, which colours and enlivens his composition.

It may be observed then in general, that we usually judge of the Genius of a Lyric Poet by the variety of his Images, the boldness of his Transitions, and the picturesque vivacity of his Descriptions. I shall under this head trouble your Lordship with a few reflections on each of these, considered separately.

By the Images which are employed in the Ode, I mean, those illustrations borrowed from natural, and often from familiar objects, by which the Poet either clears up an obscurity, or arrests the attention, and kindles the imagination of his reader. These illustrations have very distinct uses in the different species of poetic composition. The greatest Masters in the Epopee often introduce metaphors, which have only a general relation to the subject; and, by pursuing these through a variety of circumstances, they disengage the reader's attention from the principal object. This indeed often becomes necessary in pieces of length, when attention begins to relax

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relax by following too closely one particular train of ideas. It requires however great judgment in the Poet to pursue this course with approbation ; as he must not only fix upon metaphors, which, in some points, have a striking similarity to the object illustrated ; but even the digressive circumstances must be so connected with it, as to exhibit a succession of sentiments which resemble, at least remotely, the subject of his Poem*. It must be obvious, at first view, that as the Lyric Poet cannot adopt this plea, his metaphors will always have the happiest effect, when they correspond to the object in such a manner, as to shew its compleat proportions in the fullest point of view, without including foreign and unappropriated epithets. This however is not the course which a Writer of imagination will naturally follow, unless his judgment restrains the excursions of that excentric faculty. He will, on the contrary, catch with eagerness every image which Fancy enlivens with

* The Reader will meet with that, " the mariners often mis- many examples of this liberty in the " take him for an island, and cast Iliad, some of which Mr. Pope has " anchor on his side." Paradise judiciously selected in the notes of Lost, book ii. In this illustration it his translation. Milton, in the same is obvious, that though the Poet spirit, compares Satan lying on the deviates from close imitation, yet lake of fire, to a Leviathan slumber- he still keeps in view the general ing on the coast of Norway ; and end of his subject, which is to ex- immediately digressing from the hibit a picture of the fallen Arch- strict points of connection, he adds, angel. See Paradise Lost, book i.

the richest colouring; and he will contemplate the external beauty of his metaphor, rather than consider the propriety with which it is applied as an illustration. It is probably owing to this want of just attention to propriety, that the first Lyric Poets have left such imperfect standards to the imitation of posterity.

WHEN we examine the works of later Poets among the Ancients, we find that even those of them who are most exceptionable in other circumstances, have yet in a great measure corrected this mistake of their predecessors. In the lyric Odes of Euripides and Sophocles, the metaphors made use of are generally short, expressive, and fitted to correspond with great accuracy to the point which requires to be illustrated[†]. Pindar is in many instances equally happy in the choice of his images, which are frequently introduced with address, and produce a very striking effect[‡].

It

[†] The reader may consider, as an example, the following verses of the Ode of Sophocles to the Sun :

Πολλά γὰρ ὡς' ἀκαμαντος
ἢ Νωτου ἢ Βορέα τις
κυματα εὐρεῖ πορτῶ
βαρὺ ἐπιοντα τ' ἰδοί
οὐτο δὲ τοῖς καδμύγειν
τρεφεῖ το δ' αὐξέει βίετον

πολυτονὸν ὡς πειλαγὸς
κρησίον. Soph. Trachin.

[‡] Of this the reader will find a noble instance in Pindar's first Pythian Ode, where he employs, from the verse beginning *ναυσιφορηταίς δ' ἀδρασεα*, &c. to the end of the stanza, one of the happiest and most natural illustrations that

is

It is likewise necessary that the Poet should take care, in the higher species of the Ode, to assign to every object that precise degree of colour, as well as that importance in the arrangement of sentiments, which it seems peculiarly to demand. The same images which would be considered as capital strokes in some pieces, can be admitted only as secondary beauties in others; and we might call in question both the judgment and the imagination of that Poet, who attempts to render a faint illustration adequate to the object, by clothing it with profusion of ornament. A defect likewise, either in the choice, or in the disposition of images, is conspicuous in proportion to the importance of the subject, as well as to the nature of those sentiments with which it stands in more immediate connection. It is therefore the business of the Lyric Poet, who would avoid the censure of composing with inequality, to consider the colouring of which particular ideas are naturally susceptible, and to discriminate properly betwixt sentiments, whose native sublimity requires but little assistance from the pencil of art, and a train of thought, which (that it may correspond to the former) demands the heightening of poetic painting. The astonishing inequalities which we meet with,

is to be met with, either in the works of Pindar, or in those of any Poet whatever. The abrupt address to Phœbus, when he applies the metaphor, is peculiarly beautiful.

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even in the productions of unquestioned Genius, are originally to be deduced from the carelessness of the Poet, who permitted his imagination to be hurried from one object to another, dwelling with pleasure upon a favourite idea, and passing slightly over intermediate steps, that he may catch that beauty which fluctuates on the gaze of Expectation.

I SHALL only observe further on this subject, that nothing is more contrary to the end of Lyric Poetry, than that habit of spinning out a metaphor which a Poet sometimes falls into by indulging the fallies of imagination. This will be obvious, when we reflect that every branch of the Ode is characterised by a peculiar degree of vivacity, and even vehemence both of sentiment and expression. It is impossible to preserve this distinguishing character, unless the thoughts are diversified, and the diction is concise. When a metaphor is hunted down, if I may use that expression, and a description overwrought, its force and energy are gradually lessened, the object which was originally new becomes familiar, and the mind is satiated, instead of being inflamed.

WE must not think that this method of extending an illustration, discovers always a defect or sterility of the
in-

inventive Faculty. It is, in truth, the consequence of that propensity which we naturally feel, to consider a favourite idea in every point of light, and to render its excellence as conspicuous to others as it is to ourselves. By this means, sentiments become superficial, because the mind is more intent upon their external Dress, than their real importance. They are likewise thinly scattered through a Work, because each of them receives an higher proportion of ornament than justly belongs to it. We frequently judge of them likewise in the same manner as a birth-day suit is estimated by its purchaser, not by the standard of intrinsic Value, but by the Opinion of the original Proprietor. Thus to superficial readers,

“ — — verbum emicuit si forte decorum,
 “ Si versus paulo concinnior unus aut alter
 “ Injuste totum ducit, venditque poema ^h.”

One simile that solitary shines
 In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
 Or lengthen'd thought that gleams thro' many a page,
 Has sanctified whole poems for an age.

POPE.

^h Hor, Epist. lib. ii. epist. i.

CUSTOM,

CUSTOM, my Lord, that sovereign arbiter, from whose decision, in literary as well as in civil causes, there frequently lies no appeal, will lead us to consider boldness of transition as a circumstance which is peculiarly characteristic of the Ode. Lyric Poets have in all ages appropriated to themselves the liberty of indulging imagination in her most irregular excursions; and when a digression is remotely similar to the subject, they are permitted to fall into it at any time, by the invariable practice of their Predecessors. Pindar expressly lays claim to this privilege:

Εγκαμιων γαρ αωτες Τυμνων
επ' αλλοτ' αλλον ως τε με-
λισσα θυει λογον¹.

The song that spreads some glorious name
Shifts its bold wing from theme to theme;
Roves like the bee regardless o'er,
And culls the spoils of ev'ry flow'r.

WE must indeed acknowledge in general, that when an high degree of spirit and vivacity is required to characterise any species of composition, the Author may be allowed to take greater liberties than we should grant to another, whose subject demanded regularity and connection. Let it however be observed at the same time,

¹ Πινδ. Πυθ. οδ. ι.

that

that this freedom is often granted, not because the theme indispensibly requires, but because we naturally expect it from the genius of the Writer. We justly suppose that the Philosopher seldom mistakes his talents so far as to be solicitous of shining in a sphere, for which he must know himself to be wholly disqualified; and from the work of a Poet who addresseth imagination, we look for those marks of wildness and incoherence, which discover the extent of that faculty.

I HAVE acknowledged, in a former part of this Essay, that the shorter Ode not only admits of bold and spirited transitions, but that these are in many instances necessary to constitute a perfect imitation of nature^k. This observation, however, cannot be applied with so much propriety to the other kinds of it, because the transport of passion is abrupt, instantaneous, and the mind returns suddenly to the point from which it had digressed. On the contrary, as the passions cannot be kept on their full stretch for any considerable time, we expect that, in the higher species of Lyric Poetry, the Poet will keep the principal object more immediately in his eye; and that his transitions will never make us lose sight of it so far, as not to recall with ease the intermediate points of connection.

^k Letter i. page lxix.

When this rule is not violated, we can enter with pleasure into the design of the Poet, and consider his work as a Whole, in which every separate member has its distinct and proper use. Thus, when Pindar is celebrating Aristagoras, we can easily observe that the Poet's oblique encomium on the Father and Friends of his Hero, is introduced with great propriety, as every remark of this kind reflects additional lustre on the character of the principal personage¹. We are even sometimes highly entertained with digressions, which have not so near a relation to the subject of the Ode, as the last mentioned circumstance; because though the immediate design is not going forward, we can still however keep it in view, with the same ease as a traveller can do the public road, from which he willingly makes an excursion, to survey the neighbouring country. Thus the noble panegyric upon the whole people of Rhodes, and the account of their Founder Tlepolemus, which we meet with in the Ode inscribed to Diagoras the Rhodian; these are happy and beautiful embellishments, whose introduction enlivens the whole piece with a proper variety of objects^m.

THE same principle which induceth us to approve of the Poet's transitions in the preceding instances, must (as

¹ Πινδ. Νεμ. ωδ. ια.

^m 'Ο αὐτός, Ολυμπ. ωδ. ζ.

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your Lordship will immediately conceive) lead us to condemn those which are far-fetched, pursued too closely, or foreign to the subject of the Poem. This is frequently the consequence of following the track of imagination with implicit compliance, as the Poet, without being sensible of his mistake, runs into one digression after another, until his work is made up of incoherent ideas; in which, as Horace expresseth it,

“— — velut ægri somnia vanæ
“ Finguntur species, ut nec pes, nec caput uni
“ Reddatur formæ.” — —

Such is the book, that like a sick man's dreams,
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.

FRANCIS.

This is the character of the Ode to Thrasidæus the Theban; in which the Poet is insensibly led from one digression to another, until his readers lose sight of the principal subject, which is dropped almost as soon as proposed*.

THE last circumstance, mentioned as characteristic of the Ode, was a certain picturesque vivacity of description.

* Hor. de Art. Poet.

° Πινδ. Πυθ. ωδ. ιδ.

In

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In this we permit the Lyric Poet to indulge himself with greater freedom than any other, because beauties of this kind are necessary to the end of exciting admiration. It is the peculiar province of imagination, to give that life and expression to the ideas of the mind, by which Nature is most happily and judiciously imitated. By the help of this poetical magic, the coldest sentiments become interesting, and the most common occurrences arrest our attention. A man of Genius, instead of laying down a series of dry precepts for the conduct of life, exhibits his sentiments in the most animating manner, by moulding them into symmetry, and superadding the external beauties of drapery and colour*. His reader, by this expedient, is led through an Elysium, in which his Fancy is alternately soothed and transported with a delightful succession of the most agreeable objects, whose combination at last suggests an important moral to be impressed upon the memory. The Ancients appear to have been fully sensible of the advantages of this method of illustra-

* Thus the reader, who would too much, will yet be struck with
 pay little regard to the person who this simple admonition, when it ap-
 should forbid him to trust the world appears in the work of a Genius :

Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart ;
 A broken reed at best, but oft' a spear :
 On its sharp point Peace bleeds, and Hope expires.

Night Thoughts.

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ting truth, as the works not only of their Poets, but even those of their Philosophers and Historians, abound with just and beautiful personifications¹. Their two allegorical Philosophers, Prodicus and Cebes, carry the matter still further, and inculcate their lessons, by substituting in place of cool admonition a variety of personages, who assume the most dignified character, and address at the same time "the imagination, the passions, and even the senses of mankind". These Authors consider man as a creature, possessed of different, and of limited faculties, whose actions are directed more frequently by the impulse of passion, than regulated by the dictates of reason and of truth².

¹ Thus Xenophon, the simplest and most perspicuous of Historians, has borrowed many noble images from Homer; and Plato is often indebted to this Poet, whom yet he banished from his Commonwealth. Cicero in his most serious pieces studies the Diction, and copies the Manner of the Greek Philosopher; and it evidently appears, that Thucydides has taken many a glowing Metaphor from the Odes of Pindar. We might produce many examples of this from their writings, if these would not swell this note to too great a length. The reader of taste may see this subject fully discussed in Mr. Gedde's ingenious Essay on the Composition of the Ancients.

² Δει δὲ τῶς μυθους συνιστάναι καὶ τῇ λέξει συναπεργάζεσθαι οἷσι μάλιστα περὶ οἰμμάτων τεθεμενόν. Οὗτο γὰρ ἀν' ἐναργεστάτα ὥρων ὥσπερ παρ' αὐτοῖς γιγνομένοις τοῖς πρᾶττομένοις, εὐρίσκει το πρῆπον, καὶ κίσα ἀν' λαμβάνοιτο τὰ ὑπερναντία. ΑΡΙΣΤ. ΠΟΙΗΤ. ΚΕΦ. ΙΖ.

³ Thus Cicero tells us: "Nec est majus in dicendo, quam ut Orationis sic moveatur, ut impetu quodam animi, & perturbatione magis quam concilio regatur. Plura enim multo homines judicant odio, & amore, & cupiditate, &c. quam veritate & præscripto." De Orat. lib. ii. c. 42.

IT

It is obvious, that in Lyric Poetry the Author cannot run into this series of methodised allegory, because the subjects of the Ode are real incidents, which would be disfigured by the continued action of fictitious personages. His descriptions therefore ought to be concise, diversified, and adapted properly to that train of sentiment, which he is employed to illustrate. When this is the case, we are highly entertained with frequent personifications, as these are criterions by which we estimate the genius of the Poet.

I NEED not, my Lord, to suggest, on this branch of my subject, that it requires the utmost delicacy to personify inanimate objects so justly, as to render them adapted in every circumstance to the occasion on which they are introduced. Your Lordship however will permit me to observe, that as the happiest effect is produced upon the mind of the reader, by the judicious introduction of an ideal personage ; so he is apt to be disgusted in an equal degree, when the conduct of the Poet in this instance is in the smallest measure irregular or defective. When an intellectual idea falls under the cognisance of an external sense, it is immediately surveyed with an accuracy proportioned to its importance, and to the distance at which we suppose it to be placed. We judge of Virtue and Vice, when represented as persons, in the

same manner as we judge of men, whose appearance is suggested by memory ; and we therefore expect, that these ideal figures shall be discriminated from each other by their dress, attitudes, features, and behaviour, as much as two real persons of opposite characters always are in the familiar intercourse of ordinary life. In reality we assign a particular shape, complexion, and manner, to the creatures of imagination, by the same rule which leads us to ascribe a certain assemblage of features to a person whom we have never seen, upon seeing his character particularly displayed, or upon listening to a minute detail of his actions. Nay, odd as it may appear, it is yet certain, that in many instances our idea of the imaginary person may be more distinct and particular than that of the real one.—Thus we often find, that the representation exhibited by Fancy, of the Figure of an Hero, whose actions had raised Admiration ; I say, we find that this representation has been wide of the Truth, when we come either to see the Original, or a faithful Copy of it : but our ideas of imaginary persons are generally so exact, that, upon seeing a groupe of these displayed on a plate, we are capable to give each its proper designation, as soon as we observe it. Thus Anger, Revenge, Despair, Hope, &c. can be distinguished from each other almost as easily when they are copied by the pencil, as when we feel their Influence

on our own Minds, or make others observe it on our Actions.

FROM this detail it obviously follows, that as our ideas of imaginary personages are more just and accurate than those which are excited merely by a particular relation of the actions of real ones ; so we will judge with more certainty of the precise colouring which belongs to the former, and of the propriety with which they are introduced, than we can possibly do with regard to the latter. A Painter may deceive us, by throwing into the face of an Hero, whom we have never seen, particular marks of resolution and fortitude, which form only a part of his character. But we cannot be deceived with regard to the signatures, which shew the predominancy of these virtues, with whatever degree of justice they may be applied. This observation has equal force, when we refer it to the allegorical personages of the Poet. The least impropriety in the colouring, dress, or arrangement of objects, is immediately perceptible ; and we pass a favourable judgment, when faults of this kind are ascribed to inattention. In short, the imaginary persons, who are introduced in a poem, must on all occasions be distinguished by peculiar characters ; and the manners attributed to each of them ought to be such, as can be applied with no propriety to any other object. Every picture must therefore be, as Pope somewhere has it,

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Something whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of the mind.

A LITTLE reflection will enable us to discover the reason of this difference betwixt our ideas of allegorical and of real personages. We are (as I formerly observed) often mistaken in our notions of the latter of these, because the mind cannot receive a sufficient degree of information concerning the person to be able to form any perfect judgment of his address or demeanour. Upon hearing, for instance, a recital of the actions of a man who is unknown to us, our idea of him is taken from the passion which appears to have predominated in his conduct; but we are not acquainted with numberless little peculiarities which enter into a complicated character, and have their corresponding expressions imprinted on the countenance. Thus when we consider only the martial exploits of the celebrated Duke de Vendôme, we have the idea of an Hero full of spirit and impetuosity; but this idea would be very imperfect as a representation of his character, if we did not know likewise that he was slovenly, voluptuous, effeminate, and profuse¹.

THESE different ingredients, which enter into the mind of a real agent, ought likewise to be nicely esti-

¹ Volt. Sicc. Louis XIV. c. 21.

mated

mated as to the degrees in which they predominate, before we could be properly qualified to judge of their influence on his external appearance. As it is evidently impossible that we can ever be thoroughly apprised of the former, it is therefore obvious that our judgment of the latter must be always imperfect. On the contrary, we are never at a loss to conceive a just idea of one simple expression, because the Original, from which the Copy is drawn, exists in our own mind. We are likewise naturally taught to distinguish properly the insignia of imaginary creatures. Thus Fear is always known by her bristled Hair, Admiration by his erected Eyes, Time has his Scythe and his Hour-glass, and Fortune (unchangeable in one sense) stands blind on the Globe, to which she was exalted by Cebes*.

I ought, my Lord, to apologize for the length of this digression on the nature of allegorical Persons; a subject which I have treated more particularly, as I do not remember to have seen it canvassed minutely by any Writer either ancient or modern.

I shall only observe further on this head, that though a Poet is seldom in hazard of being grossly faulty, with respect to the dress and insignia of his personages,

* Euseb. Hist.

yet intemperate imagination will induce him to use this noble figure too frequently, by personifying objects of small comparative importance, or by leaving the simple and natural path, to entangle himself in the labyrinth of Fiction. This is the fault which we have already found to characterise the writings of the first Lyric Poets, from which we should find it an hard task to vindicate their Successors, even in the most improved state of ancient learning. Instead of producing examples of this intemperance, which the Greek Theology was peculiarly calculated to indulge, I shall only observe in general, that we are mistaken in thinking, that the Genius of a Poet is indicated by the diversified incidents, which enter into his Fable. True Genius, even in its most early productions, will be discovered, rather by vivid and picturesque Descriptions, than by any circumstances, however extraordinary, in the Narration of Events. It is no difficult matter to conceive a series of fictitious incidents, and to connect them together in one story, though it requires Judgment to do this in such a manner, as that the whole may have some happy and continued allusion to truth. We can imagine, for instance, with great ease, something as impossible as Ariosto's Magician pursuing the man who had taken off his head. But it will be found a much more difficult task, either to throw out one of those strokes of Nature, which penetrate

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netrate the heart, and cleave it with terror and with pity ;
or to paint Thought in such striking colours, as to render
it immediately visible to the eye ”.

” Upon the principle established here, we may account in some measure for Voltaire’s apparently paradoxical assertion, with regard to the comparative merit of Homer and Tasso. The Italian (says that spirited writer) has more conduct, variety and justness, than the Greek. Admitting the truth of this reflection, we might still reply, that the principal merit of the Iliad, considered as the production of Genius, lies in the grandeur of the sentiments, the beauty and sublimity of the illustrations, and the original strokes which are wrought into the description of the principal Actors. In all these respects we may venture to affirm, that Homer remains with-

out a superior among Authors unaided by Inspiration ; and the reader must be left to judge, whether or not it is from these criterions that we estimate the Genius of a Poet. Our Author proceeds upon the same principles to compare the Orlando Furioso with the Odyssey, and gives a preference to the former. The merit of these works may be ascertained in some measure, by the rules we have already established. We need only to add further on this head, that, among many beauties, we meet with examples of the turgid and bombast in the work of Ariosto ; from which that of the Greek Poet is wholly free. The two first lines of his Poem,

“ Le Donne, e Cavalieri, l’arme, gli amore,
“ Le Cortesie l’audaci imprefi io canto,”

if they do not put one in mind of the Cyclic Writer, mentioned by Horace, who begins his Poem with

“ Fortunam Priami cantabo, & nobile bellum,”

yet are of a very different strain from those which introduce the Odyssey,

Αἰδρα μοι ἐνέπε Μοῦσα πολυτροπος, ὅς μ’ ἀλλὰ πολλὰ
Πλάγῃ, &c.

I cannot help thinking, that the whole of this introduction is remarkably simple and unornamented ;

though a very judicious and ingenious Critic seems to be of a contrary opinion.

THE

THE noblest instances of this personification are to be found in the sacred Writings. Nothing can exceed the majesty, with which the descent of the Almighty is described by the Prophet Habakkuk. "Before Him (he tells us) went the Pestilence," &c. then suddenly addressing the Deity in the second person, he says, "The Mountains saw Thee, and they trembled; the Overflowings of the waters passed by; the Deep uttered his voice, and lift up his hands on high." In another place the Deluge is nobly animated, in order to display the Omnipotence of God: "The waters (says the Psalmist) stood above the mountains; at thy rebuke they fled, at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away."

FROM this simple and impartial view of the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients, considered as one branch of a cultivated Art, your Lordship will perhaps be inclined to conclude, that in the Arts, as in the characters of men, those which are susceptible of the highest excellence, are likewise frequently marked with the most striking defects. This mixture of beauty and deformity, of grandeur and meanness, which enters so often into the action, as well as the speculation of mankind, ought to be considered as the characteristic of the human mind,

* Habak. chap. iii. ver. 3.

which,

which, in the chimerical pursuit of perfection, is hurried by its own impetuosity from one extreme to another. Your Lordship has, no doubt, frequently observed, that there is upon the whole a greater uniformity in the characters of men, than superficial enquiry would lead us to conceive. A temptation, operating forcibly on the ruling passion, will produce in a temper naturally gentle and equal, an irregularity as remarkable, and sometimes carried to a greater length, than the most powerful stimulus is able to excite, in a man of warm passions and florid imagination. This is a fact, of which experience will suggest examples to every person who is conversant with mankind.

WE ought not therefore to wonder, when we observe, in the writings of a great Genius, Beauties and Blemishes blended promiscuously; and when we find the Poet's imagination distinguished only by those marks of inaccuracy, which appear in the actions of others, and which are ultimately to be derived from the complicated ingredients of the human mind.

I HAVE been led into this train of reflection, as it will enable us to account for the inequalities which are to be met with in the writings of Pindar, exposed as they have been to the admiration, and to the censure of posterity.

Whatever propriety the preceding rules may have with regard to Lyric Poetry, it is certain that this Poet is not the standard from whose work they are deduced. We have already seen, that he himself disclaims all conformity to the shackles of method; and that he insists upon the privilege of giving a loose rein to the excursions of imagination. The consequences of this proceeding are eminently conspicuous in every part of his writings. His composition is coloured with that rich imagery which Fancy throws upon the coldest sentiments, his digressions are often too frequent, and but remotely connected with the principal subject, his personifications are bold and exuberant, and he has made as free an use of theological fable as any Poet among the Ancients.

THE learned and ingenious Translator of Pindar has suggested several striking pleas in his favour, both with respect to the Connection of his Thoughts, and the Regularity of his Measure^v. To resume, on the present occasion, any part of what he hath advanced, would be equally useless and improper. As to the first, I shall only add to this Gentleman's observations, that all the writings of Pindar, which have reached the present times, are of the panegyrical kind, in which remote Circumstances and distant Allusions are often referred to with

^v Mr. West. See the Preface and Notes of his Translation.

great

great propriety ; that sometimes several Odes are inscribed to the same Person ; and that all of them are wrote on subjects too exactly similar to afford room for continued Variety of Description, without allowing him frequently to digress. It is obvious, that in these circumstances, the Poet must have been forcibly prompted to indulge the natural exuberance of his genius, that he might gain materials to fill up his subject, and that he might pay a compliment to his Patron, by some digression on the merit of his Ancestors, as well as by an encomium on his personal qualities *. If these considerations do not fully apologize for the excursions of this great Genius, they render them at least more excusable

* It is generally to be supposed, that a Poet, in a panegyric address to his Patron, will select with solicitude every circumstance in his character and actions which excite approbation, in order to render his encomium as perfect and complete as possible. When therefore he is unexpectedly engaged to retouch a subject, which he had formerly discussed, we ought to expect, either that he will fix upon new Points of Panegyric, which is always a matter of the greatest difficulty ; or we must indulge him in the liberty of calling in adventitious Assistance, when he is deprived of other

materials. This appears on many occasions to have been the case of Pindar. No less than four of his Odes are inscribed to Hiero King of Syracuse, all on account of his victories in the Games of Greece. Two Odes, immediately following the first to Hiero, are addressed to Theron King of Agrigentum ; Psaumis of Camarina is celebrated in the 4th and 5th Olympic ; and the 9th and 10th are filled with the praises of Agefidamus the Locrian. Every reader must make great Allowances for a Poet, who was so often obliged to retouch and to diversify subjects of one kind.

in

in him, than the same liberties without an equal inducement can possibly be in any of his imitators.

AFTER all, however, we must acknowledge, that Pindar has rendered his pieces obscure on many occasions, by giving too much scope to a wild imagination; and perhaps, the true reason for which he took this liberty, was, that he imitated the Example of his Predecessors. He had seen the first Lyric Poets indulging the boldest sallies of Fancy, and applying to particular purposes the Mythology of their country; and as their writings had been held in admiration by succeeding ages, instead of being exposed to the researches of Criticism, he was encouraged to proceed in the same course, by the expectation of obtaining a similar reward. From a passage formerly quoted, it would appear, that Pindar thought himself peculiarly exempted from conforming to rules of any kind whatever^a; and we can suppose this opinion to have proceeded originally from no other foundation, than his knowledge of the practice of former authors.

I AM sufficiently aware, my Lord, that some readers may object to the preceding theory, that it is probable, if Pindar had been of opinion that Lyric Poetry in his time stood in need of material emendations, the same fertility

^a Vide *supra*, p. xcvi.

tility of invention, which enabled him to reach the height of excellence in this art, without however altering its original principles ; that this would have led him likewise to invent new rules, and to supply the deficiencies of his Predecessors. I will venture to affirm, that this is the only species of invention, in which we have seldom reason to expect that an original Genius will attempt to excel.

It hath often been observed, that the earliest productions of a great Genius are generally the most remarkable for wildness and inequality. A sublime imagination is always reaching at something great and astonishing. Sometimes it seizeth the object of its pursuit ; and, at others, like a person dizzy with the height of his station, it staggers and falls headlong. When the mind of such a person ripens, and his judgment arrives at its full maturity, we have reason to expect that the strain of his composition will be more consistent and masterly ; but his imagination, cramped by the rules which have been formerly laid down, will be still desirous of breaking the old Fetters, rather than solicitous of inventing new ones. Though, therefore, it must be acknowledged, that the same Faculty which is able to invent characters, and to colour sentiment, may likewise discover the rules and principles of an Art ; yet we have no ground to hope,

that it will often be employed to effectuate a purpose, which an Author may consider as in some measure prejudicial.

To compensate for the blemishes formerly mentioned, the writings of Pindar abound with the most instructive, moral sentiments, as well as with the most exquisite beauties of descriptive poetry. The Poet often throws in a reflection of this kind in the most natural manner, as it seems to arise spontaneously from the subject. Thus he prepares the mind to hear of the catastrophe of Telepolemus, by an exclamation perfectly apposite, and appropriated to the occasion :

Αμφι δ' ανδρω-
πων φρεσιν αμπλακισαι
Αναριθμητοι κρεμνεται
τουτο δ' αμηκανον ευρειν
Οτι νυν, και εν τελευ-
τα φερτατον ανδρε τυχειν^b.

But wrapt in error is the human mind,
And human bliss is ever insecure ;
Know we what fortune yet remains behind ?
Know we how long the present shall endure ?

WEST.

^b Πινδ. Ολυμπ. ζ.

THIS

POETRY OF THE ANCIENTS. cxv

THIS method of introducing moral observations, adds peculiar dignity and importance to Lyric Poetry, and is likewise happily suited to the Ode, whose diversified composition naturally admits of it.

I SHALL only observe further with regard to Pindar, that his character is eminently distinguished by that noble superiority to vulgar opinions, which is the inseparable concomitant of true Genius. He appears to have had his Zoilus as well as Homer, and to have been equally sensible of the extent and sublimity of his own talents. Thus he compares his enemies to a parcel of crows and magpies pursuing an eagle.

THE learned Abbe Fraquier, in a short dissertation on the character of Pindar, affirms, that one will discover too obvious an imitation of this Poet in those pieces of Horace, which are sublime and diversified *. He mentions, as examples of this, his celebrated Odes to Virgil † and to Galatea ‡, intended to dissuade them from going to sea; and that in which he so artfully represents to the Roman people the danger and impropriety of remov-

“ Ce son des tableaux d'un Eleve “ son genie.” Mém. de Liter.
 “ habile, ou l'on reconnoit la ma- tom. iii. p. 49.
 “ niere du Maître, bien qu'on n'y † Carmin. lib. i. od. 3.
 “ retrouve pas a beaucoup près tout • Hor. Carmin. lib. iii. od. 27.

ing the feat of the Empire to Troy^f. Upon comparing these with the Odes of Pindar, he says, that we shall find more strength, more energy, and more sublimity in the works of the Greek, than in those of the Roman Poet^g. In the three Odes formerly mentioned, he observes, that the digressions never lead us far from the principal subject, and the Poet's imagination appears to be too much confined to one place. On the contrary, Pindar never curbs the exuberance of his Genius. He celebrates promiscuously, in the same Ode, Gods, Heroes, and persons who have made a shining figure in their age and country, by imitating illustrious examples^h.

FROM the observations made on the manner of Horace, in a preceding part of this Essay, it is sufficiently obvious, that his Genius in Lyric Poetry was principally fitted to excel in the composition of the shorter Ode, and that his Imagination was not so equal as that of Pindar, to the higher and more perfect species. Of the three Pieces, however, which this Author hath mentioned as Imitations of the Greek Poet, we can only admit one to have been compleatly attempted in

^f Carm. lib. iii. od. 3.

^g "Il est aisé d'en marquer la
"différence sans parler de celle du
"style qui dans Pindare a toujours

"plus de force, plus d'énergie, &
"plus de noblesse que dans Ho-
"race," &c. Mem. de Liter. ubi
supra.

^h Id. ibid.

the manner of this Great Master. It is that which regards the design of removing the imperial Seat to Troy. The other two Odes are highly beautiful in their kind; but the subjects are not treated at so much length, nor with that variety of high poetic colouring, which characteriseth so eminently the Writings of the latter. The Ode to the Roman people, is indeed composed in an higher strain; and is full of that enthusiasm, which the subject might naturally be supposed to excite in the mind of a Poet, who was animated by the love of his country. Through the whole of this noble performance, the address of the Author, and the emphatical energy with which the sentiments are conveyed, deserve to be equally the objects of admiration. The Poem opens with a just and poetical description of the security of Virtue; from which the Poet takes occasion to introduce an artful compliment to Augustus, whom he ranks with Bacchus and Romulus; on the ascent of which last to Heaven, Juno expresseth her aversion to the repeopling of Troy. She breaks abruptly into the subject, in a manner expressive of eager solicitude:

— — “ Ilion, Ilion,
 “ Fatalis incestusque Judex
 “ Et Mulier peregrina vertit
 “ In pulverem ¹.”

¹ Horat. Carmin. lib. iii. od. 3.

Troy,—

Troy,—perjured Troy has felt
 The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;—
 An Umpire partial and unjust,
 And a lewd Woman's impious lust,
 Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust. }

ADDISON.

She then proceeds in the most artful manner to insinuate, that, as the destruction of this city was occasioned by her ingratitude to the Gods, as well as by the particular injury done to her and Minerva, if Troy should be thrice rebuilt by the hand of Apollo, the Greeks would thrice be permitted to overturn it; and,

— — “ Ter Uxor
 “ Capta, virum puerosque ploret *.”

Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
 And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.

ADDISON.

The prosperity which she promiseth to the Roman arms is therefore granted, only upon condition that they never think of rebuilding this detested city.

FROM the preceding short account of this celebrated Ode, it will appear, that the transitions are extremely

* Horat. Carm. lib. iii. od. 3.

artful,

artful, the sentiments noble, and that the whole conduct is happy and judicious. These, if I mistake not, are the distinguishing excellencies of the larger Odes of Horace, in which the Poet's didactic Genius is remarkably conspicuous. Perhaps however, your Lordship, like the French Critic, is at a loss to find in all this, the energy, the vehemence, the exuberance of Pindar. Horace himself was perfectly sensible of the superior excellence of the Greek Poet, and never rises to truer sublimity, than when he is drawing his character. The following image is great, and appropriated to the subject :

“ Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres

“ Quem super notas aluere ripas

“ Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo

“ Pindarus ore ¹.”

Pindar, like some fierce torrent swol'n with show'rs,
Or sudden cataracts of melting snow,
Which from the Alps its headlong deluge pours,
And foams and thunders o'er the vales below,
With desultory fury borne along,
Rolls his impetuous, vast, unfathomable song.

WEST.

I know not, my Lord, how it happens, that we generally find ourselves more highly pleased with excess and inequality

¹ Horat. Carm. lib. iv. od. 2.

inequality in poetic composition, than with the serene, the placid, and the regular progression of a corrected imagination. Is it because the mind is fatiated with uniformity of any kind; and that remarkable blemishes, like a few barren fields interspersed in a landscape, give additional lustre to the more cultivated scenery? Or does it proceed from a propensity in human nature to be pleased, when we observe a great Genius sometimes sinking as far below the common Level, as, at others, he is capable of rising above it? I confess, that I am inclined to deduce this Feeling more frequently from the former, than from the latter of these Causes; though I am afraid, that the warmest Benevolence will hardly prevail upon your Lordship not to attribute it, in some instances, to a Mixture of both.

WHATEVER may be in this, it is certain that the Odes of Horace, in which he has professedly imitated Pindar, are much more correct and faultless than these of his Master. It would perhaps be saying too much, to affirm with some Critics, that the judgment of the Roman Poet was superior to that of his Rival; but it is obvious, that the operation of this Faculty is more remarkable in his Writings, because his imagination was more ductile and pliable.—Upon the whole therefore, we shall not do injustice to these two great Men, if we assign to their
their

their works the same degree of comparative excellence, which the Italians ascribe to the pieces of Dominichino and Guido. The former was a great, but an unequal Genius; while the more corrected performances of the latter were animated by the Graces, and touched by the Pencil of Elegance^m.

I AM afraid that your Lordship is now thinking it high time to bring the whole of this detail to a period.—Upon reviewing the observations made on the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients, through the preceding part of
 VOL. I. i this

^m The Reader will observe, that nothing has been said in this Essay on the regularity of the measure of Pindar's Odes. This subject is treated so fully in the Preface of Mr. West's Translation, that we need only here to refer the Curious to his remarks. The ancient Odes are always to be considered as Songs which were set to music, and whose recital was generally accompanied with dancing. If we may be permitted to form an idea of this music, from the nature and composition of the Ode, it must have been a matter of great difficulty to excel in it, as it is certain that poems, which abound with sentiments, are more proper to be set to music, than those which are ornamented with imagery. These sister-arts usually keep pace with each other, either in their improvement or decay. "Ne ci dobbiamo," (says an ingenious Foreigner, speaking of the modern Italian music) "maravigliare, che corrotta la Poesia, s'è anche corrotta la Musica; perchè come nella ragion poetica accennammo, tutte le arti imitative hanno una idea comune, dalla cui alterazione si alterano tutte, e particolarmente la musica dall'alterazione del la poesia si cangia come dal corpo l'ombra. Onde corrotta la poesia da e soverchi ornamenti e dalla copia delle figure, ha comunicato anche il suo morbo alla musica, ormai tanto sfigurata, che ha perduta quasi la natural est pressione." Gavina della Traged. p. 70.

this Essay, you will find, that the subject has been considered under the three following heads. In the first part I have attempted to lay before your Lordship the State of Lyric Poetry in the earliest ages, as it appears from what we can collect, either of the character of the Writings of Amphion, Linus, Orpheus, Musæus, and Hesiod. In the course of this enquiry, I have had occasion to assign the causes, whose concurrence rendered this branch of the poetic Art less perfect at its first introduction than any of the other species.—Upon advancing a little further, a richer and more diversified prospect opened to the imagination. In the first Dawn of this more enlightened period, we meet with the names of Alcæus and Sappho, who, without altering the original Character of the Ode, made a considerable change on the Subjects to which it was appropriated; and, in the full Meridian of Science, we find this second form of Lyric Poetry brought to its highest perfection in the Writings of Horace.—Some remarks on the nature of those beauties, which are peculiarly characteristic of the higher Species of the Ode, and on the part which Imagination particularly claims in its composition, led me to mention a few rules, the exact observation of which will perhaps contribute to render this species of Poetry more correct and regular, without retrenching any part of its discriminating Beauties, and without straitening too much the

the

the Genius of the Poet. With this view I have endeavoured to characterise impartially the Pindaric manner, by pointing out its Excellencies, by enumerating its Defects, and by enquiring from what particular causes the latter are to be deduced.

I consider it, my Lord, as a circumstance particularly agreeable on the present occasion, that the persons who are most capable to observe the Defects of an Author, are likewise commonly the readiest to excuse them. Little minds, like the Fly on the Edifice, will find many inequalities in particular Members of a Work, which an enlarged understanding either overlooks as insignificant, or contemplates as the Mark of human Imperfection. I am, however, far from intending to insinuate, that feelings of this nature will prevail on your Lordship to consider real blemishes merely as the effects of an inadvertency, which is excusable in proportion to the intricacy of a subject. I have been induced to throw together the preceding remarks, with an intention to rescue Lyric Poetry from the contempt in which it has been unjustly held by Authors of unquestioned penetration, to prove, that it is naturally susceptible of the highest poetic Beauty; and that, under proper regulations, it may be made subservient to purposes as beneficial as any other branch of the Art. These facts will

indeed

indeed be sufficiently obvious to persons unacquainted with the Ancients, by perusing the Works of some eminent Poets of the present age, whose names it would be superfluous to mention. I dismiss this attempt, and the pieces which accompany it, to the judgment of the public, with that timidity and diffidence which the review of so many great names, and the sense of Inexperience, are fitted to inspire. Whatever may be the fate of either, I shall remember, with pleasure, that they have afforded me an opportunity of testifying that high and respectful esteem, with which I have the honour to be,

MY LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP,

MOST OBLIGED, AND

MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

J. OGILVIE.



A Walker del. & sculp.

*He spoke: all Nature groan'd a loud Reply:
Then shook the Sun, and tore him from the Sky.*

T H E
DAY of J U D G M E N T.

A
P O E M.

I n T W O B O O K S.

Οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐτι Ζεὺς ἰσχυρὸν ἔον μιν. — ἐκ δὲ τε πάσων

Φαίνε βίη· ἀμυδίς δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' ἕρπεν ἠδ' ἀπ' οὐλύμπας

Ἀστράπῳ ἐστειχε συνωχάδον· οἱ δὲ κεραυνοὶ

Ἰχθάρ' αἶμα βροντῇ τε καὶ ἀσέροπῃ πλεοντο

Χεῖρ' ἀπο σίβαρης. —

— ἀμφὶ τε γαῖα φερεσβί' ἐσμαραγίζει

Καίόμενῃ.

HESIOD. Theog.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
EARL OF FINLATER AND SEAFIELD;
ETC. ETC.

THE FOLLOWING

P O E M,

RENDERED LESS INCORRECT,

AND IT IS HOPED,

NOT ALTOGETHER UNWORTHY
OF HIS PROTECTION,

IS,

WITH THE MOST PROFOUND RESPECT,

I N S C R I B E D

BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED,

MOST OBEDIENT,

AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

Aberdeen,
May 31, 1759.

J. OGILVIE

T H E
P R E F A C E.

AS POETRY in general, and particularly *Rhyme*, is, of all others, that species of writing which lies most open to criticism; a few blemishes (which are sometimes to be found even in the most correct pieces) will be easily pardoned by a good-natured reader. Horace's rule in this case is an admirable one:

*Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine; non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.*

This will, I am persuaded, be allowed, if it is considered, that an improper allegory, a long period, a forced expression, nay a word and even a sound too often repeated, is sufficient (at least with some people) to spoil the beauty of a poem. Reason decides principally on the merit of other productions; but, in this, one must endeavour to please both the judgment and the ear. The former are perhaps composed only for a few speculative men, who are unfashionable enough to read for instruction: but the latter is universally perused; and it is ten to one, but every Reader is, or at least will pretend to be, a Critic. A composition of this last kind is, like a

P R E F A C E.

piece of fine painting, in which the parts must be adjusted with the nicest propriety; the colouring lively, but delicately blended; and one disproportioned feature is enough to make the whole ridiculous.

IF then we ought to make such ample allowances for a poem, when it is composed on trivial subjects, and is addressed only to the imagination, how much farther should those be extended, when its great aim is to touch the heart! The difficulty of such an undertaking is certainly a powerful advocate in its favour; but the design itself, to a pious mind, must necessarily be an irresistible one.

THE human heart, like a citadel surrounded with almost inaccessible bulwarks, must (ere one can obtain access to it) be attacked with the firmest intrepidity; the several avenues that lead to it discovered, and numberless accidents surmounted in the way. A man must rouse the *conscience*, alarm the passions, captivate the imagination, and interest the judgment. There is perhaps no subject, that affords a nobler fund of materials for effectuating such an end, than the *general conflagration*: a subject, attended with this remarkable advantage, (which, by the bye, is peculiar to Divine Poetry) that

P R E F A C E.

that the most elevated idea we can form of it will fall infinitely short of reality. What expression can paint with adequate emphasis the solemnities of this tremendous scene ! when the last trumpet shall proclaim, with a sound dreadfully audible, **AWAKE, YE DEAD, AND COME TO JUDGMENT !** when miriads shall burst from their once peaceful repositories, and hear an *irrevocable sentence* pronounced by their **CREATOR !** when “ a mighty angel (to use the language of inspiration) shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by him that liveth for ever and ever, that there shall be time no longer :” when the great **SAVIOUR** of men “ shall be seen coming in the clouds,” surrounded with a triumphant company of superior intelligences, “ and heaven and earth fly away before him !” Then only shall we know this *transaction*, when we make a part of the concourse ; then only shall we form just conceptions of this almighty **JUDGE**, when we are summoned to his tribunal !

As the following is one of the first essays of early youth *, an impartial account of my design is the best excuse I can make for it.

* The Poem was finished at first before the Author was seventeen.

P R E F A C E.

THOUGH, in the *antient poets*, we may sometimes meet with a few random thoughts, and undigested draughts of the *day of judgment* ; it will yet, I presume, be allowed, that the most elegant, beautiful, and particular detail of it, is contained in the *sacred writings*. The several circumstances are there exhibited in a manner so suited to the majesty of the subject, that (setting aside their inspiration) the *glowing imagery* which heightens their descriptions, and their graceful simplicity, both in expression and sentiment, must be admired by every man of taste. I have endeavoured to shew the justice of this observation, in the following attempt, by pointing out a few passages, which appeared remarkable to me for peculiar delicacy ; and beauties, which I will venture to call inimitably fine : a design, that (so far as I know) has not yet been fully executed by any writer ; tho' the late ingenious Mr. PHILIPS intended to have done it, had not death prevented him.

THE best method I could recollect for adjusting the successive incidents, is that I have fixed on, and pursued.

THOUGH one may be struck with an uncommon thought, or judicious reflection, it is yet certain,
that

P R E F A C E.

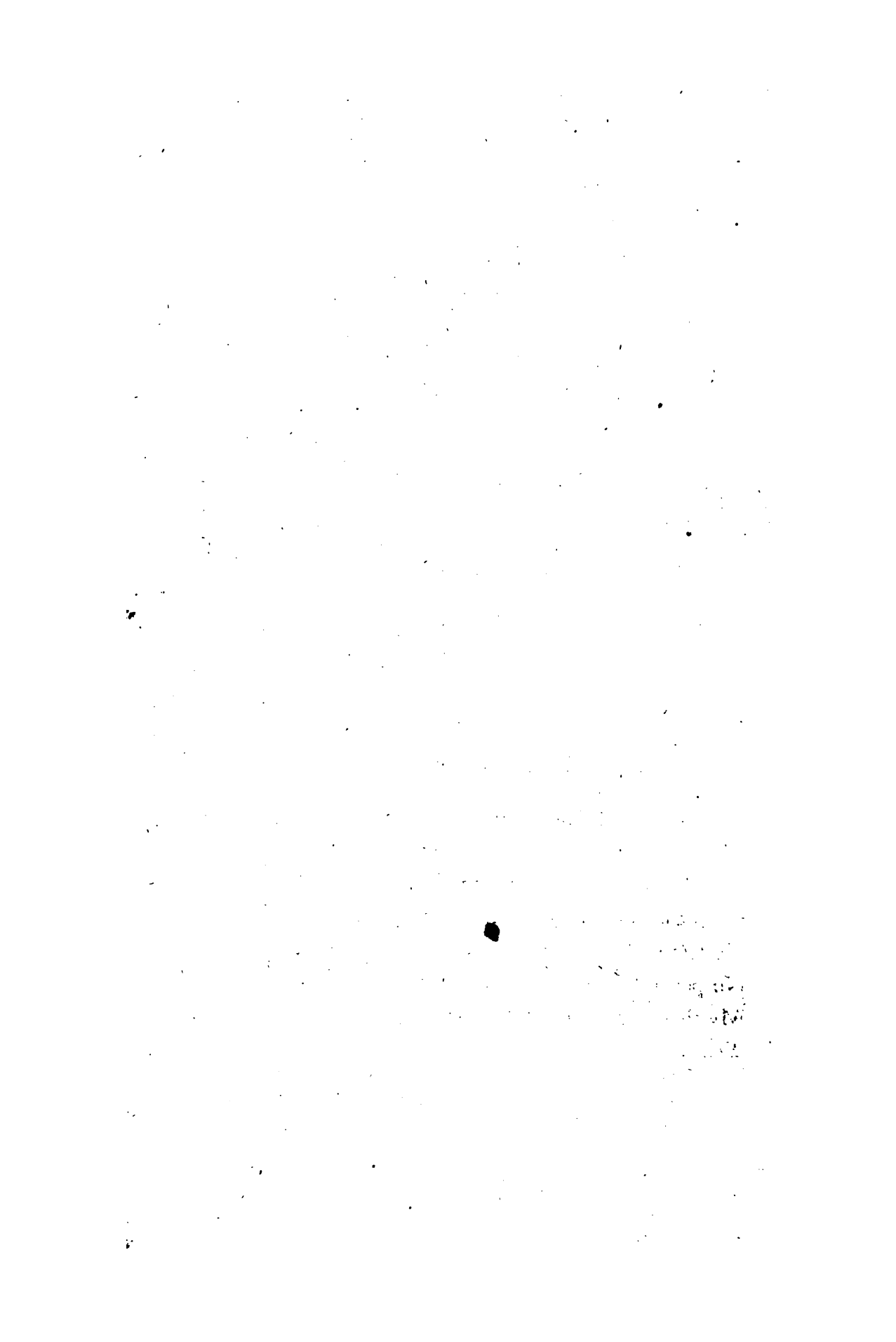
that our imaginations are generally warmed, and the passions rise in proportion to our opinion of the *persons* who tell us a story, and of the *actors* who are interested in it. Upon this principle, I cannot help thinking that my subject appears with more advantage, when the author is supposed a *witness* to every thing that passes, and is conducted through the whole by a *heavenly guide*, than it could possibly have done in a simple narration, however smooth in diction, or animated in sentiment.

AFTER all, if any one should think that a *dream* is no proper medium for illustrating the most awful, and to men the most interesting scene that can be imagined; I desire him either to fix on a better, or peruse (if he pleases) the ivth chapter of JOB, where he will find the most important truths communicated to *Eliphaz* in a similar form.

If I might recommend the few sheets I have wrote on this subject for any thing, it is their design; and this, I am persuaded, with a pious or judicious reader, will go a great way to excuse their blemishes. If, however, they should excite some superior genius to attempt the theme, and describe it to better purpose, I shall not only be satisfied, but even

—glory in the work I did not write. Univ. Pal. Sat. II.

T H E



T H E

DAY of J U D G M E N T.

B O O K I.

——— *Circumspice utramque,*
Fumat uterque polus. OVID. Metam.

COME, heav'nly muse, my raptur'd soul inspire,
Touch with one beam of thy celestial fire,
A soul, that rising with sublime delight
Leaves worlds behind in its aerial flight;
Mounts o'er the skies, unusual heights to soar, 5
Where YOUNG and angels only flew before.

I LEAVE unheeded ev'ry mortal care,
The victor's pomp, and all the scenes of war:
A nobler aim invites my song to rise:
No praise I sing, but his who form'd the skies: 10
No scenes, but Nature's burning vaults display'd;
No pow'r, but that which wakes the sleeping dead.
My theme how vast! The sun's extinguish'd rays;
Ten thousand stars in one devouring blaze;

That

12 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

That doom, the guilty wretch must dread to hear; 15
The last loud trump that stops the rolling sphere;
The crouds that burst from earth's dissolving frame;
All Heaven descending, and a World on flame!

O THOU, whose hands the bolted thunder form,
Whose wings the whirlwind *, and whose breath
the storm: 20

Tremendous GOD! this wond'ring bosom raise,
And warm each thought that would attempt thy
praise.

O! while I mount along th' etherial way, 25
To softer regions, and unclouded day,
Pass the long tracks where darting lightnings glow, 30
Or trembling view the boiling deeps below;
Lead thro' the dubious maze, direct the whole;
Lend heav'nly aid to my transported soul,
Teach ev'ry nobler power to guide my tongue,
And touch the heart, while thou inspir'st the song. 35

'T WAS

* *Whose wings the whirlwind, &c.*] the regions of space;—an element, How inimitably beautiful is the of whose swiftness the human mind Psalmist's description of the Deity, can scarce form an idea, is yet a vehicle so infinitely disproportioned (Ps. civ. 3.) where he is said "to hicle to its Creator, that he only walks on its impetuous wings." *walk on the wings of the wind!* An element which, with the rapidity of thought, darts away thro'

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 13

'Twas at the hour, when midnight Ghosts assume
Some frightful shape, and sweep along the gloom;
When the pale Spectre bursts upon the view;
When Fancy paints the fading taper blue;
When smiling Virtue rests, nor dreads a foe; 35
And Slumber shuts the Weeping eyes of Woe:
'Twas then, amid the silence of the night,
A graceful Seraph stood before my sight,
And blaz'd meridian day,—the rocking ground
Flam'd as he mov'd, and totter'd as he frown'd. 40
As some vast meteor, whose expanded glare
Shoots a long stream that brightens all the air,
So flam'd his burning eyes:—earth heard and shook,
When from his lips these dreadful accents broke:

“ Now is that hour, when at th' Almighty's call, 45
“ Surrounding flames shall melt the yielding ball;
“ When worlds must blaze amid the general fire,
“ And suns and stars with all their hosts expire.
“ The long-delay'd, th' important day is come,
“ (All nature quake with terror at the doom.) 50
“ For which creation rose supremely fair,
“ Each world was launch'd, and hung upon the air,
“ O'er system system roll'd, a shining throng,
“ And mov'd in silent harmony along.

“ That

14 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

"That hour is come, when GOD himself shall rise,
 "Sublime in wrath, and rend the burning skies; 56
 "Arrest the boundless planets as they roll,
 "And burst the labouring earth from pole to pole;
 "Bid hell's remote dominions hear and shake,
 "While Nature sinks, and all the dead awake." 60

WARM'D as he spoke, I felt th' enliv'ning ray;
 Then loos'd from earth, triumphing soar'd away:
 We mount at once, and, lighter than the wind,
 Left, as we flew, the distant clouds behind.
 Then far remov'd beheld th' abodes below, 65
 And wait in deep suspense th' impending blow.

Now o'er the brightning east Aurora spread,
 And ting'd the blushing cloud with morning red;
 The hill's proud summit caught the waving gleam:
 The pale ray trembled on the quiv'ring stream; 70
 Then opening gradual from the shades of night
 The cloud-topt forest shone with dawning light,
 Serene the beauteous landscape rose to view,
 The mead's green mantle wet with spangling dew,
 The gay-rob'd flow'rs that glow'd with heighten'd
 bloom, 75
 And bow'ring dales, and groves that breath'd perfume.

So

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 15

So when the Tempest's sweepy blast is o'er,
Nor bursts the rushing wind, nor prattling show'r:
No hov'ring mist obscures th' emerging day,
Wide o'er the prospect pours the streamy ray; 80
A fresher cloud the dewy fields exhale,
With richer fragrance blows the balmy gale;
The echoing hills with louder notes rebound,
And all th' illumin'd landscape rings around.
Charm'd and surpriz'd we saw the fair abode, 85
The plains with beauty's flow'ry offspring strow'd,
Beheld the city's distant spires arise,
Or tow'r's dim top that touch'd the bending skies;
Or view'd the wild, with trackless paths o'ercast,
Where roams the lion thro' the naked waste; 90
Or pensive, ey'd the solitary pile
Where flits the night-bird thro' the glimm'ring isle:
Struck deep with woe, we mark'd the domes o'er-
thrown
Where once the Beauty bloom'd, the Warrior shone;
We saw Palmyra's mould'ring tow'rs decay'd, 95
The loose wall tott'ring o'er the trembling shade!
Or fall'n Persepolis that desert lay!
Or Balbec's fanes that catch'd the quiv'ring ray!
Vain pomp of pow'r!—now in the throne of kings
Shrieks the 'lone owl, the raven shakes her wings. 100

THEN

16 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THEN o'er the boundless deeps our eyes were roll'd,
 The waves all brightning flam'd with beamy gold.
 Here mov'd in gradual rows the billows heave,
 There on the rough rock foams the madning wave,
 Or dash the torrents down the cliff's steep-side, 105
 Or thro' the cavern sweeps the rushing tide;
 We mark'd the river's long majestic train,
 And streams that murmur'd o'er the flow'ry plain;
 The lake whose waves with lucid radiance glow,
 Not finer tints impress the show'ry bow,
 The fountain bubbling thro' the moss-clad hill,
 And wand'ring wild the sweetly-tinkling rill.

THEN o'er the champain's broider'd lawns we stray,
 Where gaily warbling thrill'd the wood-land lay,
 Survey'd with rapture all th' inviting scene, 115
 The vary'd landscape, and the vivid green;
 A charming train of all the muses themes,
 Gay meads, and pointed rocks, and purling streams;
 Hills, vales, and woods in sweet disorder spread,
 And blooming fields in all their pomp display'd. 120
 Still at each look (amid the countless store)
 We mark'd some feature unobserv'd before;
 As in the cheek with opening roses warm,
 Each piercing glance improves the growing charm.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 17

THEN fighting deep, distracted at the view, 125
“ Adieu, I cry’d, ye blissful scenes adieu !
“ That Sun must cease to gild the flow’ry plain :
“ The Moon be lost, with all the starry train :
“ Plung’d in one fire, each mighty frame consume,
“ ’Tis God, th’ Eternal God has seal’d their doom.”

Lo! at the word (each transient ray withdrawn)
A low’ring cloud at once o’ercast the dawn : 132
From its dark breast, with swelling tempests stor’d ;
Pale lightning flash’d, and dreadful thunder roar’d.
Earth’s glowing bosom felt a sudden wound, 135
And strong convulsions rent the opening ground ;
The rapid Whirlwind with impetuous sweep
Bursts from its vaults, and rais’d the labouring deep ;
Rocks, cities, streams at once its wond’rous prey,
It swept the woods, and bore the hills away. 140
Thus, when Olympus shook with loud alarms,
* When all th’ angelick hosts appear’d in arms,
Each adverse legion stood unmov’d with fear,
Each God-like Cherub wav’d a flaming spear ;
Hills, forests, rocks their mutual rage supply, 145
They flung th’ enormous mountains thro’ the sky ;
From the deep earth th’ exalted cedars tore,
And buried Nature in the wild uproar.

C

BUT

* *When all th’ angelic host, &c.* See MILTON’S battle of the angels.
Book VI.

18 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

BUT now, with terror rising on the sight,
 * A burning Comet flash'd unusual light. 150
 Quick as the wind, the wing'd destruction came
 O'er all the void; and drew a length of flame;
 Shap'd thro' the parting clouds its dreadful way,
 And pour'd on earth intolerable day.
 At once the cave its inmost void displays; 155
 The waving forests catch the spreading blaze;
 The earth no more its central fire contains,
 It rag'd and swell'd resistless o'er the plains.

Now in a broader range the deluge raves,
 And rolls triumphant thro' the boiling waves; 160
 O'er all the hills the rising flames aspire,
 The Mountains blaze, a mighty ridge of fire!
 Where stood the snow-crown'd Alps (an awful name!)
 Now roll'd the doubling smoke, and spiry flame;

While

* *A burning Comet, &c.*] That all parts of the comets themselves, the general conflagration will be and then making off to that which is effected by the near approach of a comet to the sun, is at least a probable supposition; and probability, in a subject of this kind, is the utmost that can be expected. The atmosphere of those irregular bodies, (which the learned have been so much puzzled to account for) is, by the observations of the most curious, thought to consist of a continual efflux of smoke, rising at first to a determinate height from

and then making off to that which is opposite to the sun. It would seem reasonable from this to conclude, that the conflagration must necessarily be a consequence of supposing the earth involved in this atmosphere, if we take in the prodigious quantity of fire lodged in its own cavities—But is not the account still more credible, when we add to these the action of the sun, which in this conjunction will be doubly intense?

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 19

While o'er the * Andes in a whirlwind driv'n 165
 Burst the blue gleam, and darkness wrapt the heav'n.
 Ev'n Ætna rocks with a reluctant groan,
 Sunk in a flame more dreadful than its own :
 A fiery stream the deep Volcano pours,
 And from its mouth incessant thunder roars. 170

Each humbler vale partakes the gen'ral doom,
 The smiling meads resign their lovely bloom ;
 Not Asia's fields th' impetuous floods retain,
 It bounds with fury o'er the wide champaign.
 Whate'er to view revolving seasons bring, 175
 Each opening flow'r, the painted child of spring,
 Bleak Winter's snow, the Summer's rosy pride,
 And Autumn's ripening stores, augment the tide :
 On its broad wave it bears the shining spoil,
 Hills burst, rocks melt, woods blaze, and oceans
 boil. 180

SUCH, man ! thy life, when Death's relentless rage
 Crops thy gay bloom, or chills thy with'ring Age ;
 In vain thy wish would stop th' invader's pow'r,
 Who spares the leaf to revel on the flow'r.

C 2

O!

* *The Andes*, &c. A vast range thousand leagues in *South America*,
 of mountains which cover about a

20 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

O! how transported with a fleeting dream 185
 We fondly launch, and glide along the stream!
 Nor think of tempests, mis'ry, pain, or death,
 The storms above us, and the wrecks beneath!
 When lo! at once a cloudy scene succeeds,
 It low'rs, frowns, blackens, bellows o'er our heads;
 Bounds o'er the seas, and with destructive sweep, 191
 Flings wave on wave, and whelms us in the deep.

WHERE now the nation, whose controuling law,
 Rul'd ev'ry state, and held a world in awe?
 Say where, BRITANNIA, thy remoter plain? 195
 Thy fields enrich'd with Plenty's welcome train?
 Thy fleets, to sound their dreadful fame afar,
 And rule the deep, the thunderbolts of war?
 Still in my thought thy happier days detain'd,
 When GEORGE, when ANNA, when ELIZA reign'd;
 I see, I hear the battle's wild alarms, 201
 See trembling foes, and thy triumphant arms!
 I see sublime the floating navy rise,
 The pompous streamers waving as she flies!
 I see the shudd'ring hosts that round her fall, 205
 The * haughty Spaniard here, and there † the Gaul.
 I see great BOURBON fainting and dismay'd,
 And view the laurel blasted on his head.

O!

* *The haughty Spaniard here, &c.]* † — *and there the Gaul, &c.]*
 PHILIP II. LEWIS XIV.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 21

O! while my Country's glory fires my lays,
How my fond heart runs lavish in her praise! 210
But see, 'tis fled!—I urge, implore its stay,
In vain: the charming Vision dies away;
The plains where once her shouting armies stood,
The stream's broad wave that blush'd with hostile
blood,
Roll'd in the mass of fire neglected lay, 215
And join'd th' involving cloud that hid the day.

ALL, all was lost on earth's consuming frame,
One gen'ral wreck, one undistinguish'd flame:
To aid the fire BRITANNIA'S domes combin'd,
Nor left one trace of all their pomp behind. 220
So when Old Earthquake bursting from the Pole,
Heaves the high mound, or shakes the tumbling mole;
His island-arm disturbs the deeps around,
His voice like thunder rocks the labouring ground:
Then stands proud Teneriff's majestic brow, 225
And looks superior o'er the wrecks below;
Bursts the broad field!—in wild confusion spread
Hills, cities, rocks, fall thund'ring in the shade;
He bows! and tott'ring o'er the verging gloom,
Marks the stupendous waste, and seeks the tomb. 230

Lo! there the graceful fabric now defac'd,
Wide swells the torrent thro' the burning waste.

22 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

The lofty tow'r compleat in ev'ry part,
That stood (by millions rear'd) the boast of art ;
The firm compacted wall, that long defy'd 235
Each battering ball that thunder'd on its side ;
Th' Ægyptian pyramid, majestic dome !
Where Kings exchange'd ther scepter for the tomb ;
The sculptur'd brass, the monumental stone,
In one promiscuous heap were all o'erthrown : 240
Whate'er beneath the forming hand was wrought,
By labouring ages to perfection brought,
Now prone in dust, to swell th' aspiring flame,
Sunk its proud brow, and lay without a name,

SEE earth's pale sons ! a mighty throng appear ! 245
How wild their looks with agonizing fear !
Swift, as the hart, from her pursuing train,
Climbs the steep rock, and flies along the plain :
'Tis thus, the tempest's dreadful rage to shun,
They sweep the field, and shiver as they run. 250
Here yawning gulphs their dreadful wrecks disclose,
There nature labours with convulsive throws :
Here the flame bursts, and blazes to the skies,
There flash the pointed lightnings on their eyes.
Amaz'd, aghast the trembling throng retire, 255
Eye the bright gleam, and mark the speeding fire ;
Hung on the steepy cliff, all wild with dread,
Heav'n's awful thunder rattles o'er their head !

The

The skies above with doubling roars rebound,
 Below strong Earthquakes rend the tott'ring ground.
 'Tis noise around, 'tis chaos all beneath; 261
 One scene of Horror, Tumult, Rage and Death,
 Bursts on their sight! the fatal word is past,
 And panting Nature groans, and breathes her last.

So, when tempestuous at th' ETERNAL's word 265
 The teeming skies a wat'ry deluge pour'd;
 The vast Abyss its mighty deep display'd,
 And the flood rose o'er ATLAS's tow'ring head;
 Some nation fell, in each augmented wave
 Dissolv'd, and earth was one prodigious grave. 270

MARK where yon mines their radiant stores unfold,
 PERU's rich dust, or CHILI's beds of gold!
 Insidious Bane! that makes destruction smooth,
 Thou foe to virtue, liberty, and truth!
 Whose arts the fate of monarchies decide, 275
 Who gild'st Deceit, the darling child of Pride!
 How oft, allur'd by thy persuasive charms,
 Have earth's contending powers appear'd in arms!
 What nations brib'd have own'd thy pow'rful reign!
 For thee what millions plow'd the stormy main! 280
 Travell'd from pole to pole with ceaseless toil,
 And felt their blood, alternate, freeze and boil.

24 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

SEE where a crowd thro' desert AFRIC spreads,
 The sun's bright glories blazing o'er their heads!
 See, where thro' INDIA's distant climes they pour!
 See countless throngs on GUINEA's burning shore! 286
 See waving forests fall to make them room!
 See, scoop'd for wealth the rock's expanded womb!
 See, each deep gloom admits the solar ray!
 See, thro' the cavern bursts meridian day! 290
 See earth, air, ocean, storms, and thunders dar'd!
 For what?—some pebble their immense reward!
 Or bullion'd earth that sets the breast on fire,
 Or hoards, that tempt th' insatiate soul's desire.

BUT now the mantling flames in concourse join;
 And deep descending seize the burning mine; 296
 Its richest treasures aid the mounting blaze,
 'Twas all confusion, tumult, and amaze.
 When lo! a cloud just opening on the view
 Illum'd with dazzling light th' æthereal blue 300
 On its broad breast a mighty Angel came,
 His eyes were lightning, and his robes of flame,
 O'er all his form the circling glories run,
 And his face lighten'd as the blazing sun;
 His limbs with heav'n's ærial vesture glow, 305
 And o'er his head was hung the sweepy bow:
 As shines the brightning steel's refulgent gleam,
 When the smooth blade reflects the spangling beam,
 Its

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 25

Its light with quicken'd glance the eye surveys,
Green, gold, and vermeil, trembling as it plays;
So flam'd his wings along th' etherial road, 311
And earth's long shores resounded as he trod.
Sublime he tow'r'd! keen Terror arm'd his eyes,
And grasp'd the redning bolt that rends the skies;
One foot stood firmly on th' extended plain 315
Secure, and one repel'd the bounding main;
He shook his arm;—the lightning burst away,
Thro' heav'n's dark concave gleam'd the paly ray,
Roar'd the loud bolt tremendous, thro' the gloom,
And peals on peals prepare th' impending doom. 320
Then to his lips a mighty Trump apply'd
(The flames were ceas'd, the mutt'ring thunders dy'd)
While all th' involving firmaments rebound
He rais'd his voice, and labour'd in the sound:
These dreadful words he spoke—, 325

“ Be dark, thou Sun, in one eternal night!
“ And cease, thou Moon, to rule with paler light!
“ Ye Planets, drop from these dissolving skies!
“ Rend, all ye Tombs; and, all ye Dead, arise! 329
“ Ye Winds, be still; ye Tempests, rave no more!
“ And roll, thou Deep, thy millions to the shore!
“ Earth, be dissolv'd with all these worlds on high!
“ And Time, be lost in vast eternity!

¶ Now,

26. THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

“ Now, by Creation’s dread tremendous Sire,
“ Who sweeps these stars as atoms, in his ire; 335
“ By heav’n’s omnipotent, unconquer’d King;
“ By him who rides the rapid whirlwind’s wing;
“ Who reigns supreme in his august abode,
“ Forms, or confounds with one commanding nod;
“ Who wraps in blackning clouds his awful brow, 340
“ Whose glance like lightning looks all nature thro’:
“ By him I swear!” (he paus’d, and bow’d the head,
• Then rais’d aloft his flaming hand, and said)
“ Attend ye faints, who in seraphic lays
“ Exalt his name, but tremble while you praise:
“ Ye hosts, that bow to your Almighty Lord, 346
“ Hear, all his works, th’ irrevocable word!
“ Thy reign, O Man, and Earth, thy days are o’er!
“ I swear by Him, that Time shall be no more.”
• He spoke: (all nature groan’d a loud reply;) 350
Then shook the Sun, and tore him from the sky.

O! would some angel’s awful voice controul
Each drooping thought, and swell my rising soul;
Would some descending seraph tune the lyre, 354
And warm my breast with more than mortal fire:
The scene I draw sublimer strains would claim,
Ev’n those might labour on so vast a theme!
But why for aid invok’d th’ immortal throng?
Why call’d angelic fire to tune my tongue?

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 27

I see each look distracted, terrify'd, 360
The harp untouch'd hangs idly by their side.
I see, I see Omnipotence in arms,
Each bosom trembling at the shrill alarms!
I see the Sun fall thro' th' etherial plains;
The Moon's pale disk a bloody tincture stains: 365
The dreadful call each mightier orbit hears,
And worlds unhing'd come tumbling from their
spheres.

WHAT pomp, what terror, tumult, and amaze!
What crowds to view! what wrecks to swell the blaze!
What loud volcanoes roar! (ev'n fiends recoil) 370
What rocks to melt? what oceans yet to boil!

SHOULDST thou behold, in dreadful league
 combin'd,
At once great Ætna and Vesuvius join'd;
Two mighty rivals from their center rock,
Surround the deep, and hide the clouds in smoke:
Their burning bowels rent, and (dire to name!) 376
Ev'n suns extinguish'd in the spreading flame!
Say, what is all, let fire, wind, waves prevail,
Compar'd to this?— a feather, and a gale!

Rous'd from their sleep unnumber'd myriads come,
All wak'd at once, and burst the yielding tomb; 381
O'er

28. THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

O'er the broad deep the loosen'd members swim;
 Each sweeping whirlwind bore the flying limb;
 The living atoms, with peculiar care, 384
 Drawn from their cells, came speeding thro' the air:
 Whether they lurk'd, thro' ages undecay'd,
 Deep in the rock, or cloth'd some smiling mead;
 Or in the lily's snowy bosom grew;
 Or ting'd the sapphire with its lovely blue;
 Or in some purling stream refresh'd the plains; 390
 Or form'd the mountain's adamantine veins;
 Or, gaily sporting in the breathing Spring,
 Perfum'd the whisp'ring Zephyr's balmy wing:
 All heard; and now, in fairer prospect shown,
 Limb clung to limb, and bone rejoin'd its bone: 395
 Here stood, improv'd in strength, the graceful frame,
 There flow'd the circling blood, a purer stream:
 The beaming eye its dazzling light resumes;
 Soft on the lip the tinctur'd ruby blooms;
 The beating pulse a keener ardor warms, 400
 And beauty triumphs in immortal charms.

So

387 <i>Whether they lurk'd, &c.]</i>	<i>Explicita est; moles rursus coalescit</i>
<i>Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per</i>	<i>in unam</i>
<i>oras,</i>	<i>Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat</i>
<i>Sive inter venas teneri concreta me-</i>	<i>artus</i>
<i>talli,</i>	<i>Junctura, aptanturque iterum cœum-</i>
<i>Sensim dirigit, seu sese immiscuit her-</i>	<i>tia membra.</i>
<i>bis,</i>	<i>ADD. Resurrec. delineat.</i>

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 29

So when by RAPHAEL's happy pencil wrought
Some graceful figure rose, inform'd with thought,
Each part by turns the working hand pourtray'd,
Here cast the light, and there diffus'd the shade;
A richer bloom each flying touch bestow'd; 406
Now on the cheek a brighter vermeil glow'd:
Art in the piece with Nature seem'd to strive,
And ev'ry blushing feature look'd alive.

WHAT scenes appear, where'er I turn my eyes! 410
How wide the throng! what forms innum'rous rise!
Methinks I still behold the teeming earth
Pour all at once her millions at a birth!
They start with terror thro' the opening ground,
Flames all beneath, and thunders all around, 415
What manly vigour reigns in ev'ry part,
Fires the broad breast, and swells the bounding heart!
Not earth's first-born a mightier concourse stood,
Who tow'r'd like mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood;
Not He, who thro' opposing legions broke, 420
Flung the rough stone, or heav'd th' unwieldy rock,
E'er felt such force, when from th' o'erwhelming blow,
Amaz'd and trembling run the frightened foe;
When

421 *Flung the rough stone, &c.*] *rock, &c.*] AJAX. See his combat
HERCULES. See the Iliad, lib. 12. with Hector described, lib. viii.
Ibid. — *heav'd th' unwieldy* and xiv.

30 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

When, at each look, surpriz'd, and struck with dread,
Whole hosts retir'd, and wonder'd as they fled. 425

ARE these the forms, that languishingly fair,
Repin'd, and sicken'd at each breeze of air?
The tender frames, like fading roses pale,
Whose leaves are shrivel'd by the ruffling gale?
To death's destructive dart an easy prey, 430
That sunk, and feebly sigh'd the soul away?

THIS clouded scene attempt not to explore;
Where Reason sinks, 'twere madness then to soar:
Heav'n that to each the just proportion brought,
Here bounds the flight of vain bewilder'd Thought:
When Fancy plays within its proper sphere, 436
It smiles, and shows th' unfully'd object clear;
Whene'er from that the erring guide removes,
'Tis dark; all else but puzzles, not improves.

THUS, when some Indian, for the shining gem,
Tempted the rough sea, or plunges in the stream; 441
The prize obtain'd, each cautious diver saves,
Who dives too deep, is bury'd in the waves.

Look round, my soul, o'er ev'ry scene below,
What millions rise, distinguish'd by their woe! 445

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 31

See widows, orphans, mothers, infants slain,
A feeble, harmless, weeping, fainting train!
What crowds, extinct by an untimely doom,
Are torn from life in Youth's deluding bloom!
A throng of mourners sighing by their side, 450
The hoary fire perhaps, and virgin bride;
The friend whose eyes with gushing streams o'erflow,
The mother pierc'd with agonizing woe.

SEE! where the Shade, to strike his gasping prey,
Draws the keen dart, that never miss'd its way; 455
Thron'd on the ruin of terrestrial things,
He sits and tramples on the dust of kings.
See, his black chariot floats in streams of gore,
Pale Rage behind, and Terror strides before.
Not Beauty with'ring in the bloom of years, 460
Not dove-ey'd Innocence dissolv'd in tears,
Not kneeling Love that trembles as it prays,
Not heart-struck Anguish fix'd in stupid gaze!
Not all the frantic groans of wild Despair;
Not helpless Age, that tears its silver hair; 465
Can stay one moment the severe command,
Or wrest th' avenging dart from that relentless hand.

HERE pause:—the crowds extended on the bier
Claim from the filial heart a parting tear;

Spend

32 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Spend on the tomb where drooping grandeur lies,
One mournful burst of sympathising sighs. 471

O DEATH! terrific ere thy dart is try'd!
Whose hand o'erturns the tow'ring domes of Pride;
What wide destruction marks thy fatal reign!
What numbers bleed thro' all thy vast domain! 475
Whether thy arm, its dreadful strength to show,
Like SAMPSON'S, sweeps its thousand at a blow:
Or give the cannon's parting ball to fly,
Or wings the lightning glancing thro' the sky;
Or bursts the opening ground (whole fields destroy'd)
The city tumbling thro' the dreadful void! 481
If, in the fever, famine, plague, thou blast
Th' unpeopled earth, and lay the nations waste;
Tho' all her sons, the victims of thy pow'r,
Her sons, that fall by millions in an hour; 485
Yet know, should all thy terrors stand display'd,
'Tis but the meaner soul that shrinks with dread:
That solemn scene the suppliant captive mourns;
That scene, intrepid Virtue views, and scorns.

THINE, Virtue! thine is each persuasive charm,
Thine ev'ry soul with heav'nly raptures warm; 491
Thine all the bliss that Innocence bestows,
And thine the heart that feels another's woes.

What

What tho' thy train, neglected, or unknown,
 Have sought the silent vale, and sigh'd alone? 495
 Tho' torrents stream'd from ev'ry melting eye?
 Tho' from each bosom burst th' unpity'd sigh?
 Tho' oft, with life's distracting cares oppress'd,
 They long'd to sleep in everlasting rest?
 O envy'd misery!—what soft delight 500
 Breath'd on the mind, and smooth'd the gloom of
 night:

When nobler prospects, an eternal train,
 Made rapture glow in ev'ry beating vein;
 When heav'n's bright domes the smiling eye survey'd,
 And joys that bloom'd more sweetly from the shade.

Now all appear'd ascending from the tomb, 506
 Who breath'd the air, or slumber'd in the womb:
 The crowds that live in all th' unbounded skies,
 Now rais'd the trembling head with wild surprize:
 Stars with their num'rous sons augment the throng,
 Each world's majestic offspring tow'r'd along: 511
 Thick, as the burning sun's meridian rays,
 The hov'ring insects basking in the blaze;

D

The

510. *Stars with their sons, &c.*] I share in the same destruction) are
 cannot see any reason for confining only a vast collection of unculti-
 the general judgment to the inha- vated deserts: a supposition found-
 bitants of our own world; unless ed on nothing but this one argu-
 we can bring ourselves to believe, ment, viz. that it cannot be con-
 that all those around us (which will futed by ocular demonstration.

34 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

The swarms that flutter, when the day's withdrawn;
 The throng that rises with the rising dawn; 515
 The world supported by JEHOVAH's care,
 And all the race that peoples all the air,
 Rang'd on a field by labouring angels rear'd,
 In dreadful length th' innum'rous throng appear'd:
 Earth's noblest sons, the mighty wretched things,
 Call'd Heros, Consuls, Cefars, Judges, Kings, 521
 Now swell'd the crowd, promiscuous and unknown,
 The meanest slave from him who fill'd a throne:
 Each tyrant now would bless the yawning tomb,
 And Pride stands shudd'ring at th' approaching doom.

THINK you beheld ten thousand armies stand, 526
 All form'd, and rais'd by some divine command;
 Saw where the giants burst their dark abode,
 While the tomb labour'd with th' unusual load.
 Let Theseus, Samson, tow'r upon the plain, 530
 With stern Achilles, from a field of slain:
 Let Rome's and Greece' triumphant sons appear,
 A Cefar there, an Alexander here;
 Her splendid multitudes let Persia join,
 Thy swarms, Thermopylæ, and, Iffus, thine. 535
 See Cannæ tainted with a purple flood,
 And great Pharsalia's fields that stream with blood:

Extend

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 35

Extend the view:—See god-like Trajan's pow'r:
Th' intrepid chief proceeds from shore to shore,
Flies on the foe, and paints the reeking field with gore!

Lo! next a throng of wild Barbarians come, 541
The crowds that triumph'd o'er imperial Rome:

See, like a cloud that gathers on the day,
Th' embattled squadrons shape their dreadful way:
Prodigious hosts! who (all their foes o'erthrown) 545

Once rul'd supreme, and made a world their own:
Next Asia's millions fill th' extended space,
Known from the east, a soft, unmanly race;
While there (each bosom rough with many a scar)
Stand Africa's troops, the stormy sons of war. 550

COLUMBUS' world, a wild innum'rous throng,
Swells on the straining fight, and pours along,
Blest race! ere Discord snatch'd the gleaming shield,
Ere War tremendous thunder'd o'er the field,
Ere Freedom ranging o'er Peruvian plains, 555
Mark'd their dire waste, and heard the clanking chains:
At once dim Sorrow veil'd her shining eyes,
She spread her dazzling plumes, and ey'd the skies;
Guilt, Rage, and Death, terrific shapes! appear,
The distant tumult murmur'd on her ear; 560
She sigh'd;—and mounting on the glancing ray,
Shot o'er the scene, and fought the climes of day.

36 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Now rous'd to life th' assembled myriads trod,
 No tyrant o'er them shakes th' avenging rod ; 564
 'Tis Conscience speaks—th' impartial mandate giv'n
 Consigns to Death, or opes the climes of heav'n ;
 Her looks divine the fever'd thought controul,
 Her voice like music thrills th' enraptur'd soul.

BUT see, where rising, a resplendent throng,
 Thy sons, Europa, claim a nobler song ! 570
 Lo ! Britain's heroes burst upon the fight,
 Each chief who dar'd th' exulting foe to fight !
 View the wide fields, where fainting armies bled !
 See BLENHEIMS, CRESSY'S, AGINCOURT'S display'd !
 War, blood, destruction, triumphs, conquests rise, 575
 And kings, and patriots bless th' enraptur'd eyes !
 Let Gallia next her num'rous hosts unfold,
 The crowds she rais'd by force, or won by gold !
 Think you beheld th' united armies spread,
 And all the crowds TURENNE or CONDE led ; 580
 By CHARLES' unguided rage the throng that dy'd ;
 The millions murder'd for her BOURBON'S pride ;

JOIN all at once, or (if the thoughts can soar
 So vast a height) yet add ten thousands more !
 Say when thy soul its last idea brought, 585
 Stretch'd o'er the verge of strong expanded Thought?

When

582. By CHARLES', &c.] CHARLES IX. at the massacre of Paris.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 37

When all th' unbounded Genius soar'd on high,
 Did e'er such numbers strike the wond'ring eye?
 So vast, they mock the soul's confounded sight:
 Ev'n thought falls back in its unequal flight; 590
 Not tempting Hope the mighty depth can sound,
 Nor Fancy's widening ken can mark the bound.

Yea, mid' the crowd that pour'd o'er all the field,
 A crowd which scarce the labouring eye beheld! 594
 Ye monarchs, hear!—this pomp of nations join'd,
 These ages, empires, kingdoms, states combin'd,
 These boasted thousands, millions, myriads,—all
 Shrank to a point unmeasurably small!
 Scarce when a group of buzzing flies display
 Their forms, that glitter with the glancing ray; 600
 Scarce less observ'd, mid' all the numbers there,
 One flitting wing that feebly fans the air!

ETERNAL GOD, whose word supremely wise
 Can crush, or people all th' expanded skies!
 Who bid'st Creation wait on thy command, 605
 Throw'st worlds like atoms from thy forming hand!
 O! for some nobler, more exalted lays,
 Some heav'nly strains, to speak thy boundless praise;
 All Fancy droops on this transporting scene!
 All Rapture dull! all Elegance is mean! 610

38 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

All Thought too faint! all Colours cease to glow!
All Fire too languid! all Sublime too low!
O Thou, whose name all nature joins to raise!
What seraph's voice can tell thy wond'rous ways!
Who show'd (how god-like was th' amazing plan!)
Thy pow'r on angels, but thy love to man! 616
Thy pow'r, thy love, when uncontroul'd and free,
Crush'd all their hosts, O man! and ransom'd thee.

BUT stay, my muse, be silent and admire;
This lofty theme exceeds angelic fire! 620
Mark what new scene thy rapid glance descrys!
What sudden radiance flashes o'er the skies!
From heav'n's vast heights th' immortal throng
descend;
The worlds below in mute suspense attend:
Thro' all its tracts thy mighty theme pursue, 625
And paint the scenes that burst upon thy view.

Now, touch'd with grief, the pensive guide survey'd
Whate'er of grand this awful pomp display'd;
Then rais'd in silent woe his mournful eyes,
And paus'd,—till thus with intermingling sighs: 630

“ SAY where, vain mortal! now the pomp of state?
“ The pride of kings, the triumphs of the great?

“ Where



" Where now th'imbattled host, the whirling car?
 " Where the proud spoils of desolating War? 634
 " Hope's flatt'ring wish, Ambition's tow'ring aim?
 " The boast of Grandeur, and the wreaths of Fame?
 " Where the gay plan by Fancy's hand refin'd,
 " That smil'd illusive on th'enchanted mind?
 " Ah! view'd no more, these beauteous traits decay,
 " Like stars that fade before the rising day! 640
 " Less swift the gale that skims the ruffling stream,
 " Nor flies more quick the visionary dream.
 " Hail, heav'nly Piety, supremely fair!
 " Whose smiles can calm the horrors of despair;
 " Bid in each breast unusual transports flow, 645
 " And wipe the tears that stain the cheek of Woe:
 " How blest the man who leaves each meaner scene,
 " Like thee, exalted, smiling, and serene!
 " Whose rising soul pursues a nobler flight;
 " Whose bosom melts with more refin'd delight; 650
 " Whose thoughts, elate with transports all sublime,
 " Can soar at once beyond the views of time:
 " Till loos'd from earth, as angels unconfin'd,
 " He flies aerial on the darting wind;
 " Free as the keen-ey'd eagle, bears away, 655
 " And mounts the regions of eternal day."



B O O K II.

— προσεφη νεφεληγερετα Zeus.

HOM.

ONCE more, O muse, th' ALMIGHTY'S pow'r
proclaim ;

Once more, tho' trembling, try th' exalted theme !

A theme, the labour of seraphic lays,

While heav'n's majestic arches ring with praise ;

That rais'd at once by all th' immortal choir, 5

Dwells on the warbling voice, and strings the tuneful
lyre.

O ! if receiv'd amid the vocal throng,

Saints, angels, men, that join the gen'ral song,

If, mid' each heav'nly soul's sublimer strain,

Their humbler lays some distant place obtain, 10

(That boast no beauties from improving art,

But freely breathe the raptures of the heart ;)

How



The Day of Judgment .

Book II.



A Walker del. et sculp.

THE LAFAYETTE

How I feel about it

over

Of view it is a

Now this is a

An awful day

Pale Confederate

Recalls the hour

Throws all the

And bars the

Ev'n Vittor

O'er all her

Dispel'd the

And how'd

As when at

Some great

All stand

Depress'd

The open

And with

Such, but

While

I am

Not

He

What

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 41

How blest!—if thou, Great GOD, th' attempt should
own,
Or view the meanest offering at thy throne!

Now thro' the crowd in dark suspense detain'd 15
An awful, deep, portentous Silence reign'd:
Pale Conscience lowring works a storm within,
Recalls the hours, and paints th' unguarded sin;
Throws all the masques of shudd'ring Guilt aside,
And bares the front of Envy, Rage, and Pride. 20
Ev'n Virtue sigh'd,—but Hope (an angel-dame!)
O'er all her bosom pour'd celestial flame,
Dispel'd the hov'ring mist that veil'd her eyes,
And show'd afar the bright immortal Prize.
As when at once assembled nations wait 25
Some great event, some dubious birth of fate;
All stand (with dreadful expectation warm'd)
Depress'd, enraptur'd, frightened, or alarm'd;
The opening scene each wond'ring thought employs,
And wild Amazement stops the trembling voice: 30
Such, but far more, th' unbounded throng appears,
While nobler hopes, or more distracting fears
Flam'd in each look, they felt a deeper care,
And knew th' extremes of rapture, and despair.

How vast the prize each smiling faint survey'd! 35
While heav'n's transcendent glories stood display'd!
The

42 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

The brightning eye beheld each fair abode;
 The throbbing breast with more than transport glow'd:
 But oh! no words, no image can express,
 The fine delight, the flow of melting bliss, 40
 The soft emotions thrilling thro' the whole,
 The secret springs that touch'd the feeling soul,
 When mid' the skies each blooming scene was view'd,
 Eternal day! a sun without a cloud!
 Surrounding pleasures, boundless as refin'd! 45
 'Twas Fancy's food, the music of the mind!

Oh say! transporting thought! can heaven bestow
 Such endless prospects for some Years of woe?
 Are these the joys for fav'rite souls prepar'd?
 Neglected Piety's sublime reward? 50
 The opening treasures in eternal store,
 T' enrich the mean, the suffering, and the poor?
 O wond'rous bliss, too vast for mortal's sense!
 Amazing love! divine benevolence!
 Let heav'nly harps th' immortal anthem raise, 55
 And wond'ring angels pour the song of praise.

Ye who the tempest's bursting rage sustain,
 Toss'd by the whirling wind or stormy main;
 Who coolly-calm behold the dark'ning hour,
 Upheld by Him who gives the storm its pow'r, 60

Who

Who stand superior in th' important strife,
 Or patient climb the rough'ning steep of Life;
 Yet bear the shock :—for lo th' advancing shore!
 Soon the black cloud, the wintry blast is o'er!
 See yon gay scenes emerging from the gloom! 65
 See flow'ry meads that breathe eternal bloom!
 See beck'ning angels point your steps away!
 See pour'd o'er all the radiant blaze of day!
 Soon as the mortal veil is dropt behind,
 To heav'n all-ardent springs th' exulting mind, 70
 Nor knows (illumin'd with celestial light)
 Where once it wander'd mid' th' involving night,
 Where thro' the vale all-trackless and unknown
 It pass'd, and trod the devious wild alone.
 Where Darkness o'er the gloomy region spread, 75
 And Virtue trembling stood, or walk'd with dread.

THEN when th' Eternal bids the tempest cease,
 When drops the mould'ring dust, and sleeps in peace;
 Then Faith no more shall point th' uncertain prize,
 Nor lowring clouds obscure the brightning skies, 80
 Nor Hope's warm wish with thrilling ardor glow,
 Nor Virtue languish in th' abodes of woe,
 Nor Care stray musing thro' the wildring maze,
 Nor heav'n-rapt Thought dissolve in eager gaze;
 But o'er the clime immortal Beauty reigns, 85
 Young Pleasure sports along th' aërial plains,
 Each

44 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Each spring of joy celestial strains improve,
And all the impassion'd soul is lost in love.

BUT mark that throng; what keen, destructive smart,
What piercing Anguish stings the tortur'd heart! 90
While Pain's fell brood in dreadful concourse join'd,
Fear, Rage, and Guilt, distract the madning mind;
The gentler calm, the hours of mercy fled,
At last slow Vengeance rears its gorgon head,
No time remains to ease the flutt'ring breast! 95
No friend to soothe the racking thought to rest!
No shade to screen from heav'n's impending doom!
No hope to sleep in yon dissolving tomb!
'Tis past!—and lo the blackning clouds appear!
Involving darkness wraps the boundless sphere! 100
While thro' the gloom just darting on their eyes,
The last pale beam shoots, trembles, fades, and dies.
Ah! hopeless train—what madness to engage!
To rouse (poor wretch!) Omnipotence to rage! 105
Why dar'd you sport, and dally with a God?
Why spurn'd his mercies? why contemn'd his rod?
Why scorn'd his wrath, despis'd each milder call?
And forc'd from heav'n th' avenging rod to fall?
O blind to fate, who, with unguarded haste,
Would fondly judge the future by the past! 110
Who once, (deluded with an airy name)
Flew smooth, tho' quick, o'er time's deceitful stream;
Who,

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 45

Who, when th' enchanting Pleasure rose in view,
Thought, vainly thought, 'twould be immortal too.
Life! 'tis the glance of some uncertain ray, 115
A shadowy thing, that smiles, and glides away,
A clouded landscape, an amusing tale,
A fleeting thought, a momentary gale,
A dream, which scarce the waking soul retains,
And oft the rack, where virtue bleeds in chains. 120

BUT now 'twas o'er:— for from his great abode
Full on a whirlwind came the dreadful GOD:
The Tempest's rattling wings, the fiery car,
Ten thousand hosts, his ministers of war,
The flaming Cherubim, attend his flight, 125
And heav'n's foundations groan'd beneath their weight:
Thro' all the skies his forky lightnings play'd,
With radiant splendor glow'd his beamy head:
From his bright eyes the trembling throng retire;
He spoke in thunder, and he breath'd in fire; 130
He stood,— o'er all the boundless glory shone,
Then call'd, and darkness form'd his gloomy throne;
He

121.—*for from his great abode, &c.*] beauties, he will find it in the
If the reader would see a scene of words of an inspired orator, Hab.
this kind drawn in the richest iii. from the 3^d verse.

colours of poetical painting, animated with a surprising sublimity 132. *And darkness form'd his gloomy*
of sentiment, and enriched with a *throne.*] I cannot help looking on the
profusion of the most exquisite following passage from the xviiith
psalm,

Black clouds hung awful round the bursting ray,
 And veil'd from sight th' intolerable day.
 So when (elate his glorious course to run) 135
 O'er heav'n's blue region flames the blazing fun;
 The lucid stream o'erpow'rs the orbs of light,
 The slack nerve trembling in the flood of light.

Should

psalm, as the noblest sentiment perhaps that ever entered into the mind of man. The psalmist is describing the descent of the Almighty. 'Tis said, "He bowed the heavens, and came down, and darkness was under his feet, and he rode upon a cherub, and did fly, &c. He made darkness his secret place: his pavilion round about him, *avers* dark waters and thick clouds of the skies." HOMER's *νεφεληγερετα* Zeus makes a noble figure in the Iliad. He introduces him always in a manner *peculiarly graceful*, and seems even to rise above himself in the description. The lines from HESIOD, prefixed as a motto to the title-page, are no way inferior to any thing of this kind I have metwith in the writings of antiquity. VIRGIL has some fine pourtraits on the same subject, animated with all the warmth of fertile and copious imagination. But where, among all these do we find the Deity "bowing the heavens in his descent, riding on a cherub, walking on darkness, forming his

"pavilion of the thick clouds of the skies, and appearing, (to give it in MILTON's inimitable paraphrase),

—*Dark with excessive bright.*"

The subsequent verse, by an elegant *antitithesis*, seems (if possible) to heighten the beauty of the preceding ones. "At the *brightness* which was before him, his thick clouds passed," &c. — STERNHOLD and HOPKINS have given so uncommon a turn to one part of this description, that I must be excused for transcribing it.

*The Lord descended from above,
 And bow'd the heavens high;
 And underneath his feet he spread
 The darkness of the sky.
 On cherub, and in seraphim
 Full royally he rode;
 And, on the wings of all the winds,
 Came flying all abroad.*

Every unprejudiced reader will see how much, in this instance, inspiration is superior to enthusiasm.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 47

Should then some cloud his keener rays conceal,
 He glows less dazzling thro' the filmy veil; 140
 His beams absorb'd their piercing heat detain,
 And gentler radiance gilds the flow'ry plain.

Now, man, if e'er, (this awful scene survey'd,)
 Thy soul stood trembling with unusual dread;
 If e'er Despair could touch thy throbbing heart; 145
 If e'er thou shook'st at death's approaching dart;
 If, in some fight, thy pitying soul beheld
 A murder'd host lie gasping on the field;
 While ev'ry bosom pour'd a purple flood, 149
 Wound following wound, and blood succeeding blood:
 Attend an ampler scene!— more dreadful far!
 See, GOD descends, with millions at his bar!
 Lo! the wide field, where thousands in despair,
 Would smile at death, and hug the mangling spear;
 Where, fir'd with rage too big to be express'd, 155
 They'd bless the reeking blade that tore their breast:
 O! with what joy some mortal wound they'd feel!
 With what delight they'd clasp the pointed steel!
 Hung on the smarting rack, or stretch'd upon the wheel!
 Blest, were some mountain, at th' ETERNAL's call,
 Whirl'd from its base, to crush them in the fall; 161
 Would heav'n's great Sov'reign hear their only pray'r,
 To strew their limbs, like atoms, in the air;
 Would

48 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Would some devouring flame their dust consume,
 Or deep Volcano hide them in its womb: 165
 With their last breath they'd praise JEHOVAH's name,
 And bless their dreadful sentence in the flame.
 But ah!— 'tis all in vain!—

WHERE am I rapt?—say, is the judgment come,
 Is this the hour for man's immortal doom? 170
 Is then the mighty Judge already nigh?
 Are these his banners waving in the sky?
 Support me, heav'n!— I shudder with affright;
 I quake, I sink with terror at the sight:
 Still, still methinks, I see the God appear; 175
 Still bursts the trump, like thunder, on my ear;
 Still glows the scene:— O! may it ne'er depart,
 But warm each thought, and burn within my heart;
 Woo this young breast to seek some fairer clime,
 And raise the soul with pleasures all sublime. 180
 Then, at that hour, when swifter than the shade,
 Time, Life, and Youth, and Pomp, and Beauty fade,
 Ten thousand blissful scenes shall charm the mind,
 More sweet than life, than beauty more refin'd;
 Where heav'nly Youth shall ev'ry smile resume, 185
 And on its cheek eternal roses bloom.

SAY, dost thou long to reach yon distant sky?
 Flames ev'ry passion? does thy pulse beat high?

Dost thou with transport view that sparkling crown?
 Does thy soul tremble at thy Maker's frown? 190
 O! think, the mighty prize will ne'er be bought
 By one brisk start, or transient flash of thought:
 'Tis not the blaze of thy uncertain fire,
 The wild, loose fally of some keen Desire;
 Each darting impulse, rapid as the flood, 195
 Or boiling ferment of the tainted blood:
 Can these with awful Justice e'er prevail,
 That weighs each thought in its impartial scale?
 No:—'tis a work that grows upon the sight,
 'Tis god-like Virtue's regular delight: 200
 Th' intrepid soul by passion ne'er alarm'd,
 Improv'd by judgment, as by fancy warm'd;
 Whole zeal with Reason's rigid dictate forts,
 Glows, but not blazes, warms, but not transports;
 Whole conduct, squar'd by ev'ry noble rule, 205
 Forms one proportion'd, just, consistent whole:
 'Tis he who does whate'er a mortal can,
 Yet sees defects, and thinks himself—a man;
 Who, what he wants, or ought not to have done,
 Nor scorns to know, nor e'er will blush to own; 210
 Who knows how weak the aids from virtue brought,
 When Vice, sweet firen! lulls the wav'ring thought;
 When smooth Deceit, in Beauty's robes array'd,
 Tempts the bold Wish along the flow'ry mead:

E

When

50 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

When keen Temptation prompts the heart to stray,
 And the warm tumult melts the soul away: 216
 Who then from heav'n awaits directing light,
 And stands unshaken in superior might:
 This, this is he, who in serene repose
 Can coolly smile at earth's convulsive throws; 220
 And, led by angels to their soft abode,
 Can feel that bliss th' ALMIGHTY now bestow'd.

O'ER all the crowd he took one vast survey,
 With eyes that view the darkness, as the day.
 Each deep design, tho' hid behind a cloud, 225
 With secret acts, a countless multitude,
 Whate'er beneath that conscious sun was wrought,
 He knew, and weigh'd in one prodigious thought.
 Thus (if the muse that dwells on heav'nly themes,
 May stoop to earth, and join two wide extremes) 230
 When some great gen'ral, with preventive care,
 In vast idea plans the future war;

Here

224.—*view the darkness, &c.*] “If I say, the darkness shall cover
 This alludes to that inimitable de- “me; even the night shall be
 scription of the Deity's omnipre- “light about me:” a thought, to
 sence, Psal. cxxxix; in which, which the *antithesis* gives such pe-
 after taking a beautiful survey of culiar elegance, as may make it
 every thing in nature that can vye with the most expressive
 strengthen his argument (for which touches of ancient, or modern
 the reader may consult Mr. HER- poetry.
 VEY's fine paraphrase, Med. vol. 231. *When some great gen'ral, &c.*
 ii. p. 15. and 34.) he adds, v. 11. This passage may possibly appe-
 wi

Here swells a thought that sees whole squadrons slain,
That plants the murd'ring cannon on the plain :
Now in his mind the coming triumphs rise ; 235
He smiles, the pleasure sparkles in his eyes ;
He feels with joy his raptur'd bosom glow,
Yet sighs with manly pity o'er the foe.

O! WHAT black scenes that dreadful moment came,
What guilt that Virtue blushes but to name ! 240
Crimes that ne'er shrunk at their approaching doom,
That deep'ned midnight's all surrounding gloom,

E 2

Now

with more advantage when compared with LUCAN's description of CÆSAR, at his approach to the Rubicon :

*Jamque gelidas Cæsar cursu superaverat Alpes,
Ingentesque animo motus, bellumque futurum
Ceperat, ut ventum est parvi Rubiconis ad undas.*

Pharf. lib. iii.

Mr. ADDISON has made a noble use of this sentiment in his Campaign, and has the happiest translation of it I can think of:—Speaking of MARLBOROUGH, before he crossed the Moselle, he tells us,

*Our god-like leader, ere the stream
he past,*

*The mighty scheme of all his labours cast ;
Forming the wondrous year within his thought,
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.*

242. *That deep'ned, &c.*] I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing the following passage from Paradise Lost, as it is full of that lively and natural painting which presents an object instantly to the eye of the reader, and is the highest perfection of descriptive poetry.—It is in the account of Satan's adventures with Death upon his arrival at the gates of hell.

———*such a frown,
Each cast at th' other, as when two
black clouds,*

With

52 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Now rear'd with horror their gigantic head,
And claim'd the vengeance heav'n so long delay'd.

YE sons of night, whose each destructive word 245
Stabs with more keenness than a ruffian's sword;
Whose hydra Love can triumph in offence,
A love that smiles at ruin'd innocence:
Say, did you ne'er reflect, when at your side
Truth bled, Peace groan'd, and murder'd Virtue dy'd?
Did you ne'er think, when frantic with despair 251
You've seen the anguish of some weeping fair,
Whose voice, once sweet as Philomela's lay,
On darkness call'd, and curs'd the coming day;
Whose snowy bosom heav'd continual sighs, 255
While tears ran streaming from her lovely eyes:
Ah! did you ne'er, with terror at his rod,
Hear the loud voice of an affronted God?
Say, has his rage, his vengeance, lost its fire?
Is he not still Almighty in his ire?
Is then his potent arm by thee o'er-rul'd?
His thunder blunted, or his lightnings cool'd?

O!

*With heav'n's artillery fraught, To join their dark encounter in mid air.
come rattling on.*

<i>Over the Caspian, then stand front to front, How'ring apace, 'till winds the sig- nal blow</i>	<i>He then adds, So frown'd the mighty combatants; that hell Grew darker at the frown.</i>
---	--

O! no:—ev'n now his eye pervades the whole;
 Ev'n now he views, he reads thy inmost soul:
 Is there one thought, that (as the darting wind 265
 Unform'd and fleeting) glances o'er the mind?
 Is there an act thou trembledst to prolong?
 Or word that dy'd unfinish'd on thy tongue?
 Or form thou viewd'st, the phantom of thy fear?
 Or sound that languish'd on th' unfeeling ear? 270
 Didst act some hidden guilt, to man unknown?
 And wast thou then, or thought'st thyself alone?
 Mistaken wretch! whose blind, unequal sense
 With daring aim would judge Omnipotence;
 Thy ken just glancing o'er a bounded span, 275
 Would join with his who reads the heart of man:

E 3 Thou,

272. ——— or *thought'st thyself alone, &c.*]

O! *lost to virtue! lost to manly thought!*
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul,
Who think it solitude to be alone.
 Complaint, Night iii. *ab initio.*

274. ——— *would judge Omnipotence, &c.*] To secure this passage from an objection, that it makes the Deity interest himself in trifles, I shall only observe, that its design (and indeed the great one of this performance) is to imprint on the

mind a persuasion of the Divine Omniscience; to which a simple assent, when not accompanied with a suitable influence on the practice, is like a midnight dream, scarce sooner recollected than forgot; and still less consistent than the reveries of a madman, whose actions are squared by the judgment he forms. Was it firmly believed, what can fill the mind with more awful reverence than the continual presence of its Creator!—was it suitably improved, where can we meet with a more striking incitement to the love, and exercise of virtue!

54 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Thou, like the beaming of a morning sun,
That gilds the east, art clouded ere thy noon :
He, in the blaze of one meridian ray,
Burns with unfully'd light, and gives eternal day :
Thee, fancy, passion's cloudy mists o'ercast : 281
His all the future, scanty thine the past.

HE view'd in silence all the mighty scene,
Tho' dreadful, mild ; and awfully serene :
His justice here for instant thunder cry'd, 285
But heav'nly love stood smiling at her side.
As when some judge (on whose decisive frown
Destruction low'rs) ascends his awful throne ;
His mind no thought of pity can controul,
His dreaded hand unseals th' important scroll ; 290
Wild with suspense the doubting suppliant shakes,
Reads ev'ry look, and trembles ere he speaks ;
His flutt'ring soul the vivid eye betrays,
And ev'ry passion varies in his face.
Thus, round the throne of their tremendous Lord,
All silent wait th' irrevocable word ; 296
Ten thousand thoughts in wild confusion rise,
And the rack'd soul shoots thro' the quivering eyes.

HE rose :—his looks the coming judgment show ;
Resentment darken'd his majestick brow ; 300
Then

Then view'd the throng beneath his footstool spread,
Shook with a nod the burning skies, and said,
(Heav'n's tott'ring concave bow'd, while all around
His wond'ring hosts stood list'ning at the sound).

"DEPART, ye damn'd! 'tis I pronounce your doom:
" 'Tis I, the God who form'd you in the womb: 306
" 'Tis I, who left each softer scene above,
" Left the warm bosom of celestial Love,
" Left heav'n's bright domes, and sought the climes
" beneath,
" Left all—for scorn, contempt, and pangs, and death.
" Ingrate! O! tell the vast, th' unpity'd woes, 311
" The pangs I bore, to save my mortal foes!
" Say, when beneath th' oppressive weight dismay'd,
" Did e'er your hand support my drooping head?
" When oft I've wept, in all my counsels foil'd, 315
" Like some fond parent o'er an only child;
" Did you, when wretched, helpless, pensive, poor,
" Or soothe my grief, or ope the friendly door?
" What more than Rage your flinty bosoms arm'd?
" When deaf to Love, by Vengeance not alarm'd!

E 4

" How

313. — *beneath th' oppressive weight, &c.* } See Matth. xxv. from verse 42^d.

316. *Like some fond parent, &c.* } This has some remote allusion to our Saviour's pathetic complaint over Jerusalem, Matth. xxiii. vers.

37. I chose to give the sentiment this turn, as a nearer resemblance must have fallen infinitely short of the original, in which the simplicity, pathos, and delicate beauty of allegory, will need no recommendation to a good judge.

56 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

"How oft to win thy soul has Mercy stood!
 "To fright, how oft stern Justice red with blood!
 "Yet still 'twas yours, unmov'd, unaw'd by all,
 "To spurn, to laugh at Pity's melting call;
 "Alike unheard my promise, threat'ning, sighs, 325
 "'Twas yours to smile at speechless agonies!

"TAKE then, ye fiends, the wretches from my
 fight;
 "Take, shroud them deep in everlasting night;
 "'Mid ceaseless torments, never to expire;
 "To bear the racks of an eternal fire; 230
 "To feel whate'er an injur'd God can claim,
 "My love rejected, and insulted name:
 "Be this their doom."—Th' ALMIGHTY spoke, and
 frown'd,
 Heav'n heard, and hell's remotest regions groan'd.

HE spoke:—'twas done.—To make their millions
 room, 335
 The opening gulph disclos'd its burning womb;
 From its black breast the boiling sulphur broke,
 And troops of fiends ascended thro' the smoke,
 As when his vengeance heav'n's ALMIGHTY pours,
 He speaks,—and lo! the forked thunder roars; 340
 It bursts away, impetuous in its flight,
 Till some vast cloud receives the growing weight;
 It

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 57

It low'rs with frowns, the trembling nations gaze;
It blots with night the sun's meridian rays;
O'er the wide skies the rolling darkness spreads, 345
And hangs, incumbent horror! o'er their heads:
At length the rattling volleys force their way,
The livid lightnings flash a paler day;
O'er heav'n's blue arch the mounting flames aspire,
And all the wide horizon teems with fire. 350

A CLOUD thus low'ring from his brow there came;
So spouts the deep with unremitting flame.

BUT, O! my soul, th' amazing theme forbear,
Nor dare to paint what angels dread to hear:
Let heav'nly bliss thy cooler thoughts confine, 355
And smooth with softer scenes the flowing line.
Yet stay!—one moment bid the whole unfold,
Clear the bright gem from its surrounding mould:
To warm the breast, and touch unthinking youth,
An awful pause may cull some useful truth; 360
May raise the passions with becoming pride:
'Tis Virtue's call, nor be the call deny'd.

WOULD'ST thou, O man, avoid th' unbounded
woe?
Would'st feel thy breast with endless raptures glow?
Would'st

58 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Would'st thou with triumph hear the thunder roll, 363
That rocks the nodding earth from pole to pole?
Retire;—be deaf to Grandeur's vain alarm,
Its gilded darts, that sting thee, while they charm;
Let Life's gay scenes engage thy soul no more,
Pomp, Beauty, Youth, the bubbles of an hour! 370
Fix ev'ry thought on thy immortal part;
Bid heav'n attend!—then trembling ask thy heart,

“How have I walk'd thro' all this mazy road?
“How liv'd, to gain the plaudit of my GOD?
“How spoke? how acted? how improv'd the boon,
“On all bestow'd, from all resum'd so soon? 376
“Say, did I e'er o'er weeping Virtue groan,
“Return her tears, and make her grief my own!
“Have I, unmov'd by Sorrow's frantic cries,
“Refus'd my help, my pity, or my sighs? 380
“Then

371.—*on thy immortal part, &c.*] 'Tis true, 'tis certain, man, tho'
HOMER (who, through his whole *dead, retains*
Iliad, has introduced apposite re- *Part of himself; th' immortal mind*
flections on the uncertainty of life, *remains;*
and the rewards or punishments of *The form subsists without the body's*
a future state) makes Achilles, *aid,*
after awaking from a dream, in *Aërial semblance, and an empty*
which he had seen Patroclus, talk *shade!*
in this manner: *This night, my friend, so late in*
battle lost,

Ω ποιοι, ἢ ῥα τις ἐστὶ ἢ εἰν αἰδᾶο δομοισι
Ψυχὴ ἢ εἰδωλόν, ἀτὰρ φέροντες οὐκ ἐνὶ σάμασιν.
¶ Πανύχιον γὰρ μοι Πατρόκληος δειλοῖο
Ψυχὴν ἐφείσθησι.—Iliad. lib. 23. *Stood at my side.*——

ROPE.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 59

“ Then hear, Great GOD (should’st thou thy aid
 detain,
“ The noblest wish, the best resolve how vain !)
“ Oh! lend to prostrate dust thy willing ear !
“ Hear, all ye faints! and, ev’ry angel, hear !
“ Should yet thy mercy give me years to come, 385
“ If not this hour consigns me to the tomb,
“ On thee alone each fond desire shall rest,
“ No rival love to share it in my breast;
“ I leave, vain world! thy pleasures to thy friends,
“ The fool that asks them, and the grave that ends;
“ Each fair, each dazzling object I resign ; 391
“ Be thine my hopes! and all my powers be thine !”

BUT lo! my soul, the clouds at length are o’er;
The storms are calm’d, the thunders cease to roar :
See! blooming Love, as cloudless skies serene, 395
Smiles heav’nly sweet, and brightens all the scene!

So some loud whirlwind, with resistless sweep,
Heaves the wild waves, and blackens on the deep ;
The fainting mariners, with pale despair,
Behold the ocean’s boiling bosom bare: 400
When lo! at once the raving winds subside,
A gentle breeze plays smoothly o’er the tide ;
Now each, enraptur’d, views th’ emerging ray,
Now breathes delighted in the blaze of day ;

60 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Groves, mountains, woods appear, a charming train !
The ship glides lightly thro' the liquid plain ; 406
The liquid plain reflects the waving beam,
And heav'n's fine azure glitters in the stream.

SOME seraph, teach my daring song to rise,
O ! let me catch the music of the skies ; 410
Illumine my breast, exalt, refine the whole,
And pour melodious numbers on my soul.

WHAT glories burst on my transported sight !
What charms, with more than mortal beauty bright !
What anthems ring ! what melting lays inspire ! 415
What god-like angels strike the sounding lyre !
See ! ev'ry face the softest smiles assume !
How glows each feature with celestial bloom !
A bloom, untouch'd by all-devouring time ;
Like flow'rs that blossom in perpetual prime ! 420
Lo ! where in fight th' angelic armies move !
See opening fair the balmy climes of love !
Blest climes ! where Music strikes the warbling string,
Where joy exulting spreads his airy wing,
Where shrin'd in bliss triumphant Beauty reigns, 425
And Spring's eternal blush adorns the plains.

O !

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 61

O! COULD my strains with ev'ry grace appear,
 Each thought that fires the soul, or charms the ear,
 To me did ev'ry finer art belong,
 The richest fancy, and the sweetest song, 430
 This heav'nly theme th'harmonious voice should raise,
 Warm all my thoughts, and warble in my lays.

FOR lo! He comes, a Victor o'er the grave,
 In triumph mild, exalted but to save :

In

434—*exalted but to save, &c.*] As I have endeavoured, through the whole of this poem, to point out such parts of the sacred writings, as contain any sentiment *peculiarly beautiful* on this awful subject; the reader will (I presume) excuse me for subjoining to these one observation more on the following passage in Isaiah.—'Tis in his 63^d chapter, from the beginning.—The prophet, from a view, as it would seem, of our SAVIOUR's resurrection, on beholding the several circumstances at that moment presented to him, bursts into an abrupt exclamation (a parallel which Mr. HERVEY has finely illustrated, in a paraphrase on Solomon's prayer at the dedication of his temple) "Who is this that
 " cometh up from Edom, with dyed
 " garments from Bozrah? this that
 " is red in his apparel, travelling

" in the greatness of his strength:" Observe the gradation:—the first question seems to proceed from an indistinct view of the person, "who
 " is this?" what heavenly appearance discovers itself to my senses? whom is it that I behold in this majestic attitude? He then takes a particular survey, and describes him with more accuracy:—"this
 " that cometh up with dyed garments." I see (as if he had said with rapturous ardor) his eyes sparkling with fury, and his garments rolled in the blood of his enemies.—He then paints the dignity of his approach, "travelling
 " in the greatness of his strength.—One would almost imagine he viewed the majesty of some triumphant hero, reeking from slaughter, and elated with victory.—He at length advances so near as to make a reply; a reply, on which every preceding

62 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

In crowds th'applauding hosts surround their King;
 They tune their harps, and touch the finest string. 436
 Angelic concert! musically flow,
 It steals more soft, than vernal breezes blow:
 Then swells a sprightly note;—all heav'n replies,
 And labouring Echo rings it thro' the skies. 440

Now, bright as heav'n, as mild Aurora fair,
 (Whose balmy breath perfumes the purer air)
 He rose, with Mercy beaming from his sight,
 Then smil'd and look'd ineffable delight.
 As when the nightingale's melodious love 445
 Charms the still gloom, and fills the vocal grove;
 The list'ning Zephyrs, hovering while she sings,
 Catch ev'ry sound, and waft it on their wings;
 Th'attentive swains her moving accents hear,
 That melt the heart, and harmonize the ear; 450
 Such (while each bosom felt unbounded joys)
 Such Music stream'd from his transporting voice:
 (While warm'd with more than rapture at their doom,
 Each cheek was flush'd, like roses in the bloom).

“ COME

ceding circumstance reflects a distinct beauty. We would conclude, on perusing the first part, that the sequel was to contain some dreadful menace, or alarming threatening: but how agreeably are we surprised and disappointed when we hear him answer, “ It is I that “ speak in righteousness, mighty “ to save!” What an improvement is this on another passage, where we are told, that “ his tender mercies are over all his other “ works!”

"COME now, ye blest! by heav'n, by me approv'd!
 "Ye blest of God! my darlings, my belov'd! 456
 "Possess whate'er your vast desires can claim;
 "Be endless praises your eternal theme:
 "Tho' once you sigh'd, be all your sighs no more;
 "Tho' once you wept, your mourning days are o'er:
 "Now raise the song, begin th' immortal strain; 461
 "Guard them, ye angels, to th' etherial plain;
 "Their harp, their voice let softer themes employ,
 "And touch the heart, and crown the head with joy.

"FOR this I left these skies, to dwell below; 465
 "For this my soul felt all the stings of Woe;
 "For this the spear, with reeking purple dy'd,
 "Op'd a wide wound, and lodg'd within my side;
 "For this despis'd, forlook, deny'd, I stood,
 "Pour'd ceaseless groans, and bought it with my blood;
 "Delightful prize!—to taste its sweets, is thine: 471
 "Yours all the bliss; to know the pain, was mine.
 "But lo! your vast reward at length is nigh;
 "That dazzling Crowd awaits you in the sky!
 "Now boundless bliss shall all your grief repay, 475
 "Wipe off your tears, and give your sighs away."

HERE

455. *Come now, ye blest, &c.*] See Matth. xxv. 34.

464. *—and crown the head with joy, &c.*] See Isaiah xxxv. 10.

64 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

HERE pause:—no more by man can be exprest;
 Ye saints, ye wond'ring seraphs tell the rest:
 As thro' the clouds some tow'ring eagle springs,
 And flies like lightning on impetuous wings; 480
 He views unmov'd the burning sun display'd:
 The waving fire plays harmless round his head;
 Quick as a thought of the æreal mind,
 To heav'n he mounts, and leaves the stars behind:
 Thus, rapt at once from our attending view, 485
 Thro' the broad gates the rising Concourse flew;
 Till far remov'd, scarce to the distant sight
 The Triumph glow'd, with fainter glories bright;
 Ascending still, till it appear'd no more:
 We look'd, and all the swimming scene was o'er. 490

BUT now (more charming than the rising sun)
 The blooming angel smil'd, and thus begun:
 Sweet as the tow'ring lark's mellifluous song,
 The melting accents warbled on his tongue!

" 'Tis done:—for now that shining train remov'd
 " Enjoy the bliss, and praise the God they lov'd; 496
 " They live, they reign, eternally serene,
 " With not one cloud to interpose between;
 " Say, when thy gazing eyes survey'd the whole,
 " Did dawning rapture beam upon thy soul? 500
 " Burns

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 63

“ Burns not thy swelling breast to join the choir ?
“ Is ev’ry Passion wing’d with fond desire ?
“ Would’st thou, with transport fir’d to mount above,
“ Ascend ? and melts not ev’ry thought with love ?”

THEN (all his frame with heav’nly glories bright
Each lovely feature glowing with delight !) 506
He thus burst out ;—“ O ! who thy name can praise !
“ What Angel’s voice can tell thy wond’rous ways !
“ Lo ! on each lip the HALLELUJAH dies ;
“ We faint ; an awful Rev’rence fills the skies : 510
“ All, humbly bending to Almighty pow’r,
“ In prostrate silence tremble and adore !”

HE said :—and mounting to the realms of day,
Spread his resplendent wings, and soar’d away.



O D E S,

&c.





And T. Walker del. et sculp.

ODE to MELANCHOLY.

HAIL, queen of thought sublime! propitious Power,
 Who o'er th'unbounded waste art joy'd to roam,

Led by the Moon, when at the midnight hour
 Her pale rays tremble thro' the dusky gloom.

O bear me, Goddess, to thy peaceful seat!
 Whether to Hecla's cloud-wrapt brow convey'd,
 Or lodg'd, where mountains screen thy deep retreat,
 Or wandering wild thro' Chili's boundless shade,

F 3

Say,

Say, rove thy steps o'er Libia's naked waste?
 Or seek some distant solitary shore?
 Or on the Andes' topmost mountain plac'd
 Do'st fit and hear the solemn thunder roar?

Fix'd on some hanging rock's projected brow,
 Hear'st Thou low murmurs from the distant dome!
 Or strays thy feet where pale dejected Woe
 Pours her long wail from some lamented tomb?

Hark! yon deep Echo strikes the trembling ear!
 See Night's dun curtain wraps the darksome pole!
 O'er heav'n's blue arch yon rolling worlds appear,
 And rouse to solemn thought th' aspiring soul.

O lead my steps beneath the Moon's dim ray,
 Where Tadmor stands all-desert and alone!
 While from Her time-shook tow'rs, the bird of prey
 Sounds thro' the night her long-resounding moan.

Or bear me far to yon bleak dismal plain,
 Where fell-eyed Tygers all-athirst for blood
 Howl to the desert;—while the horrid train
 Roams o'er the wild where once great Babel stood.

That Queen of nations! whose superior call
 Rous'd the broad East, and bid Her arms destroy!

When warm'd to mirth—let Judgment mark her Fall,
And deep Reflection dash the lip of Joy.

Short is Ambition's gay deceitful dream ;
Though wreaths of blooming laurel bind her brow,
Calm Thought dispels the visionary scheme,
And Time's cold breath dissolves the withering bough.

Slow as some Miner saps th' aspiring tow'r,
When working secret with destructive aim ;
Unseen, unheard, thus moves the stealing Hour,
But works the fall of Empire, Pomp, and Name.

Then let thy pencil mark the traits of Man ;
Full in the draught be keen-eyed Hope pourtray'd ;
Let fluttering Cupids croud the growing plan :
Then give one touch, and dash it deep with shade.

Beneath the plume that flames with glancing rays,
Be Care's deep engines on the soul impress'd ;
Beneath the helmet's keen refulgent blaze,
Let Grief sit pining in the canker'd breast.

Let Love's gay fons, a smiling train, appear,
With Beauty pierc'd,—yet heedless of the dart :
While closely couch'd, pale sick'ning Envy near
Whets her fell sting, and points it at the heart.

Perch'd like a raven on some blasted yew,
 Let Guilt revolve the thought-distracting fin;
 Scared,—while her eyes survey th' ethereal blue,
 Left heav'n's strong lightning burst the Dark within.

Then paint,—impending o'er the maddening deep
 That rock, where heart-struck Sappho vainly brave
 Stood firm of soul;—then from the dizzy steep
 Impetuous sprung, and dash'd the boiling wave.

Here wrapt in studious thought let Fancy rove,
 Still prompt to mark Suspicion's secret snare;
 To see where Anguish nips the bloom of Love,
 Or trace proud Grandeur to the domes of Care.

Should e'er Ambition's towering hopes inflame,
 Let judging Reason draw the veil aside;
 Or fir'd with envy at some mighty name,
 Read o'er the monument that tells,—He dyed,

What are the ensigns of imperial sway?
 What all that Fortune's liberal hand has brought!
 Teach they the voice to pour a sweeter lay?
 Or rouse the soul to more exalted thought?

When bleeds the heart as Genius blooms unknown,
 When melts the eye o'er Virtue's mournful bier;

Not

Not wealth, but Pity swells the bursting groan ;
Not pow'r, but whispering Nature prompts the tear.

Say, gentle mourner, in yon mouldy vault,
Where the worm fattens on some scepter'd brow,
Beneath that roof with sculptured marble fraught,
Why sleeps unmoved the breathless dust below ?

Sleeps it more sweetly than the simple swain,
Beneath some mossy turf that rests his head ?
Where the lone Widow tells the Night her pain,
And Eve with dewy tears embalms the dead.

The lily, screen'd from ev'ry ruder gale,
Courts not the cultur'd spot where roses spring ;
But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,
And scents the zephirs balmy breathing wing.

The busts of grandeur, and the pomp of power,
Can these bid Sorrow's gushing tears subside ?
Can these avail, in that tremendous hour,
When Death's cold hand congeals the purple tide ?

Ah no !—the mighty names are heard no more :
Pride's thought sublime and Beauty's kindling bloom
Serve

Serve but to sport one flying moment o'er,
And swell with pompous verse the 'scutcheon'd tomb.

For me:—may Passion ne'er my soul invade,
Nor be the whims of towering Frenzy giv'n;
Let Wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful shade,
Where Contemplation wings the soul to heav'n!

O guard me safe from Joy's enticing snare;
With each extreme that Pleasure tries to hide,
The poison'd breath of slow-consuming Care,
The noise of Folly, and the dreams of Pride!

But oft when Midnight's sadly solemn knell
Sounds long and distant from the sky-topt tower,
Calm let me sit in Prosper's lonely cell*,
Or walk with MILTON thro' the dark Obscure.

Thus when the transient dream of life is fled,
May some sad friend recall the former years;
Then stretch'd in silence o'er my dusty bed,
Pour the warm gush of sympathetic tears!

* See SHAKESPEARE's Tempest.



A. Walker del. et sculp.

ODE to the GENIUS of SHAKESPEARE.

I. 1.

APT from the glance of mortal eye,
 R Say, bursts thy Genius to the world of light?
 Seeks it yon star-bespangled sky?
 Or skims its fields with rapid flight?
 Or mid' yon plains where Fancy strays,
 Courts it the balmy-breathing gale?
 Or where the violet pale
 Droops o'er the green-embroidered stream;
 Or where young Zephir stirs the rustling sprays,
 Lies all dissolv'd in fairy dream.

O'er

O'er yon bleak desert's unfrequented round
 See'st thou where Nature treads the deepening gloom,
 Sits on yon hoary tow'r with ivy crown'd,
 Or wildly wails o'er thy lamented tomb;
 Hear'st thou the solemn music wind along?
 Or thrills the warbling note in thy mellifluous song?

I. 2.

Oft while on earth 'twas thine to rove
 Where'er the wild-eyed Goddess lov'd to roam,
 To trace serene the gloomy grove,
 Or haunt meek Quiet's simple dome;
 Still hovering round the Nine appear,
 That pour the soul-transporting strain;
 Join'd to the Love's gay train,
 The loose-rob'd Graces crown'd with flow'rs,
 The light-wing'd gales that lead the vernal year,
 And wake the rosy-featured Hours.
 O'er all bright Fancy's beamy radiance shone,
 How flam'd thy bosom as her charms reveal!
 Her fire-clad eye sublime, her starry zone,
 Her tresses loose that wanton'd on the gale;
 On Thee the Goddess fix'd her ardent look,
 Then from her glowing lips these melting accents
 broke:

I. 3.

" To Thee, my favourite son, belong
 " The lays that steal the listening hour ;
 " To pour the rapture-darting song,
 " To paint gay Hope's Elysian bower :
 " From Nature's hand to snatch the dart,
 " To cleave with pangs the bleeding heart,
 " Or lightly sweep the trembling string,
 " And call the Loves with purple wing
 " From the blue deep where they dwell
 " With Naiads in the pearly cell,
 " Soft on the sea-born Goddess gaze*,
 " Or in the loose robe's floating maze,
 " Dissolv'd in downy slumbers rest ;
 " Or flutter o'er her panting breast.
 " Or wild to melt the yielding soul,
 " Let Sorrow clad in fable stole
 " Slow to thy musing thought appear ;
 " Or pensive Pity pale ;
 " Or Love's desponding tale
 " Call from th' intender'd heart the sympathetic tear."

* Venus.

II. 1.

II. I.

Say, whence the magic of thy mind ?
Why thrills thy music on the springs of thought ?
Why, at thy pencil's touch refin'd,
Starts into life the glowing draught ?
On yonder fairy carpet laid,
Where Beauty pours eternal bloom,
And Zephir breathes perfume ;
There nightly to the tranced eye
Profuse the radiant goddesses stood display'd,
With all her smiling offspring nigh.
Sudden the mantling cliff, the arching wood,
The broidered mead, the landskip, and the grove,
Hills, vales, and sky-dipt seas, and torrents rude,
Grots, rills and shades, and bowers that breathed of
love
All burst to fight !—while glancing on the view,
Titania's sporting train brush'd lightly o'er the dew.

II. 2.

The pale-eyed Genius of the shade
Led thy bold step to Prosper's magic bower ;
Whose

Whose voice the howling winds obey'd,
 Whose dark spell chained the rapid hour :
 Then rose serene the sea-girt isle ;
 Gay scenes by Fancy's touch refin'd
 Glow'd to the musing mind :
 Such visions bless the hermit's dream,
 When hovering Angels prompt his placid smile,
 Or paint some high ecstatic theme.
 Then flam'd Miranda on th' enraptur'd gaze,
 Then sail'd bright Ariel on the bat's fleet wing :
 Or starts the list'ning throng in still amaze !
 The wild note trembling on th' aerial string !
 The form in heav'n's resplendent vesture gay
 Floats on the mantling cloud, and pours the melting
 lay *.

II. 3.

O lay me near yon limpid stream,
 Whose murmur soothes the ear of Woe !
 There in some sweet poetic dream
 Let Fancy's bright Elysium glow !
 'Tis done : o'er all the blushing mead
 The dark Wood shakes his cloudy head ;

Below,

* Ariel : see the Tempest.

Below, the lily-fringed dale
 Breathes its mild fragrance on the gale,
 While in pastime all-unseen,
 Titania robed in mantle green,
 Sports on the mossy bank :—her train
 Skims light along the gleaming plain ;
 Or to the fluttering breeze unfold
 The blue wing streak'd with beamy gold,
 Its pinions opening to the light !—
 Say, bursts the vision on my sight ?
 Ah, no ! by Shakespeare's pencil drawn
 The beauteous shapes appear ;
 While meek-eyed Cynthia near
 Illumes with streamy ray the silver-mantled lawn *

III. - I.

But hark ! the Tempest howls afar !
 Bursts the loud whirlwind o'er the pathless waste !
 What Cherub blows the trump of war ?
 What Demon rides the stormy blast ?
 Red from the lightnings livid blaze,
 The bleak heath rushes on the fight ;
 Then wrapt in sudden night
 Dissolves.—But ah ! what kingly form
 Roams the lone desert's desolated maze † !

Unaw'd

* See the *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, † Lear.

Unaw'd ! nor heeds the sweeping storm.
 Ye pale-eyed Lightnings spare the cheek of Age !
 Vain wish ;—though Anguish heaves the bursting
 groan.

Deaf as the flint, the marble ear of Rage
 Hears not the Mourner's unavailing moan :
 Heart-pierc'd he bleeds, and stung with wild despair
 Bares his time-blasted head, and tears his silver hair.

III. 2.

Lo ! on yon long-resounding shore,
 Where the rock totters o'er the headlong deep ;
 What phantoms bathed in infant gore
 Stand muttering on the dizzy steep !
 Their murmur shakes the zephyr's wing !
 The storm obeys their pow'rful spell ;
 See, from His gloomy cell
 Fierce Winter starts ! his scowling eye
 Bloats the fair mantle of the breathing Spring,
 And lowers along the ruffled sky.
 To the deep vault the yelling harpies run *,
 Its yawning mouth receives th' infernal crew.
 Dim thro' the black gloom winks the glimmering sun,
 And the pale furnace gleams with brimstone blue.

G

Hell

* The Witches in Macbeth.

Hell howls: and fiends that join the dire acclaim
Dance on the bubbling tide, and point the livid flame.

III. 3.

But ah ! on Sorrow's cypress bough
Can Beauty breathe her genial bloom?
On Death's cold cheek will passion glow?
Or Music warble from the tomb?
There sleeps the Bard, whose tuneful tongue
Pour'd the full stream of mazy song.
Young Spring with lip of ruby, here
Showers from her lap the blushing year;
While along the turf reclin'd,
The loose wing swimming on the wind,
The Loves with forward gesture bold,
Sprinkle the sod with spangling gold;
And oft the blue-eyed Graces trim
Dance lightly round on downy limb;
Oft too when Eve' demure and still
Chequers the green dale's purling rill,
Sweet Fancy pours the plaintive strain,
Or wrapt in soothing dream,
By Avon's ruffled stream,
Hears the low-murmuring gale that dies along the
plain.



O D E . to T I M E ,

Occasion'd by seeing the Ruins of an
O L D C A S T L E .

THOU who mid' the world-involving

O gloom,

Sit'st on yon solitary spire !

Or slowly shak'st the founding dome,

Or hear'st the wildly-warbling lyre ;

Say when thy musing soul

Bids distant times unroll,

And marks the flight of each revolving year,

Of years whose flow-consuming power
 Has clad with moss yon leaning tower,
 That saw the race of Glory run,
 That mark'd Ambition's setting sun,
 That shook old Empire's tow'ring pride,
 That swept them down the floating tide,
 Say, when these long-unfolding scenes appear,
 Streams down thy hoary cheek the pity-darting tear?

I. 2.

Cast o'er yon trackless waste thy wand'ring eye :
 Yon Hill whose gold illumin'd brow,
 Just trembling thro' the bending sky,
 O'erlooks the boundless wild below ;
 Once bore the branching wood
 That o'er yon murm'ring flood
 Hung wildly-waving to the rustling gale ;
 The naked heath with moss o'ergrown,
 That hears the 'lone owl's nightly moan,
 Once bloom'd with Summer's copious store,
 Once rais'd the lawn-bespangling flow'r,
 Or hear'd some Lover's plaintive lay,
 When by pale Cynthia's silver ray,
 All wild he wander'd o'er the lonely dale,
 And taught the list'ning moon the melancholy tale.

I. 3.

I. 3.

Ye wilds where heav'n-rapt Fancy roves,
 Ye sky-crown'd hills, and solemn groves!
 Ye low-brow'd vaults, ye gloomy cells!
 Ye caves where night-bred Silence dwells!
 Ghosts that in yon lonely hall
 Lightly glance along the wall;
 Or beneath yon ivy'd tow'r,
 At the silent midnight hour,
 Stand array'd in spotless white,
 And stain the dusky robe of Night;
 Or with slow solemn pauses, roam
 O'er the long, sounding, hollow dome!
 Say, mid yon desert' solitary round,
 When Darkness wraps the boundless spheres,
 Does ne'er some dismal dying found
 On Night's dull serious ear rebound,
 That mourns the ceaseless lapse of life-consuming
 years?

II. 1.

O call th' inspiring glorious hour to view,
 When Caledonia's martial train,

From yon steep rocks high-arching brow
 Pour'd on the heart-struck flying Dane!
 When War's blood-tinctur'd spear
 Hurg o'er the trembling rear!
 When light heel'd Terror wing'd their headlong
 flight:

Yon Tow'rs then rung with wild alarms!
 Yon Desert gleam'd with shining arms!
 While on the bleak hill's brightning spire,
 Bold Vict'ry flam'd, with eyes of fire;
 Her limbs celestial robes infold,
 Her wings were ting'd with spangling gold,
 She spoke:—her words infus'd resistless might,
 And warm'd the bounding heart, and rous'd the soul
 of fight.

II. 2.

But ah, what hand the smiling prospect brings!
 What voice recalls th' expiring day!
 See, darting swift on eagle-wings,
 The glancing Moment bursts away!
 So from some mountain's head,
 In mantling gold array'd,
 While bright-ey'd Fancy stands in sweet surprize:
 The vale where musing Quiet treads,
 The flow'r-clad lawns, and bloomy meads,

Or

Or streams where Zephyr' loves to stray
 Beneath the pale Eve's twinkling ray;
 Or waving woods detain the light:—
 —When from the gloomy cave of Night
 Some cloud sweeps shadowy o'er the dusky skies,
 And wraps the flying scene that fades, and swims,
 and dies.

II. 3.

Lo! rising from yon dreary tomb,
 What spectres stalk across the gloom!
 With haggard eyes, and visage pale,
 And voice that moans with feeble wail!
 O'er yon long resounding plain
 Slowly moves the solemn train;
 Wailing wild with shrieks of woe
 O'er the bones that rest below!
 While the dull Night's startled ear
 Shrinks, aghast with thrilling fear!
 Or stand with thin robes wafting soon,
 And eyes that blast the sick'ning moon!
 Yet these, ere Time had roll'd their years away,
 Ere Death's fell arm had mark'd its aim;
 Rul'd yon proud tow'rs with ample sway,
 Beheld the trembling swains obey;
 And wrought the glorious deed that swell'd the trump
 of Fame.

III. 1.

But why o'er these indulge the bursting sigh?
 Feels not each shrub the Tempest's pow'r?
 Rocks not the dome when whirlwinds fly?
 Nor shakes the hill when thunders roar?
 Lo! mould'ring, wild, unknown,
 What Fanes, what Tow'rs o'erthrown,
 What tumbling chaos marks the waste of Time!
 I see Palmyra's temples fall!
 Old Ruin shakes the hanging wall!
 Yon waste where roaming lions howl,
 Yon aisle where moans the grey-ey'd Owl,
 Shows the proud Persian's great abode*:
 Where scepter'd once, an earthly God!
 His pow'r-clad arm controul'd each happier clime,
 Where sports the warbling Muse, and Fancy soars
 sublime.

III. 2.

Hark!—what dire sound rolls murm'ring on the gale!
 Ah! what soul-thrilling scene appears!

I see

* Persepolis.

I see the column'd arches fail !
 And structures hoar, the boast of years !
 What mould'ring piles decay'd
 Gleam thro' the moon-streak'd shade,
 Where Rome's proud Genius rear'd her awful brow !
 [Sad monument !—Ambition near,
 Rolls on the dust and pours a tear ;
 Pale Honour drops the flutt'ring plume,
 And Conquest weeps o'er Cæsar's tomb,
 Slow Patience sits with eye deprest,
 And Courage beats his sobbing breast ;
 Ev'n War's red cheek the gushing streams o'erflow,
 And Fancy's list'ning ear attends the plaint of Woe.

III. 3.

Lo on yon Pyramid sublime,
 Whence lies Old Egypt's desert clime,
 Bleak, naked, wild ! where Ruin low'rs,
 Mid' Fanes, and Wrecks, and tumbling tow'rs :
 On the steep height waste and bare,
 Stands the Pow'r with hoary hair !
 O'er His scythe He bends ;—His hand
 Slowly shakes the flowing sand,
 While the Hours, an airy ring,
 Lightly flit with downy wing ;

And

And sap the works of man ;—and shade
With silver'd locks his furrow'd head ;
Thence rolls the mighty Pow'r His broad survey,
And seals the Nations awful doom ;
He sees proud Grandeur's meteor-ray,
He yields to Joy the festive day,
Then sweeps the length'ning shade, and marks them
for the tomb.



ODE to SLEEP.

I.



WEET God of ease, whose opiate breath
 Pour'd gently o'er the heaving breast;
 Steals like the solemn hand of Death;
 And sheds the balm of visionary rest;
 Come with ev'ry pow'rful spell
 From the hermit's gloomy cell,
 From the swallow's mossy bed,
 When bleak Winter blasts the mead;
 Come with Night's cold, cloudy brow,
 With sky-rob'd Thought demure, and slow,

With

With Rest that charms the drowsy air,
And folds the wakeful eyes of melancholy Care.

2.

O by thy robe of purest white,
Thy tresses bound with fun'ral yew,
Thy voice that soothes the ear of night,
Thine ebon' rod that sweeps the pearly dew;
By the pale moon's trembling beam,
By the ghosts on Lethe's stream;
By the silent solemn gloom,
By the beetle's drowsy hum,
By the zephyr's dying breath,
When sleeps the ruffled wave beneath:
By the long voice of murm'ring seas,
Lull each reposing sense in calm oblivious ease!

RECITATIVE.

Pour on my soul the sweetly melting lay,
That once on Argus could prevail;
When sooth'd by Hermes' wond'rous tale,
Each list'ning sense dissolv'd and dy'd away:
Lull'd by the magic doubling sound,
Slow-stealing Slumber lock'd his iron breast;

His

His thoughts in sweet delirium drown'd,
 His falling arms the God confest ;
 On his numb'd ear remote and dull,
 The hollow murmur feebly stole ;
 O'erpower'd at last he yields the beauteous prize,
 And drops supinely down, and folds an hundred eyes.

3.

Then too let bold-ey'd Fancy come,
 With brightning look and bosom bare ;
 Her features flush'd with vivid bloom,
 With flutt'ring winds, and loosely-flowing hair :
 Then let all the bursting soul
 Boldly dart from pole to pole ;
 Starting from the airy steep,
 Lightly skim the wavy deep ;
 Up the rough rock let me climb,
 'Till thy strong voice with note sublime
 Wakes, fires, and thrills with rapid strains,
 And leads the lighten'd mind to soft Elysian plains.

4.

Yet then let no fantastic tale ;
 No ruder thought disturb the dream ;

But

But bear me to yon lonely dale,
 Where weeps the willows o'er the murm'ring stream:
 Or where in the bow'ry shade
 Quiet leans her drooping head,
 Where from yonder cave beneath
 Sweeps the wild wind through the heath,
 Or with notes that deeply move,
 Wake all the tuneful soul of Love;
 Let bright Lucinda's charms arise,
 With all the dazzling flame, the lightning of her eyes.

RECITATIVE.

Then on the rapid wings of Fancy borne,
 Bold let me soar with steady flight,
 Where bursts the radiant blaze of light;
 Or where Aurora sheds the rosy morn:
 Or lead me where the warbling Nine,
 With flying fingers sweep the melting lyre;
 There soothe with harmony divine,
 Or nobly breathe celestial fire.
 Or in the soft Idalian grove,
 With all the Graces let me rove,
 Where gay Anacreon haunts the genial bow'r,
 And crowns the blushing nymph with ev'ry balmy
 flow'r.

5.

Oft too with Spencer let me tread
 The fairy field where Una strays;
 Or loll in Pleasure's flow'ry bed*,
 Or burst to heav'n in Milton's high-wrought lays.
 Or on Ariel's airy wing
 Let me chase the young-ey'd Spring,
 Where the powder'd cowslips bloom,
 Where the wild thyme breathes perfume:
 Or with solemn steps, and sad,
 Slow let me haunt the deepning shade,
 Where Richard, thro' the opening ground,
 Beheld the white-rob'd Ghost, and mark'd the gush-
 ing wound.

6.

Come, gentle God, with magic wand
 Of pow'r to calm the soul of Care:
 From Envy's grasp to loose the brand,
 Or lull th'envenom'd snakes that prompt Despair:
 Bring the Vision's airy show,
 Yews that wave o'er Lethe flow,
Glimm'ring

* See THOMSON'S *Castle of Indolence*.

Glimm'ring beams, and taper blue,
 Rod, that drops with Stygian dew;
 Sloth, on down supinely laid,
 And flow-ey'd Ease that droops the head,
 Pale Languor wrapt in thoughtless gaze,
 And wild Oblivion lost in Fancy's boundless maze.

RECITATIVE.

See Night's dun robe involves the pathless waste!
 Black clouds in heaps confus'dly thrown,
 Roll awful o'er her gloomy throne:
 While thro' the dark cave sweeps the whistling blast:
 Yon car by boding ravens led,
 Bears the 'lone Goddess thro' the murky gloom;
 Before slow Darkness breathes her shade,
 And Rest forsakes the yawning tomb.
 Around at Mid-night's solemn noon,
 Rapt Fancy gazes on the moon:
 Care folds her arms, nor knows th'unpleasing theme,
 And Grief dissolving shares the sweetly-soothing
 dream.



A. Walker del. et sculp.

ODE to EVENING.

MEEK Power! whose balmy-pinion'd gale
 M Steals o'er the flower-enamell'd dale;
 Whose voice in gentle whispers near
 Oft' sighs to Quiet's listening ear;
 As on her downy couch at rest,
 By Thought's inspiring visions blest
 She sits, with white-robed Silence nigh,
 And musing heaves her serious eye,

H

To

To mark the flow sun's glimmering ray,
 To catch the last pale gleam of day ;
 Or sunk in sweet repose, unknown
 Lies on the wild hill's van alone ;
 And sees thy gradual pencil flow
 Along the heav'n-illumin'd bow.

Come, Nymph demure, with mantle blue,
 Thy tresses bath'd in balmy dew,
 With step smooth sliding o'er the green,
 The Graces breathing in thy mien ;
 And thy vesture's gather'd fold
 Girt with a zone of circling gold ;
 And bring the harp, whose solemn string
 Dies to the wild wind's murmuring wing ;
 And the Nymph, whose eye serene
 Marks the calm breathing woodland scene ;
 Thought, mountain-sage ! who loves to climb,
 And haunts the dark rock's summit diin ;
 Let Fancy falcon-wing'd be near :
 And through the cloud-enveloped sphere,
 Where musing roams Retirement hoar,
 Lull'd by the torrent's distant roar ;
 O bid with trembling light to glow
 The raven-plume that crowns his brow.

Lo, where thy meek-ey'd train attend !
 Queen of the solemn thought descend !

O hide me in romantic bowers!
 Or lead my step to ruin'd towers!
 Where gleaming thro' the chinky door
 The pale ray gilds the moulder'd floor:
 While beneath the hallowed pile
 Deep in the desert shrieking ile
 Rapt Contemplation stalks along,
 And hears the slow clock's pealing tongue;
 Or mid' the dun discoloured gloom,
 Sits on some Heroe's peaceful tomb,
 Throws Life's gay glittering robe aside,
 And tramples on the neck of Pride.

Oft shelter'd by the rambling sprays,
 Lead o'er the forest's winding maze;
 Where through the mantling boughs, afar
 Glimmers the silver-streaming star;
 And, shower'd from every rustling blade
 The loose Light floats along the shade:
 So hovering o'er the human scene;
 Gay Pleasure sports with brow serene;
 By Fancy beam'd, the glancing ray
 Shoots, flutters, gleams, and fleets away:
 Unsettled, dubious, restless, blind,
 Floats all the busy bustling mind;
 While Memory's unstain'd leaves retain
 No trace from all th' ideal train.

But see the landskip opening fair
Invites to breathe the purer air !
O when the cowslip-scented gale
Shakes the light dew-drop o'er the dale,
When on her amber-dropping bed
Loose Ease reclines her downy head ;
How blest ! by fairy-haunted stream
To melt in wild ecstatic dream !
Die to the pictured wish, or hear
(Breathed soft on Fancy's trembling ear)
Such lays, by angel-harps refined,
As half unchain the fluttering mind,
When on Life's edge it eyes the shore,
And all its pinions stretch to soar.

Lo, where the sun's broad orb withdrawn
Skirts with pale gold the dusky lawn !
While led by every gentler power,
Steals the slow, solemn, musing hour,
Now from the green hill's purple brow
Let me mark the scene below ;
Where feebly-glancing thro' the gloom
Yon myrtle shades the silent tomb :
Not far, beneath the evening beam
The dark Lake rolls his azure stream,
Whose breast the swan's white plumes divide,
Slow-sailing o'er the floating tide.

Groves,

Groves, meads, and spires, and forests bare
 Shoot glimmering thro' the misty air ;
 Dim as the vision-pictured bower
 That gilds the saint's expiring hour,
 When rapt to ecstasy, his eye
 Looks thro' the blue ethereal sky.
 All heav'n unfolding to his sight !
 Gay forms that swim in floods of light !
 The sun-pav'd floor, the balmy clime,
 The ruby-beaming dome sublime,
 The towers in glittering pomp display'd ;—
 The bright scene hovers o'er his bed.
 He starts :—but from his eager gaze
 Black clouds obscure the less'ning rays ;
 On Memory still the scene is wrought,
 And lives in Fancy's featur'd thought.

On the airy mount reclin'd
 What wishes soothe the musing mind !
 How soft the velvet lap of Spring !
 How sweet the Zephir's violet wing !
 Goddess of the plaintive song,
 That leads the melting heart along ;
 O bid thy voice of genial power
 Reach Contemplation's lonely bower ;
 And call the Sage with tranced fight
 To climb the mountain's steepy height ;

To wing the kindling wish, or spread
 O'er Thought's pale cheek enlivening red ;
 Come hoary Power with serious eye,
 Whose thought explores yon distant sky ;
 Now when the busy world is still,
 Nor Passion tempts the wavering will,
 When sweeter hopes each power controul,
 And Quiet whispers to the soul,
 Now sweep from Life th' illusive train
 That dance in Folly's dizzy brain :
 Be Reason's simple draught pourtrayed,
 Where blends alternate light and shade ;
 Bid dimpled Mirth, with thought belied,
 Sport on the bubble's glittering side ;
 Bid Hope pursue the distant boon,
 And Frenzy watch the fading moon ;
 Paint Superstition's starting eye,
 And Wit that leers with gesture fly ;
 Let Censure whet her venom'd dart,
 And green-eyed Envy gnaw the heart ;
 Let Pleasure lie on flowers reclin'd,
 While Anguish aims her shaft behind.

Hail, Sire sublime, whose hallow'd cave
 Howls to the hoarse deep's dashing wave ;
 Thee Solitude to Phœbus bore,
 Far on the lone deserted shore,

Where

Where Orellano's rushing tide
Roars on the rock's projected side.
Hence bursting o'er thy ripened mind,
Beams all the Father's thought refined :
Hence oft in silent vales unseen,
Thy footsteps print the fairy green ;
Or thy soul melts to strains of woe,
That from the willow's quivering bough
Sweet warbling breathe;—the Zephirs round
O'er Dee's smooth current waft the sound,
When soft on bending osiers laid
The broad sun trembling thro' the bed;
All-wild thy heav'n-rapt Fancy strays,
Led thro' the soul-dissolving maze,
Till Slumber downy-pinioned, near
Plants her strong fetlocks on thy ear ;
The soul unfetter'd bursts away,
And basks enlarged in beamy day.

ODE to INNOCENCE.

'T WAS when the flow-declining ray
 Had ting'd the cloud with evening gold ;
 No warbler pour'd the melting lay,
 No sound disturb'd the sleeping fold.

When by a murmuring rill reclin'd
 Sat wrapt in thought a wandering swain ;
 Calm Peace compos'd his musing mind ;
 And thus he rais'd the flowing strain :

“ Hail Innocence ! celestial maid !
 “ What joys thy blushing charms reveal !
 “ Sweet, as the arbour's cooling shade,
 “ And milder than the vernal gale.

“ On thee attends a radiant Quire,
 “ Soft-smiling Peace, and downy Rest ;
 “ With Love that prompts the warbling lyre,
 “ And Hope that soothes the throbbing breast.

“ O sent from heav'n to haunt the grove,
 “ Where squinting Envy ne'er can come !

“ Nor

“ Nor pines the cheek with luckless love,
“ Nor Anguish chills the living bloom.

“ But spotless Beauty rob’d in white
“ Sits on yon moss-grown hill reclin’d;
“ Serene as heav’n’s unfully’d light,
“ And pure as Delia’s gentle mind.

“ Grant, heav’nly power! thy peaceful sway
“ May still my ruder thoughts controul;
“ Thy hand to point my dubious way,
“ Thy voice to soothe the melting soul!

“ Far in the shady sweet retreat
“ Let Thought beguile the lingering hour;
“ Let Quiet court the mossy seat,
“ And twining olives form the bower.

“ Let dove-ey’d Peace her wreath bestow,
“ And oft’ sit listening in the dale,
“ While Night’s sweet warbler from the bough
“ Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.

“ Soft as in Delia’s snowy breast,
“ Let each consenting passion move;
“ Let Angels watch its silent rest,
“ And all its blissful dreams be Love.



MISCELLANEOUS

P O E M S.



The 148th PSALM paraphrased*.

I.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name ;
Lo! heav'n, and earth, and seas, and skies
In one melodious concert rise
To swell th' inspiring theme!

II. Ye

* The Author of this paraphrase was greatly surprised, upon looking over the Christian Magazine for September 1760, to find it inserted there, with an elegant introductory letter, and ascribed to an EMINENT PHYSICIAN. It was in truth written by Mr. Ogilvie, when he was very young, was originally printed in the Scots Magazine for February 1753, and was dated from Edinburgh, where he happened at that time to spend the season for his education. He is greatly mistaken, if the *initial letters of his name* are not subjoined to the Poem. Some years afterwards it was sent to an *eminent English Book-seller* (who, if he happens to read this note, will recollect the fact); and as a few alter-

ations were made in that copy, which are adopted verbatim in the Christian Magazine, the Author finds, that *his manuscript*, and not *the printed copy*, has fallen into the hands of some very modest Gentleman. This affair is too trifling to be treated seriously. Only Mr. Ogilvie thought it necessary to assign the reason for which it appears in the present Collection. He owes an acknowledgment to the person who sent this piece to the Authors of the Christian Magazine, for the high panegyric which he is pleased to make on it; but is afraid that he will not receive an *acknowledgment* from the EMINENT PHYSICIAN, for ascribing to HIM the performance of a *boy of sixteen*.

II.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
 Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
 Ye scenes divinely fair !
 Your *Maker's* wond'rous power proclaim,
 Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
 And breath'd the fluid air.

III.

Ye Angels, catch the thrilling sound !
 While all th'adoring throngs around
 His wond'rous mercy sing ;
 Let every listening saint above
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string.

IV.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir !
 Thou dazzling Orb of liquid fire
 The mighty Chorus aid :
 Soon as grey Evening gilds the plain,
 Thou Moon, protract the melting strain,
 And praise Him in the shade.

V.

Thou Heav'n of heav'ns, His vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God !
 Ye Thunders, speak His power !

Lo !

Lo! on the Lightnings gleamy wing
 In triumph walks th' Eternal King,
 Th' astonish'd worlds adore*.

VI.

Whate'er the gazing eye can find,
 That warms or soothes the musing mind,
 United praise bestow;
 Ye Dragons, sound His dreadful name
 To heav'n aloud, and roar acclaim,
 Ye swelling Deeps, below!

VII.

Let every element rejoice:
 Ye Tempests, raise your mighty voice
 To Him who bid you roll!
 His praise in softer notes declare
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the foul.

VIII. To

* There is in this verse four lines wholly different both from Mr. Ogilvie's original manuscript and from the printed copy. They are, as follows.

---proclaim your forming God,
 Who call'd yon worlds from night!
 Ye shades dispell!---th'Eternal said!
 At once th'involving darkness fled,
 And Nature sprung to light.

Whether these verses (which are among the best in the poem) were or were not inserted in the copy sent to England, the Author cannot positively determine. He believes they are his own. However, he has substituted four new lines in their place.

VIII.

To Him, Ye graceful cedars, bow!
 Ye towering Mountains, bending low,
 Your great Creator own!
 Tell, when affrighted Nature shook,
 How Sinai kindled at His look,
 And trembled at His frown.

IX.

Ye Flocks that haunt the humble vale,
 Ye Insects fluttering on the gale,
 In mutual concourse rise!
 Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
 And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
 In Incense to the skies.

X.

Wake all, ye mounting throngs, and sing!
 Ye plummy warblers of the Spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise,
 To him who shap'd your finer mould,
 Who tip'd your glittering wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise.

XI.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heav'nly praise employ;

Spread

Spread His tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch ring back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

XII.

Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd on the silky lap of Ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne!
Ye Princes, Rulers, all adore!
Praise Him, Ye Kings! who makes your power
An image of His own.

XIII.

Ye Fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praise th' eternal source of love
With Youth's enlivening fire!
Let Age take up the tuneful lay,
Sing His blest name;—then soar away,
And ask an Angel's lyre.

**VERSES sent to a LADY
with VOLTAIRE'S TEMPLE of TASTE.**

IN these gay scenes by glowing Fancy wrought,
See Genius bright ning thro' the veil of Thought!
Each finish'd draught at once improves and warms,
Each feature breathes, and every picture charms:
The happy pencil long inured to please
Joins strength with taste, and elegance with ease.

MARK in yon Temple's beamy domes reclin'd
What forms all beauteous strike th' enraptur'd mind:
The train whom Nature lent superior fire,
Who stole her air, her accent, and her lyre;
Who bid her form in breathing marble glow,
Who pour'd her transports, and who felt her woe:
Here rise, as Judgment points the road to Fame,
To juster manners, and a nobler aim:
Thought nicely-true the copious plan reviews,
And Fancy's hand supplies enlivening hues;
Warm from the tints the swelling Figures rise,
And Life's blue beam illumines the speaking eyes;

No

No roughned dash betrays th' unequal part,
Nor shade ungraceful points the veil of art;
But Hope all-radiant soars to worlds of light,
While Judgment's temperate hand directs the flight,
Calm Sense and Wisdom take their turn to rule,
And Reason's piercing eye o'erlooks the soul.

HERE Boileau marks the living draught refin'd,
The flame of Genius bursting o'er his mind*;
Yet just to worth, attends the melting strains
Whole music stream'd along Britannia's plains;
He marks the ruby'd lip that breathes perfume,
The cheek where beauty spreads her genial bloom,
The throng that flutters round th' illumin'd hall,
The Gaiety's venom'd shaft, that drops with gall;
Then knows superior wit, though near the throne,
And hails the Bard whose skill surpass'd his own†.

SEE mighty Dacier soars in nobler lays †,
Each laurel'd Ancient crowns her head with bays,

I 2 A

* It is generally allowed, that imagination was not the predominant faculty which characterized the writings of Boileau. He is therefore represented here as having attained that point in which he was principally deficient.

† And hails the Bard, &c.) The

Rape of the Lock is judged by the best Critics to have been wrote in an higher taste than the Lutrin.

† See mighty Dacier, &c.] This Lady's name is not mentioned by Voltaire in his Temple of Taste, though I confess, I cannot see with what reason she is omitted. It is true,

A tow'ring Genius! whose exalted name
 Employs the tongue, and swells the trump of Fame,
 From Man, proud tyrant, with relentless force

She snatch'd the rein, and whirl'd it in the course;
 With eagle-speed pursued th' expected prey,
 Then caught and bore the glorious prize away.
 Here through Reflection's clearer glass display'd
 She marks the mingling streaks of right and mad;
 Observes defects, by cool experience taught,
 And blames with reason, or approves with thought.

WHAT need I Voture's battle offer quit,
 Whose work contracted beams with faultless wit;
 Or paint Racine whose chastened strains improve,
 Or Moliere, sporting with the Smiles and Loves,
 Fontaine, whose wit from Nature's fund was stole,
 Or bold Corneille, who forms, and tenses the soul

Lost in the radiance of dissolving light,
 Ten thousand beauties opening on my sight,
 My fainting muse deserts th' unequal throne,
 Pleased with some gentler note, an humbler name;

She

true, indeed, that she is rather a translator than an original writer. Few readers however of sensibility will peruse her translation and remarks on the Iliad, or on Aristotle's Art of Poetry, without dis-

covering in both the force of an exact judgment, joined to that feeling of poetic beauty which is so often found to predominate in this amiable sex.

She feels (the glowing traits confusedly seen)
The heat too piercing, and the ray too keen.

Thus in some fields where Art and Nature join,
(Such are thy gardens Stowe, and Seaton*, thine.
Where from yon mount, a plan by Taste design'd,
Reflects an image of the Master's mind ;)
Where'er I look the blush of Beauty glows,
The forest brightens, or the garden blows,
Groves, streams, and trees their chequer'd pride display,
And melting music steals the soul away.

Tis your's each work of genius to review,
Who know false beauties, and admire the true;
You bless by nature with superior skill,
An eye to mark them, and an heart to feel,
A soul illum'd by Reason's gentle rays,
Serene, not strong, and bright without a blaze;
Intent to know, and yet polite to please,
Who read with judgment, and who write with ease.
Ever mine, a bashful muse untaught and young,
That sports, not warbles in the tuneful throng,
Waked by this theme can strike the trembling strings,
And feebly flutters with unequal wings,

I 3

So

* Such are thy gardens, &c. or feat, which belongs to a Gentle-
man near Aberdeen.
Seaton thine] An elegant country

So some pale flower reclines its drooping head,
 And lies unseen, neglected in the shade,
 Yet touch'd with lightning by the blaze of noon,
 Unfolds its leaves, and blossoms in the sun.

When I first saw thee, my dear, my dear,
 When I first saw thee, my dear, my dear,
 When I first saw thee, my dear, my dear,
 When I first saw thee, my dear, my dear,
 When I first saw thee, my dear, my dear,
 When I first saw thee, my dear, my dear,
 When I first saw thee, my dear, my dear,
 When I first saw thee, my dear, my dear,

Alone, and musing on the way,
 Fix'd deep in thought, I thought I saw
 One hand his cane (I thought I saw)
 One twist'd his box, but I was wrong,
 'Twas then within the gate I saw
 Thy form, Belinda, from the gate
 Pains, suffer, I saw, I saw, I saw,
 But suffer, I saw, I saw, I saw,
 In vain I saw, I saw, I saw,
 In vain, I saw, I saw, I saw,
 Gums, I saw, I saw, I saw,

The Author's name is not mentioned in the title of this poem, and it is not known whether it was written by him or by some other person.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

FIR'D with therage that warms a Coxcomb's mind,
 When curls are awkward, or the fair unkind;
 When spurn'd and kick'd by all the tinsel throng,
 Or, still more dreadful, when a patch is wrong;
 Poor Florio late deplor'd his mighty woe,
 With all the fury of an angry beau.

ALONE, and musing on the wrongs of fate,
 Fix'd deep in thought the gloomy Heroe sat;
 One hand his cane sustain'd (of magic power;)
 One twirl'd his box, but dropt it on the floor:
 'Twas then within the gilded covering hid
 Thy Form Belinda started from the lid.
 Paint, ruffles, lace were call'd to ease his pain,
 But ruffles, lace, and paint were call'd in vain.
 In vain unhappy! o'er thy bosom spread
 With figured silver flam'd the gay brocade;
 In vain, to rouse thy drooping thoughts, combine
 Gums, feathers, patches, plays, novels and wine:

I 4

Unmov'd

* The incidents mentioned in this piece are wholly fictitious. The Author intended to paint the ridiculous in characters, but not to appropriate the ridicule to particular persons.

120 MISCELLANEOUS

Unmov'd he stood, till struck with fierce despair
 He rav'd, he stamp'd, he frown'd, he tore his hair
 The curls flew loose, and scattering o'er the floor,
 Exhaled a cloud of powder and perfume.
 Thrice ere he spoke, he wiped the swimming eye,
 And thrice (ye gods, how strange!) was heard to sigh;
 At last with fury swelled the indignant man,
 He thus began, and thus began to wail

" Gods! have I liv'd to this detested hour,
 " When Passion storms with unresisted power,
 " Baulk'd in my wishes, from my views remov'd
 " By those who loved me once, or said they lov'd
 " Was it for this I learn'd these arts before,
 " Dress'd, lov'd, sung, danc'd, fought, whored,
 " Rhim'd, drunk, and swore;
 " For this I taught the speaking look to kill,
 " And spent whole years at ombre and quadrille;
 " Fled with a graceful mien, and admiring Fair,
 " And op'd the snuff-box with a charming air,
 " Have I so long pursued the lovely prize,
 " And felt the lightning of Belinda's eyes,
 " Patch'd, powder'd, painted, used a clouded cane,
 " Wrote billet-doux, sigh'd, ogled;—all in vain;
 " While at the goal my happier rivals run,
 " (So glittering insects court a summer fun)

" While

" While these are buzzing in the Chamber's ear,
 " And I, and I alone, to feel despair?
 " Must I be doom'd her vengeance to deplore,
 " By her most hated, whom I most adore?
 " Now, how our fond deluding hopes beguile!
 " These eyes have seen the frowning Beauty's smile;
 " With charms & splendid flame divinely bright,
 " And warm th' exulting heart with keen delight."

" I could, my with the happier years recall,
 " When once I shone distinguish'd in the hall:
 " Then as I pass'd the pointing circle-bow'd,
 " 'Twas then my dress prescribed the reigning mode.
 " Then crouds with wonder eyed me, as I mov'd,
 " The beaux all envied, and the belles approv'd.
 " Now, had reverse: my cares are all return'd
 " With proud disdain, neglected, hiss'd, or spurn'd,
 " They see me wretched, and but laugh the more,
 " Though love invites, and billet-doux implore."

" Though once this mien has boasted to inspire,
 " And melt ev'n frozen bosoms with desire;
 " Though once these eyes, practis'd in every art,
 " Have charm'd the prude, and trapp'd th' unwary
 " heart;
 " Though

" Though smooth Persuasion graced my flowing
 " tongue;
 " Though the soul leap'd with transport, when I sung:
 " Yet, now, ah, now! my warm addresses prove
 " The blast of pleasure, and the bane of love,
 " Each wondering Booby stares, where-e'er I go,
 " As some pale Ghost had left the shades below!"

" O THOUGHTLESS mortals! ignorant and dull,
 " Blind to the wise, but partial to the fool;
 " Who ne'er have learn'd superior worth to find,
 " Nor view those charms that strike the judging mind;
 " Still prone at Folly's shrine to pour your blood,
 " Nor taught to value life's substantial good!
 " On us no more your pointless wit bestow,
 " Your pointless wit can never hurt a Beau."

ENRAGED, he spoke; with grief, with ire oppress'd,
 His heart beat thick within his roomy breast;
 He damn'd all mankind in a rage, and swore
 (Unjust!) that every woman was a w—e.
 Plays, paint, novels now met their final doom,
 The furious Heroe kick'd them thro' the room;
 Dashed o'er his figured vest the rude bohea,
 And tore his favourite patch, and fine toupee.

BUT, lo! at length a fatal billet came!
 A fatal billet! with Belinda's name!

Thou—

Then lov'dly caus'd of all my woes ! he cry'd,
 Then sigh'd, and swore, and wept, and swore, and
 Grou'd, faint'd, sunk, then took a last adieu,
 And breath'd his soul out on a billet-doux,

JUPITER and the CLOWN.

A F A B L E.

E NVY! thou Fiend, whose venom'd tongue
 Still points to Fame's aspiring wing;
 Whose breath, blue sulphur's blasting steam,
 Whose eye the basilisk's lightning gleam;
 Say, through the dun ile's solemn round,
 Where Death's dread foot-step prints the ground,
 Lovest thou to haunt the yawning tomb,
 And crush fallen Grandeur's dusty plume?
 Or, where the wild Hyæna's yell
 Rings thro' the hermit's cavern'd cell,
 Moves thy black wing its devious flight?
 (Thy wing that bloats the cheek of Night)
 There oft beneath some hoary wall
 Thy stings are dip't in scorpion's gall;
 Thence whizzing springs the fork'd dart,
 And spreads its poison to the heart.

HENCE all th' unnumber'd cares of life;
 Hence malice, fury, rapine, strife;
 Hence

Hence all exclaim on partial fate ;
Hence pale Revenge, and stern Debate ;
Hence ~~W~~ (to every passion prone) —
Sees much, loves all ;—but hates his own.

Now, Delia, should the chance to know
Some trifling fool,—perhaps—a beau,
The fair at once implores the skies,
With glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes ;
O, hear your Votary's earnest prayer,
Ye guardian angels of the fair !
Make but this charming creature prove
A victim to the power of love :
'Tis this, Ye Gods, I would implore !
And grant but this ;—I ask no more.

THE prayer is heard (what power delays
To grant her suit when Delia prays !)
The beau is caught, he swears, and bows,
Protests, and snuffs, and sweats, and vows,
By all the oaths the fool can swear,
That never creature was so fair :
Then adds a thousand more, to tell
That never mortal loved so well.

THE prize is gain'd—the pleasure o'er ;
Lace, bag, and snuff-box charm no more :
No

No bosom feels the killing smart,
 No side-long glance betrays the heart,
 No fan conceals a rival's fears,
 No cheek is stain'd with spiteful tears.
 On new delights her passions fix,
 A court perhaps, or coach and fix,
 She wants a ball, and justly vain,
 Admires a title,—or a cane.

BUT ere our reader's patience fail,
 'Tis time we now begin our tale.

AN honest Farmer, old and sage,
 (Sure wisdom still attends on age)
 One morning rose, when all was fair,
 And joyous breathed the scented air,
 Waked by the Zephir's tepid wing,
 Aurora, fragrant as the Spring,
 Rose from her couch, the busy Hours
 Stole from their crimson-curtain'd bowers,
 Loose was her robe of saffron hue,
 Her locks diffused ambrosial dew;
 The sky's broad gates at once unfold,
 The light cloud flames with cinctured gold,
 The woodland gleams, the silver stream
 Waves to the broad sun's fluttering beam;

The

The feather'd people sing their love,
And music rings along the grove.

ELATE, the happy clown surveyed
The field wide-opening thro' the shade;
The green ears rustling to the gale
Shot thro' to thin night's ruffled veil;
Slow rose to fight the new-born day,
Slow crept the lingering shades away,
'Till o'er the broad hill's summit dun
Obliquely glanc'd the mounting sun;
And all-illumed with rushing light,
The swelling landskip burst to fight,

As the fond Mother's panting breast
Throbs o'er her infant hush'd to rest,
Warm in his little hut, the boy
Flutters elate with rising joy;
As by her gentle preffure 'sway'd,
Swings soft and slow the sleepy bed;
Wild Fancy whispers in her ear,
She whirls away the rolling year!
Youth, manhood comes! she marks afar
A robe, a mitre, or a f—r?
Her heart leaps quick! elate with pride!
Each prude's insulting drefs outvyed!

Each

MISCELLANEOUS

Ah neighbour's booby son, unseen,
 naws the pale lip with fruitless spleen;
 adden she starts! some rival dress'd,
 swims in the loosely-floating vest,
 Her bosom heaves a fullen groan:—
 Ah! was that charming suit *my own!*

Such joy (soon check'd with killing smart)
 Shot thro' the swains exulting heart;
 He hears the reaper's sprightly song;
 The rustling sickle sweeps along;
 His barns with swelling sheaves are stor'd,
 Gay Plenty crowns the festive board;
 He cries in triumph, with a smile,
 "For hopes like these who would not toil,
 "That neither flatter, nor beguile?"
 Just as he spoke the word,—behold
 A gaudy thing, o'erlaid with gold,
 Came fluttering by—so nicely clad,
 With powder'd wig, and laced brocade;
 So gay, so rich (though strange to tell!)
 No butterfly look'd half so well.

STRUCK with the glittering vest he wore,
 The clown's rude eye-ball stared him o'er;
 Sly Envy mark'd the secret snare,
 Nick'd a chosen dart with care;

Of power to edge the quickest pain ;—
 Then plunged it reeking in his brain,
 Inflamed with fury and surprize,
 Red Anger flashes from his eyes ;
 “ Must I (he cried and scratch’d his head)
 “ Supply this prattling thing with bread ?
 “ Must Farmers sweat, and wear their cloaths,
 “ To furnish equipage for beaux ?
 “ We, Drudges doom’d to ceaseless toil,
 “ For others tear the stubborn soil,
 “ Our thoughts suspense and fears inflame,
 “ Wretched and curs’d beyond a name ;
 “ While these amid’ the balmy bower,
 “ Spend in soft ease the fleeting hour ;—
 “ How fine they look ! what charms they show,
 “ Ah ! would to heav’n I was a Beau !”

SOFT Pity touch’d th’ Almighty Sire :
 Jove heard, and granted his desire.
 At once his furrow’d brow was smooth,
 In all the blooming pride of youth ;
 His hair in wavy ringlets flow’d,
 His cheek with fine vermilion glow’d ;
 Not like our modern pigmy race,
 With wither’d limbs, and meagre face,
 But plump and spruce he’d match’d a score ;
 Such were the Beaux in days of yore.

K

Gay

MISCELLANEOUS

ay, pleasure danc'd in every limb,
He skimm'd along with airy swim;
The God, propitious to his prayer,
Gave the soft look, and graceful air;
But rapt in dreams of bliss, the Fool
Forgot his pocket, and his soul.

WHEN thus transform'd, our glittering Beau
Surveyed himself from top to toe,
Struck at the change with vast surprise,
He stares, and scarce believed his eyes;
But when he found that all was sure,
He cock'd his hat, and frown'd and swore;
Applauded by the wondering throng,
The fullen Hero strode along:
And while the swains in rude amaze
Mark his high port with stupid gaze,
Like Jove, with solemn pace he trod,
And deign'd,—yet scarcely deign'd,—to nod.

BUT now to town he takes his way,
And sees the court, the park, the play:
Attends the Fair, admir'd by all,
Leads the gay dance, and rules the ball
“Heav'ns! what a shape! fair Daphn
“How fine his mien! how bright his

Thus all admire the charms they see,
 His cane that dangled at his knee,
 His box and hat they view together,—
 Some prais'd the paint, and some the feather;
 No English taylor's clumsy fist
 E'er match'd the sleeve that graced his wrist;
 The lace,—from Bruffels last;—by chance
 He pick'd the brilliant up in France.
 His coat so trim! so neat his shoe!
 His limbs so shaped to strut, or—bow!
 Fashion, you'd swear, to show her power,
 Had left dear Paris half an hour.

BUT, ah! with grief the muse proceeds:
 What power can mend the vulgar's deeds!
 One night a coachman set him down,
 Then rudely ask'd him—half a crown.
 He search'd his pocket;—what a curse!
 His pocket held—an empty purse!
 What should he do!—all aid withdrawn!
 Cane, box, and watch, were sent to pawn;
 His brilliant too ('t had vex'd a faint)
 Gained a few crowns—at cent per cent!
 No friend his money can afford:
 He gamed,—a sharper swept the board.

THEN scorn'd by all,—in deep despair,
To Jove once more he made his prayer,
And begg'd the God to ease his pain,
And give him back his plough again.

A N E L E G Y

On the D E A T H of a L I N N E T.

SWEET bird ! whose gently warbled lay
On Fancy's trembling pinions borne,
Still melts th' attending soul away,
Still hails the rosy-featured morn.

Where flits unloos'd th' ærial mind,
That once inform'd thy tuneful frame ?
Mounts it elate the whistling wind ?
Or rides the bright noon's streamy flame ?

Or on the bleak heath wails alone,
Or haunts the deep-embowering grove,
Breathes on the gale its dying moan,
And pours the plaint of hopeless love ?

Hark ! what sweet voice salutes my ear !
What solemn note that tells of woe !
I see the little mourner near !
Thus streams its music from the bough.

Why feel the tenants of the plain,
An harmless race, the general doom?
Why Innocence, thy spotless train,
Why left to fill the silent tomb?

Scarce taught with genial warmth to glow,
As on the downy couch I lay;
Sprung on my fight th' exulting foe,
And bore elate his helpless prey.

Nought then avail'd a Parent's pray'ers,
Nought the wild Mother's mournful cry;
Vain was the shriek that spoke despair,
An vain the mute imploring eye.

Ah, why! in simple garb array'd,
O'er me no spangling tints were seen,
Nor circling scarlet crown'd my head,
Nor flam'd my plumes with lucid green.

Some bird in mantling azure bright,
Some gayer form thy cage may hold;
Whose sparkling eye reflects the light,
Whose plumage gleams with downy gold.

Slow roll'd the lingering hour away,
The trembling wing oft try'd to soar;

Oppression

Oppression mock'd its faint essay,
And Bondage barr'd her iron door.

Can Music soothe the deafened ear ?
Will Hope's gay dream repel the tide ?
Will Pray'r recal the distant year ?
Or Pity touch the heart of Pride ?

To softer chains at last consign'd,
'Twas joy to please the listening fair ;
I fought no more to mount the wind ;
But paid with songs their tender care.

No more a prey to vain desire,
I scorn'd the tenants of the wood ;
Hopp'd gaily round the circling wire,
And peck'd the hand that lent my food.

But, Death !—abrupt along the gale,
Dy'd on the ear the distant moan ;
The Mourner fought the silent vale,
Lurk'd in the shade, and wail'd alone.

AN EVENING PIECE*.

NOW o'er the western skies, descending Eve
 Spread her grey robe, the solitary Hour
 To Silence sacred and deep-musing Thought
 Came sweetly serious on the balmy gale,
 And stole the ear of Wisdom :—all was still,
 Save where flow-trilling from the mantling bough
 Night's plaintive warbler, to the echoing vale
 Pour'd her love-labour'd note : mellifluous lay!
 Sweet as the voice of Music, when she calls
 The fluttering Zephirs to expand their wings,
 And breathe it to the soul. The melting strains
 Thus soothed by throbbing bosom to a calm.

LED by revolving thought, my wandering steps
 Explored the vale of Solitude, retired
 Like that where Ancient Druids liv'd remote
 Conversing with the moon ;—and airy shapes
 (So Fame reports) beneath the wan dim ray
 Sweep shadowy o'er the dusky lawn, or soar
 High on the streamy flame, or ride the winds,
 Or hear the murmuring flood, when Darkness wraps
 Her cloudy curtain round the world, and Fear

Knocks

* These verses form a part of the introduction of an Allegorical Poem not yet published.

Knocks at the heart of man. Such is the haunt
 Of fairy trains, when silver tips the grove;
 That on the lily's ruffling bells disport,
 Or hear the wild whistle, or reposed
 Lie on the daisy's downy lap, or spring,
 Light as the glancing beam, from flower to flower,
 And suck the powdering of a cowslip's eye,
 And drink the pearly dew.—Thro' this lone shade
 Wrapt deep in thought that pain'd at once and charm'd,
 I rov'd with devious step; nor heard the rill
 That murmur'd sweet, nor listen'd to the gale
 That kiss'd the bending thyme; and from its wings
 Shook all Arabia's fragrance thro' the air.

I GAZED in awful silence on the scene
 Fann'd with the breath of dewy-finger'd Eve;
 And felt the stream of deep delightful thought
 Come full and copious on my swelling soul
 That thrill'd in every nerve.—“Hail, Ye lone shades,”
 (I thus began) “Ye woods, and streams, and groves
 “Where Beauty loves to sport! where meek-eyed

Peace

“Dissolves on flowers luxuriant; where the foot
 “Of Quiet prints the devious wild; where Love
 “And Pleasure leaning on the hand of Hope
 “Fledge their celestial wings, and eye the skies.

“ O mid yon murmuring wood at ease reclined,
“ Where Nature hears the wildly-warbling lay
“ Of Night’s lone bird ; how sweet to sit retired !
“ To feel th’ enlivening wish, to mount the soul
“ Elate on Fancy’s beamy wing ; to pour
“ Quick thro’ the feeling heart th’ inspiring lay,
“ That finely vibrates on the springs of thought,
“ And wakes the mental harmony ; the smile
“ Of calm Content, when tuned to perfect ease,
“ Subfides the Discord of the settling mind,
“ And Reason whispers peace ;—o’er the broad scene
“ To glance a wondering eye, and mark the Cause
“ Whence sprung this beauteous off-spring, to adore
“ The hand that shaped Creation, and from night
“ Call’d new-born Beauty, like the glittering beam
“ That gilds yon shadowy cloud ; combining all
“ The schemes of Wisdom to the glorious end
“ Of General Good (tho’ Judgment’s purblind eye
“ Darts o’er the varied maze her glance in vain)
“ That Virtue, Wisdom, Happiness may rise
“ From the long beauteous chain resulting fair,
“ And pour their treasures on the sons of Men.”

To Miss-----, With a FLOWER.

DELIA, mark that blowing rose,
How the lovely blossom glows!
Spread in yon reclining vale
Its odours scent the breathing gale;
Such thy Youth's delightful bloom,
Thy lips diffuse such fine perfume.
Mark that lily's milky white,
See its glowing charms unite!
How they languish o'er the stream,
Pure as Heaven's ethereal beam!
Such where the blue veins finely glow,
Thy hand unstain'd as driven snow;
Such thy life to trial brought,
Such the whiteness of thy thought;
Yet the flower that decks the mead
Soon will droop its tender head:
Soon, when nipping frosts invade,
All its glittering dyes will fade;
Till its leaves in swift decay
Scent some gale, and breathe away.
So when Time, relentless Foe!
Strows his wrinkles on thy brow,

Gloomy

Gloomy Care with mildew'd wing
Soon will blast that blushing spring ;
Till ev'n Thou, though form'd to please,
Blest with beauty, wit, and ease ;
Though each voice thy worth proclaim,
Though the Graces shaped thy frame :—
Thou,—but I can add no more.—
Read the moral in the flower.

SAPPHO'S ODE to VENUS
TRANSLATED.

GAY smiling *Venus*, heav'nly fair,
To whom our lofty Temples rise!
Who gently lay't the secret snare,
In which the bleeding lover dies.

Propitious Power! my soul inspire,
And shield from every danger nigh;
Descend, and tune my warbling lyre,
If e'er Thou heard'st a lover's cry.

Thus while I sung, to ease my care
From heav'n the radiant Goddess flew;
I mark'd her track along the air;
Her carr the swift-wing'd sparrows drew.

Then—with a soft inviting smile:

“ What fears thy troubled thoughts controul?
“ Why call'st Thou Me? What hopes beguile,
“ What wishes soothe thy melting soul?

“ Why

“ Why is my Fair a prey to woe ?
“ Why streams with grief that sparkling eye ?
“ Why must thy heaving bosom glow ?
“ O tell, my Sappho, tell me why !

“ If of the false deluding youth
“ Thy lyre in dying notes complains,
“ Soon he'll reward thy steady truth,
“ And take the gifts he now disdains.

“ If now he shuns thy longing arms,
“ Soon will he own your mighty sway,
“ Adore these bright resistless charms,
“ And all your soft commands obey.”

O Thou my Guardian, and my Friend !
Allay these fierce destructive fires !
O from yon azure skies descend !
And grant me all my soul desires:

To the Memory of Mrs. -----*.

THIS done:—the soul hath left its soft abode:
 How pale the cheek where warmth and
 beauty glow'd!
 Where now those charms that held th'admiring sight?
 The bloom as heav'n's unclouded azure bright?
 Th'attractive smile by Nature taught to please?
 The mien that temper'd dignity with ease?
 Ah where!—Yon solemn silent vault survey,
 Where writhes the reptile o'er its kindred clay;
 There read on pride's stain'd cheek the general doom;
 Then pause:—while Memory bleeds upon the tomb.

O SNATCH'D from life to taste of bliss refin'd!
 How warm with transport glows th'unbounded mind!
 Say, marks thy wondering soul in raptur'd gaze,
 The domes all-gleaming with celestial rays?
 Sees the bright Quire in long procession move?
 Or melts to notes that breathe eternal love?

Or

* The Lady to whose memory these verses are inscribed, died in the end of the year 1753, and the Poem was wrote and published a few months afterwards. Their merit (if they have any) lies in expressing the language of the heart, a circumstance which induced the Author to make no alteration, unless in a few of the introductory lines.

Or floats loose-hovering on celestial wings?
 Or hears some Cherub sweep the trembling strings?
 Or tries sublime the swelling Hymn to raise,
 And tunes the warbling lute to songs of praise.

PERHAPS, while we th' untimely stroke bemoan,
 Thou bend'st adoring at th' Eternal's throne;
 While from our eye-balls burst the streams of woe,
 Thine happier soul can wonder why they flow;
 Or smile, and pitying our mistaken sighs,
 Can bless the hour that sent thee to the skies.

YET must our sorrows stain thy mournful bier;
 Such sweetness lost demands a tender tear.
 Thine was the breast by conscious virtue warm'd,
 The heart that pitied, and the look that charm'd;
 The beam of wit from sparkling genius brought,
 Its fire chafis'd by cool directing thought;
 Superior sense, by passion ne'er betray'd,
 The kindling transport, and the judging head,
 The thought which Art and candid Taste refine;
 The generous wish, the feeling soul was thine.

LAMENTED stroke!—O lost so late, so soon!
 'Twas heav'n bestow'd, and heav'n recall'd the boon.
 But ah, what sighs our throbbing bosoms rend!
 The helpless Orphan, Husband, Father, Friend,
From

From bursting hearts the stream of Anguish shed,
 And pour their mingling sorrows o'er thy bed.
 We saw but late the budding roses blow,
 Like fruit that blushes on the bending bough;
 But late th' unfolding blossoms breath'd perfume,
 Till Death slept in, and lopp'd them in the bloom.

Ye tender pair!*—as yet untaught to smart,
 Too young to feel the Fiend's envenom'd dart;
 Where now the lenient hand, th' indulgent breast,
 The gentle voice that sooth'd your souls to rest?
 The tender Mother, who but lately near,
 Kiss'd from your swimming eyes the starting tear;
 Who hung delighted o'er your infant charms,
 Who clasp'd you smiling in her folding arms;
 Saw in your look the forming wish begin,
 And hush'd to peace the little war within.

O GUILTLESS Innocence! serene and plain,
 How mild, how welcome thy transporting reign!
 The spotless Child of Harmony and Love,
 Fair as the morn, and harmless as the dove,
 That views, unmov'd, the deep designs of Art,
 Plays with the shaft that's pointed at its heart;

L

Beholds

* Her children.

Beholds approaching ruin,—nor retires,
But meets the blow,—then feels it,—and expires.

GRIEF, cool and subtle, forms a bolder plan,
It spares the child, but preys upon the man ;
Unseen it moves, the work is sure, though slow,
Thought, treacherous Thought ! and Reason join the
foe :

Too late th' unhappy victim views his doom,
Laments the past, and dreads the woes to come.

Not thus unhing'd, thy firmer soul survey'd
Th' impending cloud that blacken'd o'er thy head ;
On Fortune's giddy wheel look'd greatly down,
Despis'd her smiles, nor trembled at her frown.
Intrepid, fearless when the Foe drew nigh,
Thy bosom heav'd with no untimely sigh ;
Then calm reflection steady and sedate,
Then views superior to the wrongs of Fate,
Then heav'n-born Virtue's keen directing ray
Pour'd through the deepning gloom the blaze of day.

So some proud rock projected o'er the tide,
O'erlooks an ocean thundering on its side ;
Though gathering billows with collected force
Bound, foam, and roar impetuous in their course ;
Though

Though o'er the seas the rapid whirlwinds sweep,
Though storms and tempests *work* the madning deep,
It bears unshaken its erected brow,
Nor dreads the wave that breaks and boils below.

SUCH was thy mind :—but O, how warm, how
bright!

The languid pencil casts too faint a light.

Now nobler views th' unprison'd soul inspire.

Rapt by the themes that prompt the Seraph's lyre,

Thy mind elate surveys its former doom ;

Supreme o'er death, and smiling at the tomb.

LIFE soon expires, and though 'tis fancy'd long,

Youth dies a child, and Age itself is young :

Past but one cloudy scene,—'tis quickly done,

We leave the earth, behold the bursting noon,

Mount o'er the skies, reign, triumph, and adore,

Where Grief shall blast, and Death shall sting no
more.

MEMORY of Mr. H*** M***.

A N E L E G Y

FAREWELL; sweet shade, — O! just beneath
gone!

Lopp'd like some blossom ere its fully blown,
Blest with each finer art that boasts to please,
Wit, spirit, genius, beauty, taste, and ease,
Whate'er informing Nature could bestow,
Our pride and hope, our wonder, and our joy.

O EARLY fled to the congenial skies!

Sent like some darting beam that flames and flies!
Some fire-rob'd cloud that pours unusual rays,
A glancing flash! then breaks and bursts away.
So shone thy soul; — our wondering eyes survey
The dazzling ray that brighten'd, gleam'd, and fled.

As in some draught the soft'ning pencil flows,
And the warm blush of living beauty glows;
The mental traits by Nature's pencil wrought,
Improv'd by learning, and refin'd by thought,

As thro' some mirror's vivid medium seen,
Liv'd in thy look, and charm'd us in thy mien.

INFORMING Art bestow'd her genial pow'r,
To warm the soil, and rear the tender flower.
Ev'n Fortune smil'd by Reason once controul'd,
And shook her glitt'ring plumes that flam'd with gold;
Pour'd all her stores, and gave thy form to move
With melting sweetness, and the smiles of love.
At last Ambition came!—each young desire
Felt her bold hand, and flam'd with noble fire.
O glorious thirst of praise! dear fatal flame!
That mounts the passions on the wings of Fame,
Like lightning springs to seize th' expected prey,
And strikes the heart, and whirls the soul away.

'Twas this that bore Thee from thy country far,
To brave the deep, and court the storm of war:
Ah ne'er again in careless ease to rove!
Ah ne'er to taste the sweets of filial love!
To paint the scenes where rage and war prevail!
To hang thy list'ning audience on the tale!
No more the joys of former loves to trace,
To melt with fondness in a Friend's embrace,
Or, struck with Nature's strong resistless charms,
To spring with transport to a Parent's arms.

O FLED unhop'd to find an early tomb!
 O lost untimely in thy vernal bloom!
 No tender hand, no weeping kindred near,
 No Friend, to stretch Thee on the fun'ral bier,
 No Parent's care to fold thy swimming eyes,
 Kifs thy pale lips, and catch thy dying sighs,
 Hang deeply-mournful, till their hearts o'erflow,
 And melt in streams of sympathizing woe!
 On stony breasts th' infecting sorrow stole,
 And soft ning Pity touch'd the Stranger's soul,
 As bending o'er Thee stood the tribes unknown,
 Ev'n Toil's rough bosom heav'd a bursting groan,
 War's grisly front the masque of Anguish wears,
 And Fury's marble heart was thaw'd to tears.

YET whence the grief these solemn scenes inspire?
 Why o'er thy mem'ry plains the mournful lyre?
 Why weep thy fate?—releas'd to hear'ly joys,
 From these bleak climes of tumult, care, and noise:
 Escap'd from Passion's rage, from Envy's snare,
 The dreams of Grandeur, and the stings of Care;
 From all that Love, Fear, Reason, Grief reveal,
 The pangs we fancy, and the pangs we feel.

O EARLY call'd to join th' immortal throng!
 Where no pale Care disturbs thy sweeter song;

No billows roar, no damp Contagions * rise,
 No frown appears o'er all the cloudless skies;
 But from the source of light, a brightning ray
 Pours the warm sunshine of eternal day;
 Angelic harps the springs of transport move;
 And the soul melts in vision, and in love.

From thence, perhaps, thy pitying eye descries,
 What once Ambition thought a glorious prize;
 Looks down superior on the unequal strife,
 And marks us struggling thro' the storm of life,
 So when the distant Mariner surveys
 The lowering tempest, and the boiling seas;
 O'er their black bosom sees the whirlwind rave,
 And the ship nodding on the ridgy wave!
 He breathes the sigh of Pity o'er the scene,
 Then mid' the roar of thunder, sits serene;
 Peace waves her gentle olives o'er his head,
 And his clos'd eyes sleep sweetly in the shade.

* This young gentleman (the admiral Byng, in which he was
 only hope of a family of distinction) early promoted, as the reward of
 his gallant behaviour on the memorable 20th of May 1756.
 board of the fleet commanded by

To the Memory of the late pious
and ingenious Mr. HERVEY.

AS rapt in thought the musing mind survey'd A
The vain of life, and walk'd the deep'ning
Shade ;
O'er Care's broad empire casts its trembling view,
And mark'd the flying traits that Fancy drew ;
Her magic hand at once transform'd the scene,
And shew'd the spot where HERVEY sleeps serene ;
Stretch'd where lone Silence haunts the solemn gloom,
Where Thoughts keen eye explores the peaceful
tomb,
Where Pleasure's glittering dreams at last are o'er,
And Love's soft music charms the soul no more.
THRILL'D as I view'd, the streaming tears o'erflow,
From the big bottom bursts the sighs of woe :
Her friend now lost * who taught the muse to sing,
Check'd her wild flight, and prun'd her trembling
wing,

Whose

* This and the five subsequent lines allude to some personal favours which the Author had the honour to receive from Mr. HERVEY.

Whose candid praise with eager hope inspir'd,
 Whose censure chasten'd, and whose genius fir'd;
 Aband'nd the flood, — her bold efforts were vain,
 Nor tun'd the harp, nor pour'd the plaintive strain.

WHEN lo! unfolding from the blaze of light!
 A Form all-beauteous flash'd upon the sight!
 The robes of heav'n involv'd his dazzling frame,
 And his eyes sparkled with celestial flame:
 High o'er his brow the waving radiance play'd,
 An orient crown inclos'd his beamy head;
 His lip with Beauty's fine vermillion glow'd;
 And flow'rs spontaneous blossom'd as he trod,
 'Twas GENIUS; — pausing o'er the sacred dead,
 His bright eye languish'd, and the roses fled,
 His moan remurmur'd o'er the echoing vale,
 His heav'n-wave robe hung loosen'd on the gale;
 He snatch'd the lyre, and pour'd the melting lay
 That strikes the heart, and charms the soul away;
 Dull Night sat listning on her cloud-wrapt throne,
 And white-lipp'd Anguish curb'd the bursting groan;
 On Care's wild thought the tuneful accents flow,
 And sounds melodious thrill'd the ear of woe,

“ O

- Then led thee down the vale of life, and
 "O call'd at last th' ADMIRER's praise to
 sing, and thou art now the subject of my
 "Where oft thy genius tower'd with daring wing,
 "Plac'd where no cares th' exulting with controul!
 "Blest with the joys that fir'd thy kindling soul,
 "Though smiles no more the placid eye serene,
 "Nor rave the Graces o'er some pictur'd scene,
 "Though snatch'd from all thy boundless hope
 design'd,
 "When Life's full summer warm'd thy ripening mind:
 "Yet not these themes the plaintive muse detain,
 "Thy friend, thy country claims the mournful strain;
 "Since lost each nobler plan thy soul had wrought,
 "Since stopt the stream of sweet persuasive thought,
 "Fled the bright noon thy bursting blaze had giv'n,
 "And mute the voice that wrapt the soul to heav'n
 "STREW'D o'er thy page what beauteous traits
 appear!
 "What melting music steals the list'ning ear!
 "'Twas I whose pow'r the living picture caught,
 "'Twas I whose pencil ting'd the glowing draught:
 "Thro' *Death's black gloom* I trac'd thy dubious way,
 "That kindred gloom, where Fancy loves to stray;
 "Then

" Then led thee, circled with the laughing hours,
 " Where sport young Zephyrs o'er the waste of flow'rs;
 " With richer strokes the warm description wrought,
 " And teach'd with transport all the springs of
 " thought;
 " Mine was the ray on Night's dim curtain thrown;
 " And mine the glass where gay Creation shone;
 " Mine the bold wing that shot where Tempests rise,
 " And mine the light that reach'd the flarry skies."

HE ceased:—for sudden on the wond'ring gaze,
 From Heav'n's broad concave burst the rapid blaze!
 At once descending from the realms on high,
 An angel-shape arrests the dazzled eye!
 Loose o'er her limbs the floating garment roll'd,
 Her sparkling pinions flam'd with beamy gold,
 Her eyes like lightning glanc'd a piercing ray,
 And all th' illumin'd æther gleam'd with day!
 Near as she came, superior though resign'd,
 Her Form majestic aw'd the dubious mind;
 With heighten'd grace her bloomy features glow'd,
 Free on her robe the mazy ringlets flow'd;
 Her balmy breath ambrosial scents perfume,
 And o'er her cheek was pour'd celestial bloom.
 Pale Sorrow brightned as RELIGION came,
 And slow-pac'd Time stood trembling at the name;

Rage dragg'd in triumph swell'd her solemn train,
And Death behind her groan'd, and clank'd his chain.

SHE paus'd;—and musing o'er the fun'ral bier,
Sigh'd deeply-fad, and pour'd a tender tear ;
Then check'd its course ; and brightning as the sun
She look'd to heav'n serene, and thus begun :

“ HAIL, thou escap'd to yonder worlds above !
“ Hail, join'd to saints that melt in strains of love !
“ At last 'tis come ! the bright transforming day !
“ Th' exulting spirit bursts, and soars away !
“ Loose are its bars ! and gain'd th' immortal prize,
“ It breathes of heav'n sublime, and walks the skies !
“ But late my hand yon beauteous scenes display'd,
“ And led thy steps thro' Life's perplexing shade !
“ The vivid with a distant prospect brought,
“ The rapt soul trembling o'er the verge of thought !
“ Yet then what transport taught thy hope to soar !
“ How flam'd the kindling look that glanc'd it o'er !
“ How Fancy's touch the glowing draught refin'd !
“ And light celestial pour'd upon the mind.”

“ A RACE unborn thy genius shall inspire,
“ And souls yet dark'ned catch sublime desire.—
“ When to thy page, in some sequester'd bow'r,
“ Calm musing Thought devotes the serious hour :

“

T H E

Third Chapter of HABAKKUK

P A R A P H R A S E D.

WRAPT in the blaze of bright surrounding
flame,

From Paran's lofty brow th' **ALMIGHTY** came :

All heav'n with terror view'd His rising frown,

His dazzling eyes with living splendor shone;

Blaz'd the blue arch ! th' eternal portals glow !

Each rocking mountain bow'd, and groan'd below !

A troop of ghastly phantomes strode before,

Blue blasting Plague, and War that floats in gore ;

Loud Fury, roaring with tumult'ous cries,

And frantic Pain that tears her burning eyes ;

Revenge, that boils like some fermenting flood,

Grief that consumes, and Rage that weeps in blood.

On Judah's broad domain He cast His view ;

His eyes all-radiant piercing as He flew !

Then mark'd its bound, and with one stern comm

Th' affrighted nations shook, and swept them from
land.

Then heav'n-bred Terror seiz'd on ev'ry soul,
And rock'd the labouring earth from pole to pole;
Creation totter'd at the dreadful found!
Groan'd all the hills! and burst the solid ground!
The sweeping winds each tow'ring mountain bear
Full on their wings, and whirl them in the air!

On Cushman's tents He aim'd a fatal blow,
And Midian trembled at th' Almighty Foe.
He call'd the deep:—its tumbling waves obey;
Th' astonish'd flood roll'd back to make Him way!
Whence rose His ire? did e'er the flood displease
Its God?—or raged His fury on the seas?
When Israel's wond'ring hosts JEHOVAH led,
Why shrunk the backward rivers to their head?
Why roar'd the Ocean from its inmost caves?
What arm repress'd, and froze the boiling waves?
O'er its broad bosom heav'n's Eternal rode,
The waves divide before th' advancing God!
In heaps the cleaving billows lay o'erthrown,
He stopp'd their course, and touch'd them into stone!

Lo, where he comes!—descending from afar
In all the pomp of desolating war!
His cloudy brow with frowning vengeance lowers,
And bursting round the forked thunder roars.

See

See His red arm unsheaths the shining spear !
 The glitt'ring blade hangs naked in the air !
 It rends the rock !—from all its gushing veins
 A swelling deluge bursts, and pours along the plains.
 Hark, He commands !—obedient to his will,
 The pale Moon quakes, th' arrested Sun stands * still !
 Earth hears and shakes, devouring tempests rise,
 Thick clouds and whirlwinds blacken all the skies ;
 Tremble the poles,—in wild confusion thrown
 Sink the steep Hills,—th' eternal Mountains groan.

WHAT dire portents my wond'ring soul affright !
 What scenes of terror swim before my sight !
 See mighty Babylon (so heav'n ordains)
 The scourge of God ! stalks wildly o'er our plains !
 Sweeps like some swelling flood our hosts away,
 Or swift as lightning springs, and grasps the prey.

YET fear not, Israel, at his dreadful ire ;
 Thou fav'rite child of heav'n's exalted Sire !
 What though pale Rage, in her triumphant car,
 Drives o'er thy fields, and founds the blast of war !

What

* The Author is sensible that there may appear some impropriety in this sentiment, as it is *seemingly* repugnant to the system of COPERNICUS. He chose however to prefer this meaning of the words to any other, as it is *exactly conformable* to the original, and as it may be supposed to refer only to the motion of the sun round his own axis.

What though thy warriors load the purple plain !
 Though bellowing Slaughter strides o'er heaps of slain !
 Though Horror numbs thy sense, and freezes ev'ry vein ! }
 'Tis thus thy God makes boasted might subside,
 Thus spurns His foes, and bends the brow of pride :
 Yet know, those wounds avenging Justice gave,
 Stern Ire impell'd, but Mercy meant to save.
 Triumphant Mercy ! that exalts the low,
 Sighs o'er th' oppress'd, and melts at human woe !
 Wipes ev'ry tear, bids pining Anguish cease ;
 And pours o'er all the healing balm of peace.

BUT see once more th' intrepid Victor near ;
 The shouts of battle thunder on my ear !
 Mark, mark yon yielding throng !—'tis Israel flies !
 Groans, noise, despair, and tumult rend the skies.
 I faint : o'erpow'r'd beneath the whelming flood,
 Wild numbing Grief congeals my creeping blood ;
 I see, I shudder at th' approaching train !
 My lips too quiver with convulsive pain :
 Fix'd dumb with horror at this dreadful blow,
 I stand,—a speechless monument of woe !

YET, Mighty God !—be all my pow'rs resign'd !
 And thine each nobler hope that warms the mind.
 Then though no more to crown the peasant's toil,
 The bleeding olive stream with sacred oil ;

Though figs no more their leafy tendrils join ;
 Though scorching lightning blast the budding vine ;
 Though the rough steed lie panting on the plain,
 Nor wave th' autumnal fields with golden grain :
 Yet shall my soul thy wond'rous grace proclaim ;
 Yet this fond heart shall triumph in thy name.
 When o'er the earth Thou wav'st th' avenging rod ;
 When Nature trembles at an angry God ;
 When the bold breast, with terror not its own,
 Shakes at thy voice, and withers at thy frown ;
 Then by no storms dismay'd, no fears deprest,
 In Thee my soul shall find perpetual rest :
 O'er me secure thy hov'ring wings shall spread,
 And Sleep's mild opiate blefs my peaceful bed *.

* The Reader will easily observe that this chapter hath been paraphrased with some liberty. The beauties of it are thick sown. The expression is uncommonly sublime, the figures bold, the painting rich, and the description animated. The Author hath enlarged on some verses, transposed or even omitted others, and given

such a turn to the rest, as may convey most perspicuously the meaning of the Prophet. Upon the whole, he hath endeavoured to paint some *striking features* ; but where he found it impossible in *any measure* to equal, he had not the temerity of attempting to imitate.

To a FRIEND in the COUNTRY*.

WHILE you (where passion, noise, nor cares assail,)
 Wastes the calm hour in Life's sequester'd vale,
 Blest with each object that conspires to please,
 Books, friends, retirement, freedom, health, and ease;
 Me vainly pining, Fate's rough hand removes
 Far from deep shades, and consecrated groves;
 To count long days that roll successive o'er,
 Launch'd far on deeps where darkness wraps the shore;
 Forced in tumultuous scenes to bear a part,
 What numbs the thought, or tears the feeling heart;
 Yet Fancy rapt where her fair Eden blows,
 Counts the loved haunt of silence and repose.

SHE, oft' attendant on thy happier days,
 Bursts the dim shade, or wood's involving maze;
 Beholds thee rapt to Ilion's towery height,
 Or whirl'd with Hector thro' the ranks of fight;
 Or borne where groves o'erhang the central pile,
 Stretch'd in the depth of Circe's lonely isle;

* The greater part of this Poem was written at a very early period of life. Perhaps to the *discerning* reader this intimation might have been spared.

Thrill'd as thou hearst the patient man complain,
 The waste of æther eyed, or pathless main,
 While, each dear object of his care survey'd,
 Loved scenes, but wrapt in ever-during shade,
 Still to the murmuring deeps that rowl below,
 Swells the long plaint of soul-subduing woe.

PERHAPS You listen to some gentler strain
 That paints the gliding stream, or flowery plain ;
 Or see'st Corneille the strength of Genius prove,
 Or hearst on Petrarch's lute the plaint of love.
 Does milder Fenelon his aid impart
 To charm the fancy, while he mends the heart ?
 Unhappy Fenelon ! condemn'd to spend
 Thy Youth in cares, thine age without a friend ;
 Forced at a rival's hated shrine to bow,
 To tear the lawrel wreath that graced thy brow ;
 Thy worth forgot, thy labours unrepaid,
 Thy name dishonour'd, and thy Patron dead ;
 T'obey the mandate of imperious Rome,
 And kiss the scornful hand that seal'd thy doom.
 Yet then serene triumphant virtue stood :
 Thy Genius blazed refulgent thro' the cloud ;
 The mind that ruled a court, adorn'd retreat ;
 And Cambray's bowers became the Muse's seat

Then foreign realms conspired thy fame to raise,
Contending Wits turn'd rivals in thy praise;
A distant Nation own'd thy worth with pride,
And Britain paid the debt that France denied:

HAIL-loved retreat where melts the thrilling lay!
Hail shades illumed with Pleasure's gentlest ray!
When shall I rest in each sequester'd cell!
Or haunt the bower where Thought delights to dwell!
On Life's wide stage, where with enchanting mien
Young Hope or Beauty paint the varying scene,
Soon pass the forms, though deem'd divinely fair;
One sinks to dust, and one dissolves in air:
Long o'er the space where all the Loves resort,
Or Childhood meek, or frolic Youth disport;
Long o'er Life's devious walks delight to roam,
Till sober Evening calls the wanderers home.
Then fled what light th' illusive phantoms gave,
Age woos Retirement's drear' but peaceful cave;
There, heard remote what once with transport blest,
Sooth'd with the lingering murmur sinks to rest.

HERE Shakespear first th' inspiring voice obey'd,
Lone Nature rear'd him in the woodland shade:
Deep was the gloom, the intermingling sprays
Screen'd her wild mansion from the noon-day blaze:

A solemn vault, to human search denied,
 Torn from the ragged rock's resounding side !
 Around in cells disposed with parent care,
 Lay what informs the earth, or scents the air ;
 The orient hue, the Zephir's musky wing,
 The cloud's prolific balm that wakes the spring ;
 The genial breath that gives the buds to blow,
 The vital drop that warms the bleeding bough.
 Nor these alone her quickening power confess'd ;
 The tender tale that thrills the swelling breast,
 That melts th' impassion'd heart to her was given,
 And words that lift th' enraptured soul to heaven.

LED by the light her own effulgence gave,
 Slow roam'd the Goddess o'er the shadowy cave,
 Or lay transform'd in high extatic dream,
 Lull'd by the lapse of Avon's murmuring stream !
 Here, as in Fancy's lap he lay reclined,
 The Power observant scann'd his boundless mind ;
 Soon to her piercing thought its end was known ;
 She saw, She loved, She mark'd him for her own.
 Hence scorn'd the Bard, when *Nature* warm'd his strain,
 The feeble curb of Art's controuling rein ;
 He burst the bands, and with exalted aim
 Tower'd like the Source from whence his *Genius* came.

O grant me Heav'n some deep sequester'd scene,
Though calm, not dull, and though retired, not mean !
With affluence blest to still the plaint of woe,
With health to taste the pleasures I bestow ;
To raise th' oppress'd, to smoothe the front of Care,
The deep felt pang to soften, or to share :
Be mine the task insulted worth to clear,
To check in Pity's eye th' o'erhading tear ;
Watch the first sound of Want's complaining voice,
And bid the Mourner's drooping heart rejoice.

OF T' when the mind to cool remembrance brought,
O'erpower'd, not sated, leaves the feast of thought ;
(Blest, where the liberal heart with pleasure stor'd,
Shares each rich viand of the various board ;)
Then may we, rapt to Fancy's woodbine bower,
Steal from the noise of life one happier hour ;
O'er themes still new each mutual thought impart,
Indulge the talk that opes th' unconscious heart ;
Thus blest, till landed on the peaceful shore,
Serene we rest where Pleasure lures no more.

Written

Written extempore on seeing a young Lady
in company with a Coxcomb, just after
she had lost a Monkey.

AS Venus last day took her round thro' the town,
She found Chloe a weeping and moping alone:
Surprized at the change in an humour so gay,
She ask'd her the cause; and heard—Pug was away.
Strait Cupid was summon'd.—“Is this then your care?
“Is it thus (cried the Goddess) you wait on the Fair?
“Go find out the Monkey.—No grumbling!—but go.”
The God ran away, and return'd—with a Beau.
“Was there e'er such a Blunderer?—Why, Sirrah, I
“swear,
(And with that she bestow'd a smart box on his ear)
“You'd provoke e'en a saint.”—The poor urchin rejoind,
“Don't you know, dear Mamtha, that your Cupid is
“blind?
“Besides, this odd thing had an Argus betray'd,
“It so frolick'd, and flutter'd, and caper'd, and play'd;
“So like it at once both in tricks, and in shape;
“What else could I do but suppose 'twas an Ape!

To

To ———

WHAT Æsop taught (though Fancy's growth)
 'Tis your's for once to prove was truth,
 For he, (nor yet with envy stung,)

Who marks your deeds, and hears your tongue,
 Owns it for certainty must pass,
 A *Lion's* skin can hide an *Ass*,

AN EPIGRAM from CLAUDIAN.

POOOR G—— might do some little good,
 But sleep won't let him if he wou'd :
 While M—— for ever in a fray,
 Drinks, whores, and bullies night and day,
 Be then to both our wishes given,
 And ask it as a boon from Heav'n :
 That this by day less sleep may take,
 And that——may never be awake,

To the Memory of the late Right Honour-
able JAMES, Earl of FINDLATER and
SEAFIELD, Lord Vice-Admiral of
SCOTLAND, &c. &c.

HARK! yon deep groan!—It speaks the last
farewell:

Fled is the Spirit from its mortal frame:
The bars are burst, and from the darksome cell
Escaped, joins the God from whom it came.

Death, solemn messenger! unawed by power,
Deaf to the mournful plaint, or tuneful lay,
Soon as dark-lowering comes th' appointed hour,
Lops the weak springs of gushing life away.

Had Wealth availed, or Art's assiduous care,
At Virtue's call did lingering years return;
Not then the throbbing heart had felt despair,
Nor plain'd the Muse o'er Seafield's peaceful urn.

Not

Not then had Memory's tearful eye survey'd
Each past indulgence ; nor the plaintive strain
Flow'd wild, as fancy mark'd the deepening shade,
And thought pronounced all human grandeur vain.

O pure of manners, and of soul sincere !
Blest with the warmest heart, the gentlest mind ;
Who ne'er un pitying saw't the starting tear,
But felt't for worth, for virtue, for mankind.

Nor thine to feel another's woes alone :
(Thought speaks the God within ; to feel, the man)
On each warm with informing Reason shone,
And wrought thy temperate life's consistent plan.

Ah ! what avails, that, skill'd in classic lore,
Art had refin'd what bounteous Nature gave ?
Have these, presumptuous Hope ! have these the power
To lock the chambers of the gloomy grave ?

The hand that Virtue's timid wish supplied,
The eye uncaught by Pleasure's gilded lure ;
The heart by guile unstain'd, untouch'd by pride :
These but inflame the grief they ought to cure.

Vain

Vain even Religion, when the unerring dart
 Consigns her votaries to the silent tomb;
 Vain is the aid her glorious views impart;
 Still weeps weak Pity o'er th' untimely doom.

Not all thy virtues in thy race beheld,
 To Reason's voice subdue strong Nature's call;
 Thought marks the good, on life's extended field
 A Few; and passion mourns them as they fall.

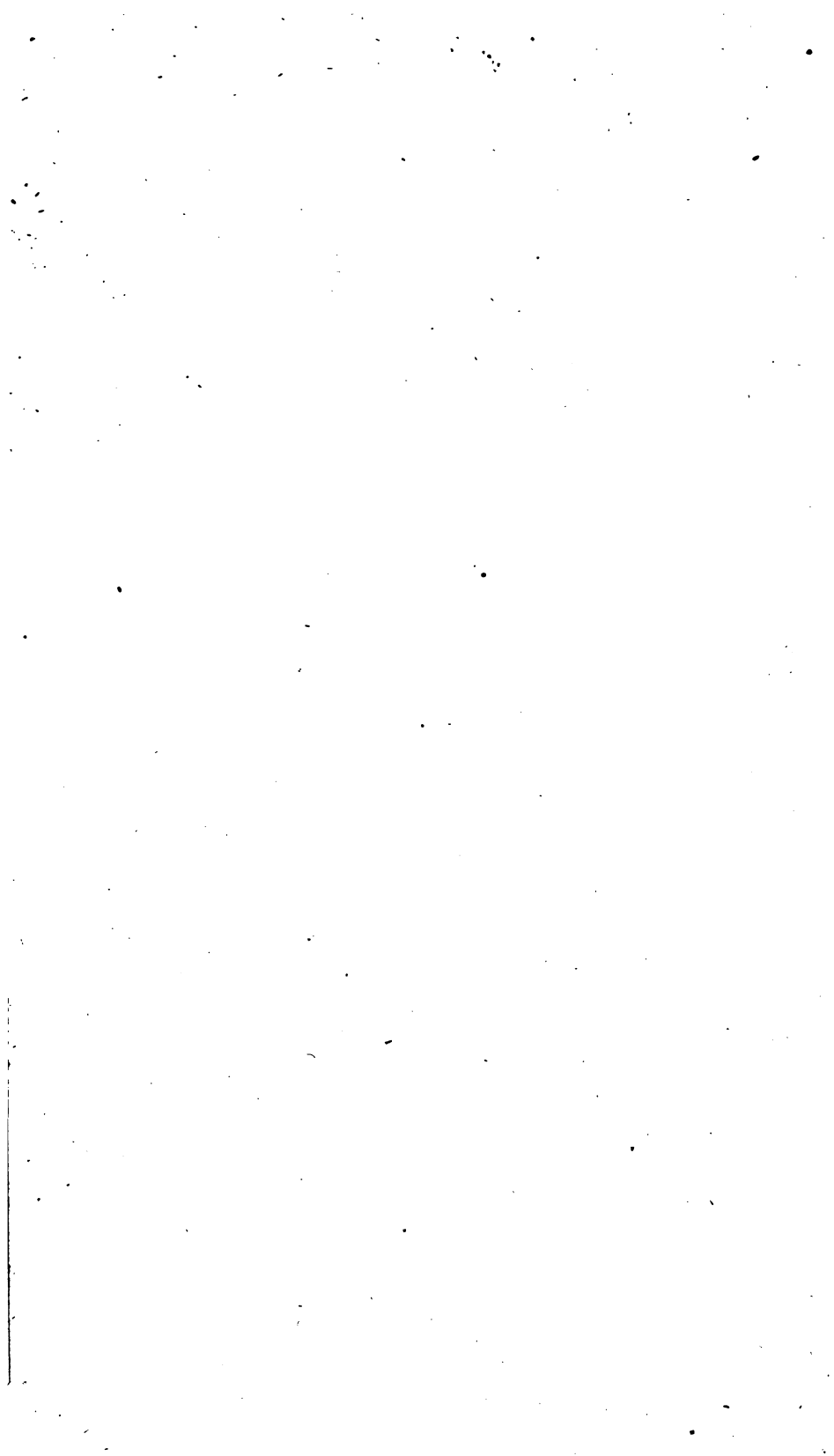
The Muse alone, as down the tide of time
 Sweeps man's frail race, selects each nobler name;
 Sees Virtue soaring to an happier clime,
 Marks her long flight, and gives her deeds to fame.

She (yet in Flattery's soothing arts unskill'd)
 O'er SEAFIELD'S tomb shall strew th' unfading bay;
 Her trembling Lyre its sweetest note shall yield,
 And o'er his memory pour this grateful lay:

Here rests (let PRIDE's reluctant ear attend!)
 Whom title ne'er seduced, nor grandeur moved;
 Unblamed alike as Husband, Father, Friend;
 In Death lamented, as in Life beloved.

The END of the FIRST VOLUME.





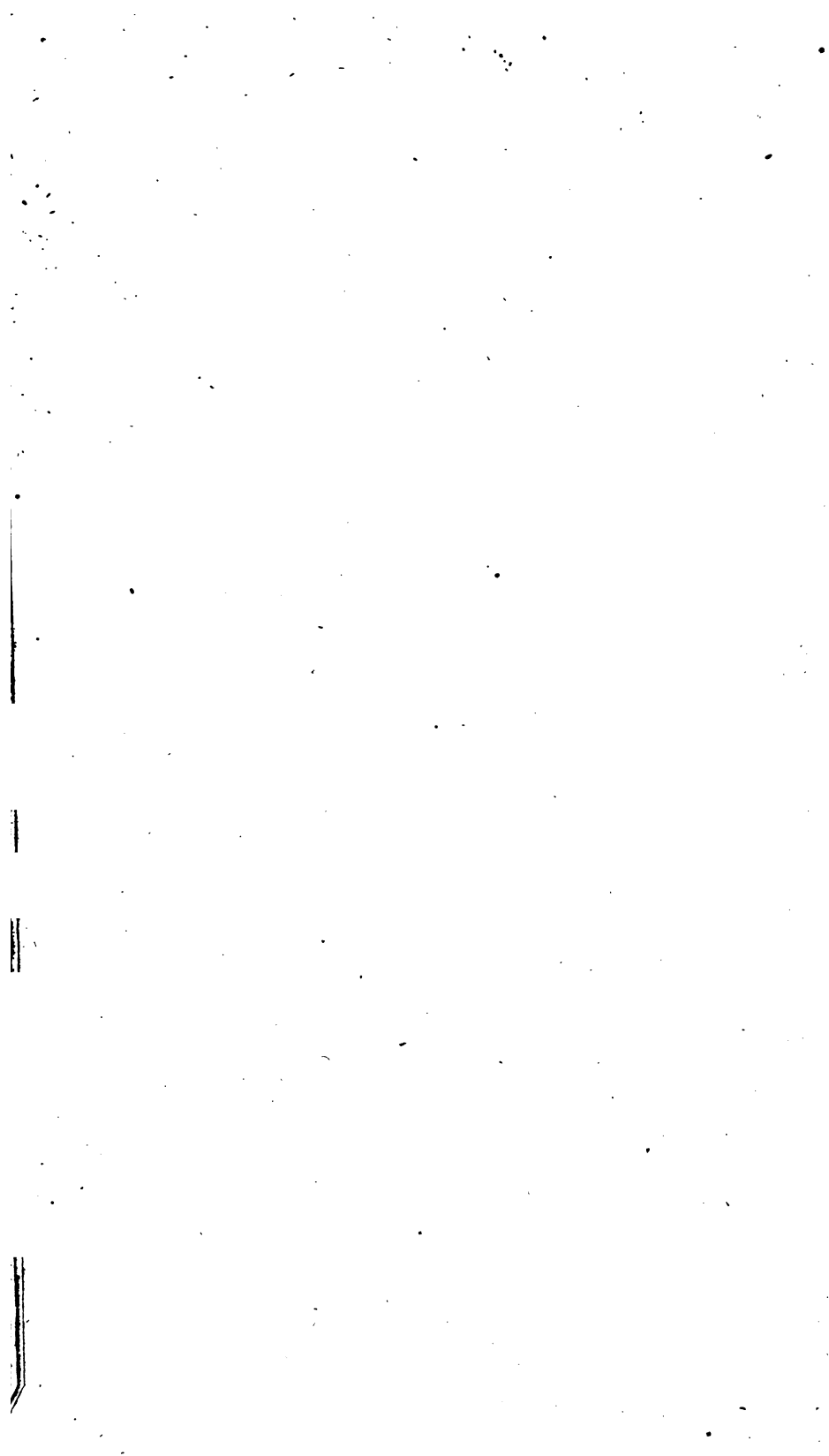
1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and the role of the accounting department in ensuring the integrity of the financial statements. It also highlights the need for regular audits and the importance of transparency in financial reporting.

2. The second part of the document focuses on the implementation of internal controls to prevent fraud and ensure the accuracy of financial data. It outlines the key components of a robust internal control system, including segregation of duties, authorization procedures, and regular monitoring and evaluation.

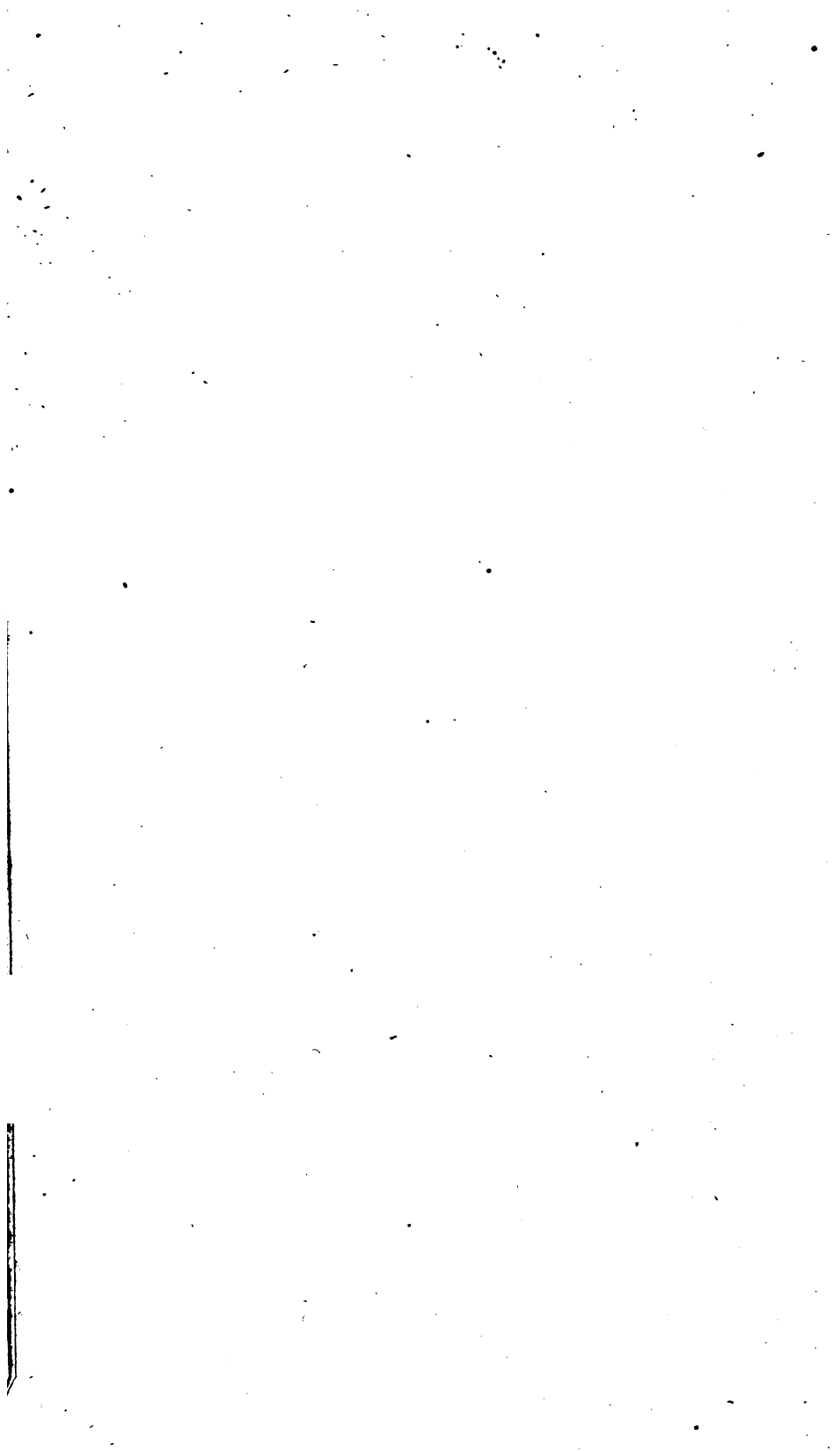
3. The third part of the document addresses the challenges faced by organizations in managing their financial resources effectively. It discusses the importance of budgeting, forecasting, and cash flow management, and provides practical advice on how to overcome common financial management challenges.

4. The fourth part of the document explores the role of technology in modern accounting and finance. It discusses the benefits of using accounting software and the importance of staying up-to-date with the latest technological advancements in the field.

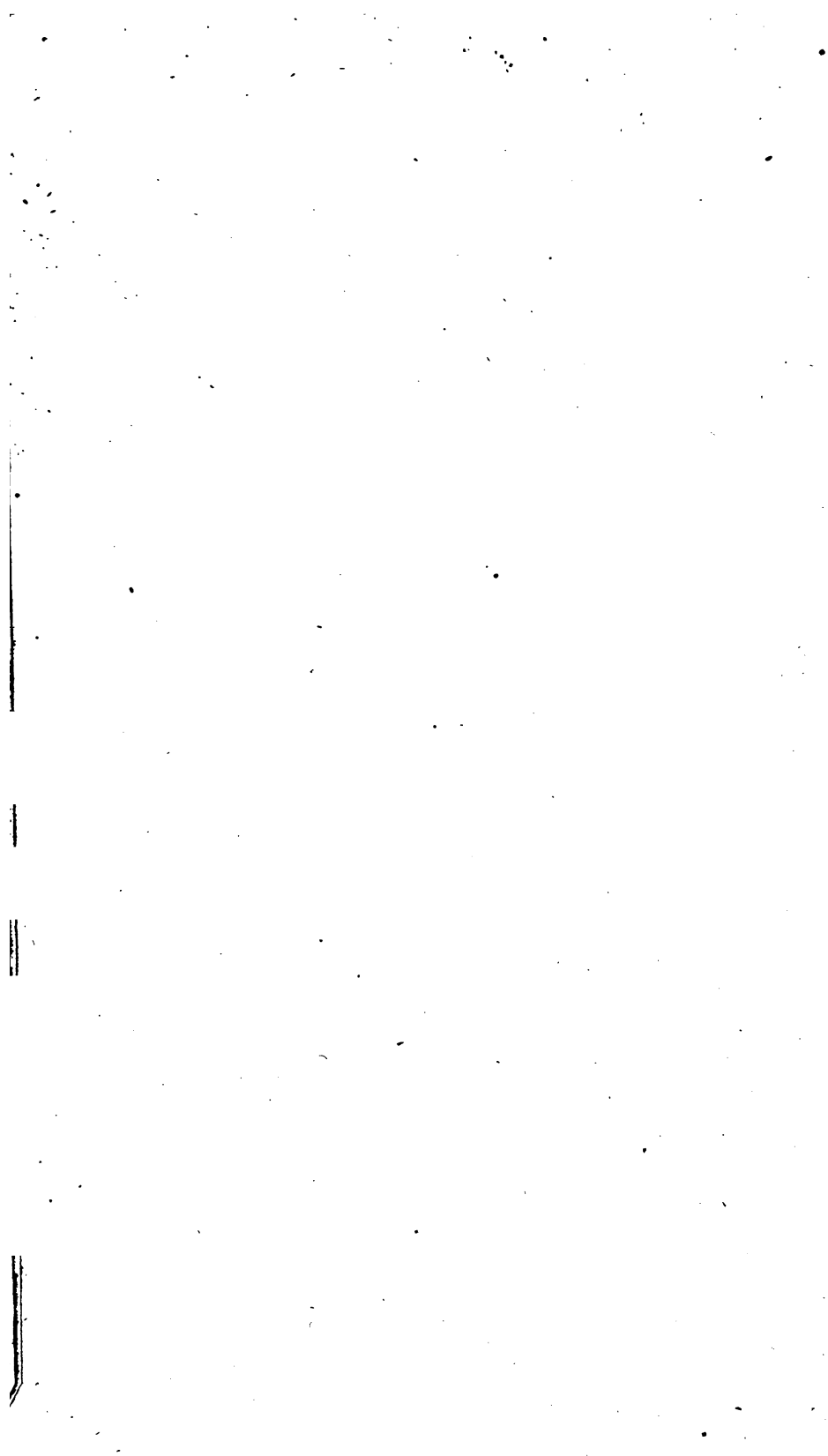
5. The fifth part of the document concludes by emphasizing the importance of continuous learning and professional development for accounting and finance professionals. It encourages individuals to stay current in their knowledge and skills to meet the evolving demands of the industry.



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